The Saturday Evening
POST
May 5, 1956 — 15¢

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The New Marilyn Monroe

By PETE MARTIN

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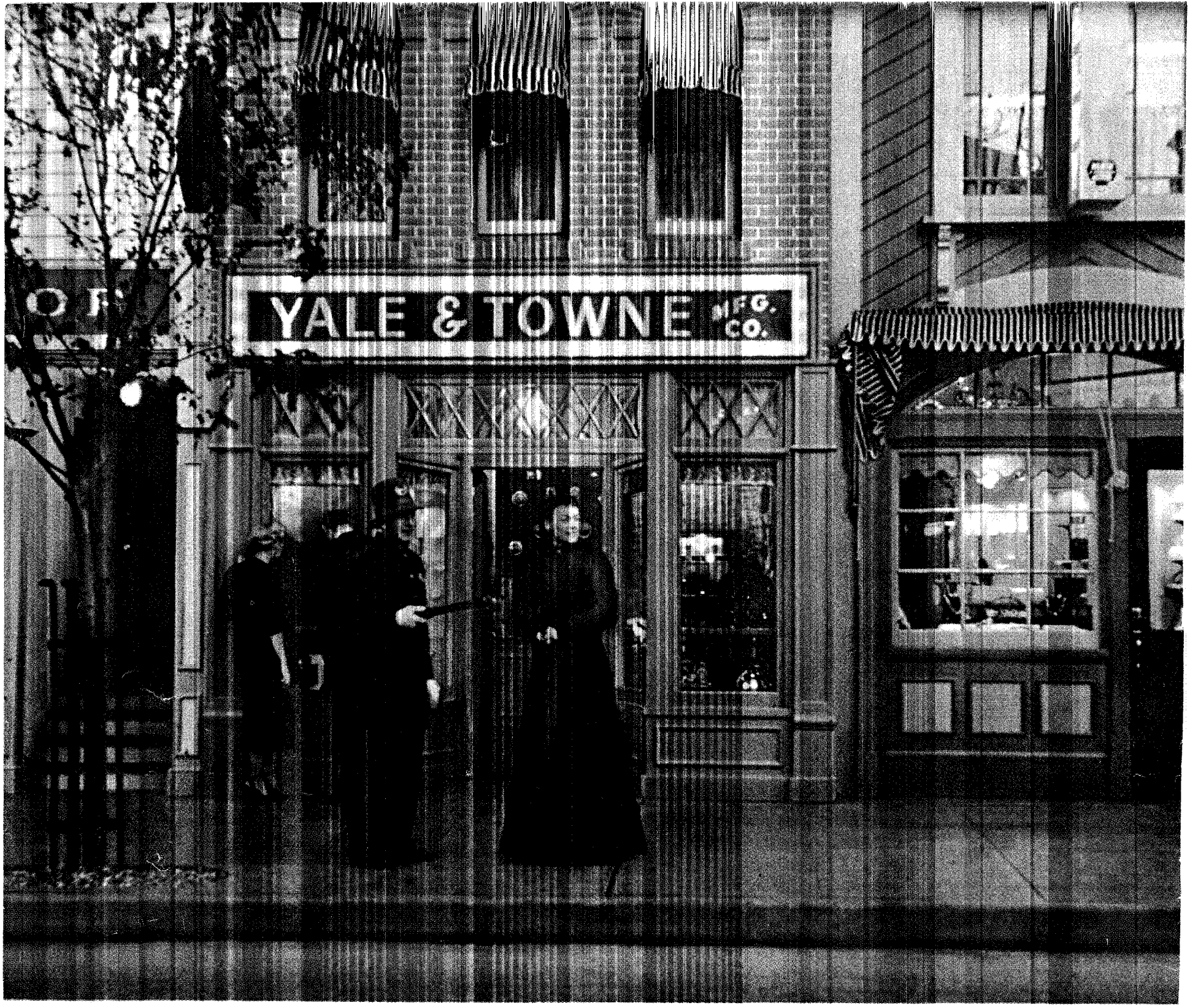

LOCK SHOP IN DISNEYLAND IS A CRADLE OF MAGIC

Land of wonders for the young in heart—60 big acres in Anaheim, Calif., transformed by Walt Disney into Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, Tomorrowland...and Main Street, U.S.A.! Among the delights this friendly thoroughfare holds for an expected 5,000,000 visitors a year is the old-time Yale & Towne lock shop, in which locks from ancient Egypt to our own day trace the birth and growth of modern lock wizardry as demonstrated throughout all Disneyland. When the park is open, Yale* door closers tirelessly serve throngs; after hours, an ingenious system of Yale locks keeps it safe from harm. While some employees can open only a few locks in this system with one key, Mr. Disney himself, like a magical Merlin, can open them all—many thousands of them—with a single Yale master key! Today, home owners and businessmen throughout industry get this special single-key convenience from Yale, along with the prized security that has made Yale locks and hardware famous the world over for almost a century.

TAKES TO WATER LIKE A DUCK!

Launching a pleasure craft out in Balboa, Calif., is a one-man, one-minute job. A Yale electric hoist on a stiff-leg boom is hooked to the boat's sling, and down we go to the blue Pacific—as easy as a mallard's three-point landing. This particular hoist handles anything up to a ton. Other Yale hoists, some able to lift loads as heavy as 40 tons, are now in use on dock-sides, in plants and warehouses throughout the world.

FAST STEPPER GETS QUICK BRUSH-OFF

As the Super Chief, crack train of the Santa Fe, chews up the miles between Los Angeles and Chicago, its sleek silver sides get filmed with dust. How to keep the Chief looking handsome? At Albuquerque, N.M., 2 Yale industrial fork lift trucks equipped with special revolving, up-and-down brushes wash down the sides and windows of the train—in just 8 minutes!

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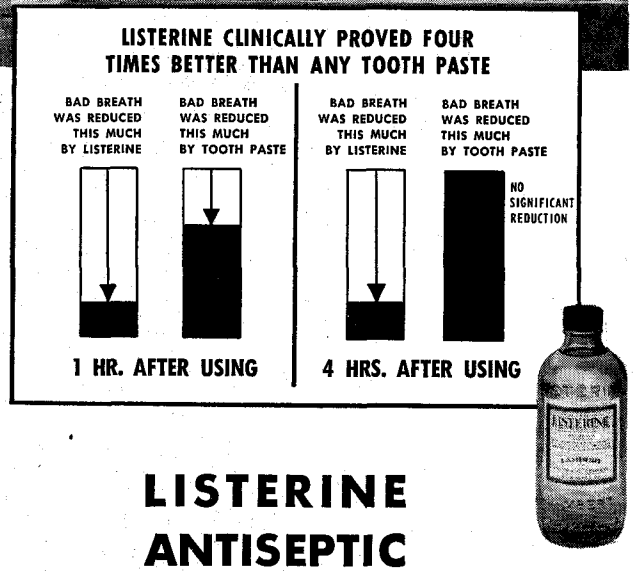
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . .
no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions. The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact! Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation that they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces. You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof of killing germs the way Listerine does.


LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
1 HR. AFTER USING
4 HRS. AFTER USING

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

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a full-size freezer and a full-size refrigerator all in one

he Philco Super Marketer

With this new kind of food keeper from Philco, you can really take advantage of today's super market bargains. In a cabinet less than 3 feet wide it gives you space to store 240 lbs. of frozen foods . . . plus room for all your unfrozen foods as well. And all so handy. Door shelves for eggs, milk and assorted foods. Butter and Cheese Keepers. Tall bottle space. Vegetable Crisper. Self service freezer door. It's years ahead with the exclusive all automatic Twin System . . . (1) zero degree freezer; (2) self-defrost

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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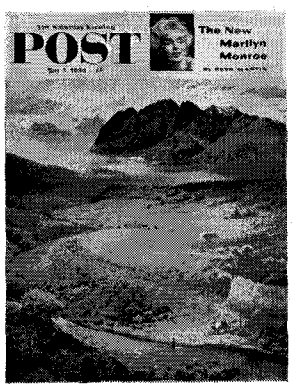

THE COVER

Why doesn't the angler turn around and exult in the beauty behind him? Spring climbing in the meadows; mist shreds playing in the foothills; battlements of the Rockies conversing with the sky—how can he bear not to look at that? Because he is looking at the beauty in front of him—a specimen of aquatic, water-breathing, craniate vertebrate having the limbs developed as fins, which will weigh plenty if he lands it, or even if he doesn't. And now we come, deviously, to John Clymer. With some of his paintings Clymer wrestles and repaints and tears his hair, but this one fairly leaped off his brush, crying, "Here I be, John!" Psychological explanation: he painted this in February, and he was fed up with snowdrifts and wanted out. So he rapidly painted himself out.

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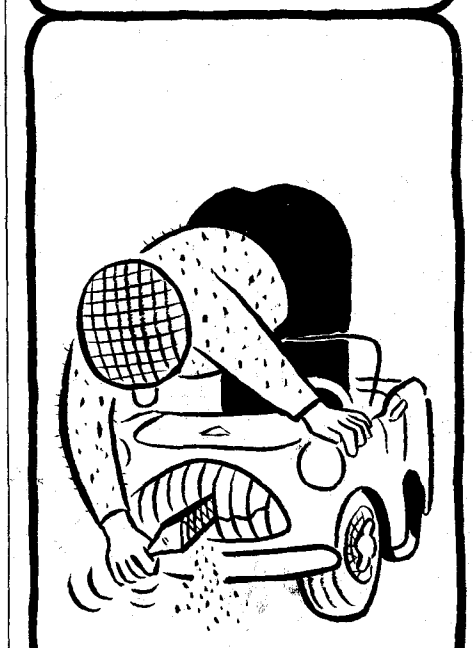

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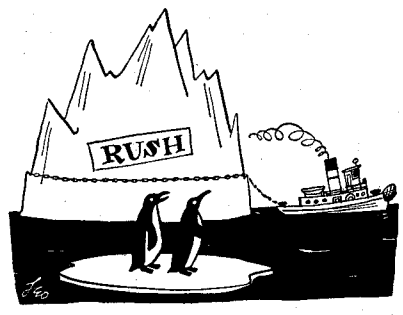
Letters

Iceberg Towing

Dear Sirs:

The idea of towing an iceberg from the Antarctic to furnish fresh water to Southern California [editorial, Now SCIENCE PLANS TO HARNESS ICEBERGS, March 31] recalls an equally fantastic



suggestion for a Los Angeles Harbor offered in an after-dinner speech many years ago by . . . an eminent engineer who lived in the Bay Area.

It was proposed that a monstrous pipe line be built from Los Angeles to tidewater twenty miles away, then if the Chamber of Commerce could suck half as hard as it could blow, the harbor would be brought right up to the city.

ARTHUR J. GRIER
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It is almost a certainty that, if a berg were towed to California "at enormous expense," a storm would probably pound it ashore, break it into small floes, and liquidate it very promptly. Doubling towing speed would quadruple fuel cost, at least. . . .

I consider that cheaply and quickly desalting sea water is a cinch compared with the iceberg business, and is a thing certain to come within fifty years. . . .

PETER FERRIER
Vancouver, B.C.

Housewife-Teachers

Dear Sirs:

Re: LOOK WHO'S TEACHING SCHOOL [by Alice Lake] March 31 issue. There are those among us who entered the teaching profession with the intention of making it a full-time career.

Articles glorifying those who are willing to "tolerate" meager salaries do nothing to increase our over-all status. . . .

CHARLES W. FARLEY
Euclid, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Virginia has been doing this for approximately twenty years. . . . The Virginia State Board of Education a number of years ago made special provision for renewing certificates of married women who had once taught, then dropped out—usually when they married—and now were ready to return to the teaching field. . . .

HENRY A. WISE
Craddockville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The article implies that any mother with four years of college is capable of teaching our youngsters, because she is mature, settled in marriage, and settled in the community.

I fail to see how anyone could be settled and try to take care of a home and a classroom at the same time. With such a heavy schedule, "Mama Professor" must be a nervous wreck . . . compared to the recent graduate of a teacher-training school, who is "emotionally damp behind the ears." . . .

STEPHEN K. HIZA
Greeley, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps we can get a few teachers who are dissatisfied with their work to take a couple of summer courses and become engineers, scientists and doctors. How would Mrs. Lake like to take her child to that type of doctor? . . .

FRANK H. LAPLANTE
Monmouth, Oregon

Dear Sirs:

Housework and full-time teaching cannot be done satisfactorily by anyone. . . . Experience with housewife teachers has indicated that both jobs can be done in a superior way only if the teacher will hire needed household help for the five days a week that she teaches, and that for only the nine months that school is in session. This will reduce the supplementary income, but every good teacher should have the welfare of her pupils at heart.

HENRY OSIBOV
Superintendent of School
Colton, Oregon

Dear Sirs:

As a former teacher, I don't feel this stop-gap measure will solve the teacher-shortage problem. Salaries will continue to remain at a subsistence level as long as school districts are able to partially meet their needs in this manner. . . .

PAUL A. HENRY
Olean, N.Y.

Meat Preservative

Dear Sirs:

The Ohio State University and the personnel of the Meat Laboratory are grateful for the coverage in NEW WAY TO KEEP FOOD FRESH [by Milton Silverman, March 17]. . . . We feel that Mr. Silverman's complete coverage of research facts is remarkable. . . .

Reader response . . . has been both favorable and voluminous.

V.R. CAHILL
Assistant Professor in Charge of Meats
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I think the undertakers may take a dim view of this new method of embalming meat. . . . All that is needed, it seems, is to have a shot or two of Dr. Tarr's new dope while living and save the cost of embalming you when you die. Ain't science grand?

J. L. CLEAVER
Avon, N.Y.

Courses on Communism

Dear Sirs:

May a high-school junior comment on COURSES ON COMMUNISM CAN BE TOO "OBJECTIVE" [editorial, March 24]? First of all, you seem to deprecate the view that "young people ought to learn enough about Communism to fight it intelligently." However, those who have been most successful in combatting Communism are the ones who knew the most about this (Continued on Page 6)

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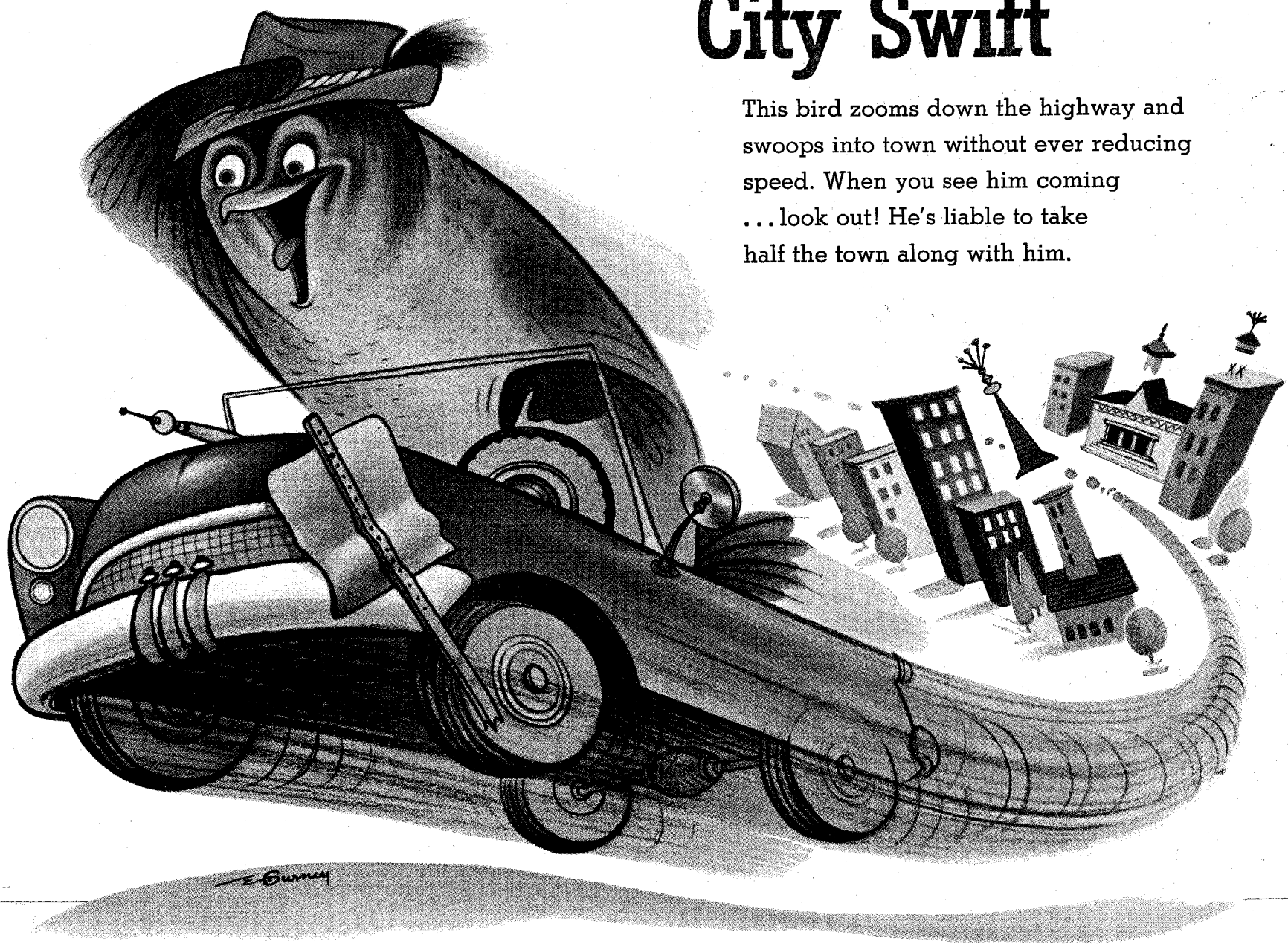
THE

City Swift

This bird zooms down the highway and swoops into town without ever reducing speed. When you see him coming ... look out! He's liable to take half the town along with him.



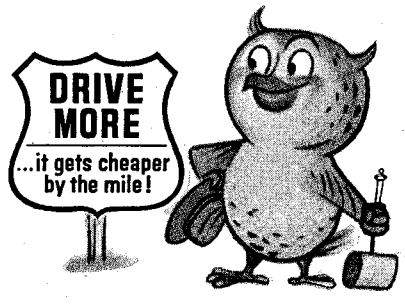
THE

Smart Bird

knows that city streets are no place for high speeds. He obeys the safety rule "Slow down in town."

The Smart Bird has a rule for best car performance, too: "Always buy premium gasoline." Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. It gives top mileage, greater engine protection and driving pleasure.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



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Walls, *Acorn Brown*, Nalplex; woodwork, *Tiger Lily*, Satin Finish Enamel

"Dutch Boy"
NALPLEX

New ACRYLIC LATEX

Now a latex paint of "Dutch Boy" quality.

It's Nalplex—brand-new Acrylic latex wall finish—the latest thing in latex paints.

With this entirely new and different latex finish, you get *one*-stroke, *one*-coat coverage. No need to "pile on" extra coats!

You also get true flatness. No sheen!

And the magic of "Dutch Boy" colors is yours for the first time in a latex paint.

This latex paint gives you everything you want

New Nalplex is easy to apply. No odor, no lapmarks. Your walls dry fast: 1 to 2 hours. Your clean-up is simple: just soap and water. And your finish is truly washable.

For new Nalplex — new *one*-stroke, *one*-coat painting ease — see your "Dutch Boy" dealer. Listed under "Paint," classified phone book.

Dutch Boy Paints
The sign of your "Dutch Boy" dealer

How to make your rooms sing—

color scheming is easy with this new full-color booklet. Just mail the coupon for your free copy. An idea on every page.

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Please send me a free copy of your new full-color booklet, "Color Scheming with Dutch Boy Paints."

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

menace. . . . Won't Americans be more able to answer Communist arguments and thus keep their faith in democracy stronger, if they are *now* given the arguments the Communists will put forward on the military and ideological battlefields of the future? . . .

FRANKLIN WESTCOTT ROBINSON
Providence, R.I.

Mission to India

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for WE WENT BACK 1000 YEARS [by P. Alston Waring, March 24]. . . . If all Foreign Aiders were as capable of sympathetic insight as Beulah and Alston Waring, our program in India and other needy countries would surely work smoother and faster.

MRS. WALTER HEDDEN
Norwalk, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I was much impressed with farm expert Waring's conclusion that foreign rural development is "only about 5 per cent technical aid and 95 per cent problems in human relations." . . .

One wonders if our State Department fully appreciates the importance and the vast resources we have in talents to work well *with* people, and not *over* them. Waring seems to suggest that the State Department is preoccupied with measuring tangible, material results.

State might do well in sending more technicians like Waring, who combine technical competence with representing the best traits of our way of life. . . .

PAUL E. DROST
Associate Professor of Social Science
Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Older Workers

Dear Sirs:

Our deep thanks to you for the perfectly brilliant article, OLDER WOMEN MAKE BETTER WORKERS [by Stanley Frank, March 24]. . . .

The first day the Post appeared on the news stands, our switchboard was deluged by employers who were seeking staff. I think the article will help stimulate the growing need for supporting the older worker. . . .

MAXWELL POWERS
Executive Director, Greenwich House
New York, N.Y.

H-Bombers

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to you and Frank Harvey for the superb article THEY FLY THE H-BOMBERS [March 24]. It is articles like this that acquaint the American public with the vital importance of Strategic Air Command. It is most regrettable that Congress does not recognize this importance. . . .

PHILIP E. SAUERBRUNN
Former SAC Air Police Officer
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Your article boosted our morale. The reference to us as "Ramp Tramps" by our associates is more or less one of appreciative respect, inasmuch as they too realize the inherent responsibility we bear while we plod under these giants of the air. As you so accurately stated in the article, on the ground, a guard bears as much responsibility for those 7,000,000 tax dollars as does an entire crew while flying. . . .

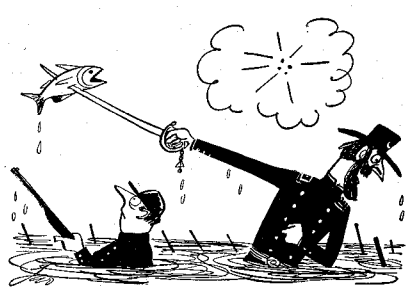
DONALD H. KLINE, *Major, USAF*
Provost Marshal
Castle A.F.B., Cal.

Wet Warfare

Dear Sirs:

The excellent article [ABE AND HIS "SECRET" WEAPON, by J. O. Buckeridge and Ashley Halsey, Jr., March 31] interested me deeply because my father, Capt. Joseph G. Vale, was in Wilder's brigade which, as the article stated, was the first Army unit to be equipped with Spencer carbines. In one of the first engagements in which the rifle was used, this remarkable scene is described in my father's book, Minty and the Cavalry:

"The First and Third brigades crossed the Chattahoochee river under fire from the enemy by wading it. . . . The brigades were armed with the Spencer rifle using a metallic waterproof cartridge. As the rebel bullets began to splash around us pretty thick the boys sought to keep in the deep water with only the head exposed. They soon discovered that they could throw the cartridge from the magazine into the chamber by working the lever as well under water as in the



open air; hence all along the line you could see the men bring their guns up, let the water run from the muzzle, then taking quick aim, fire and pop down again. Now the enemy had never seen anything of this kind before—for that matter neither had we—and their astonishment knew no bounds." . . .

ROBERT B. VALE
Longport, N.J.

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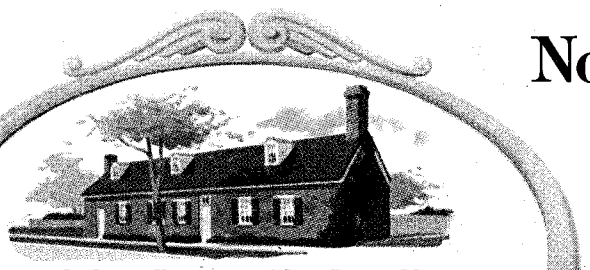


In the law office of President James Monroe in Fredericksburg, Virginia, Mrs. Monroe served her White Cake to many famous visitors.

Now you can bake White Cake inspired by a favorite recipe of *Mrs. James Monroe*

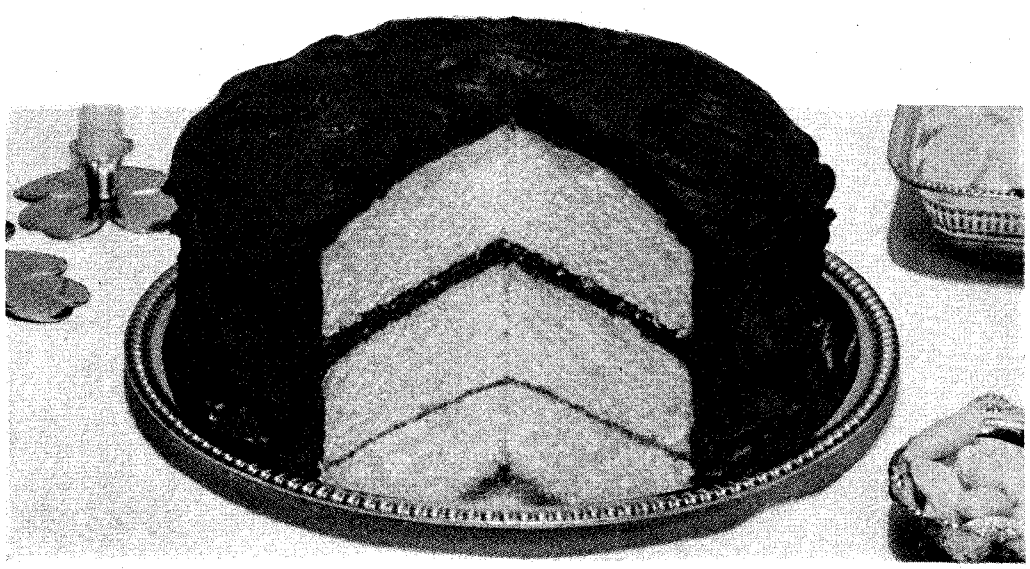
Photographed in President Monroe's law office, with one of Mrs. Monroe's original gowns, her jewelry, tea and silver services.

Now- Dromedary White Cake Mix From A Treasured Historic Recipe

Now, you can bake a white cake fit for a President—Dromedary White Cake, inspired by a favorite recipe used by Mrs. James Monroe, wife of our 5th President. It was served to President Monroe's distinguished guests in the White House and at Fredericksburg.

Today, Dromedary White Cake Mix makes cake with quality, flavor, lightness and texture to match the luxury of Mrs. Monroe's sterling silver. In addition to its quality and speed of preparation, Dromedary White Cake Mix offers many other real advantages. It comes in convenient 2-in-1 *pack*. Use two packages to bake a large double layer cake, or one to bake a generous single layer cake. The unused pack will stay fresh until you bake again. Also included are free pan liners to prevent sticking and make cakes turn out easier. Since Dromedary is pre-creamed you get a higher, lighter cake with 150 fewer mixing strokes. Lastly, *only* Dromedary Cake Mixes come wrapped in Glittering Gold Foil to keep mixing-bowl fresh.

Make history with a Dromedary White Cake, inspired by a favorite recipe of Mrs. James Monroe.



2-in-1 pack lets you bake all or half!
FREE pan liners mean no sticking! Pans stay clean!
Dromedary
WHITE CAKE MIX
2 IN 1 PACK BAKE ALL or BAKE HALF
FREE PAN LINERS INSIDE!

Dromedary received the rights to this recipe in return for its contributions to the James Monroe Memorial Foundation, member organization of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. ®

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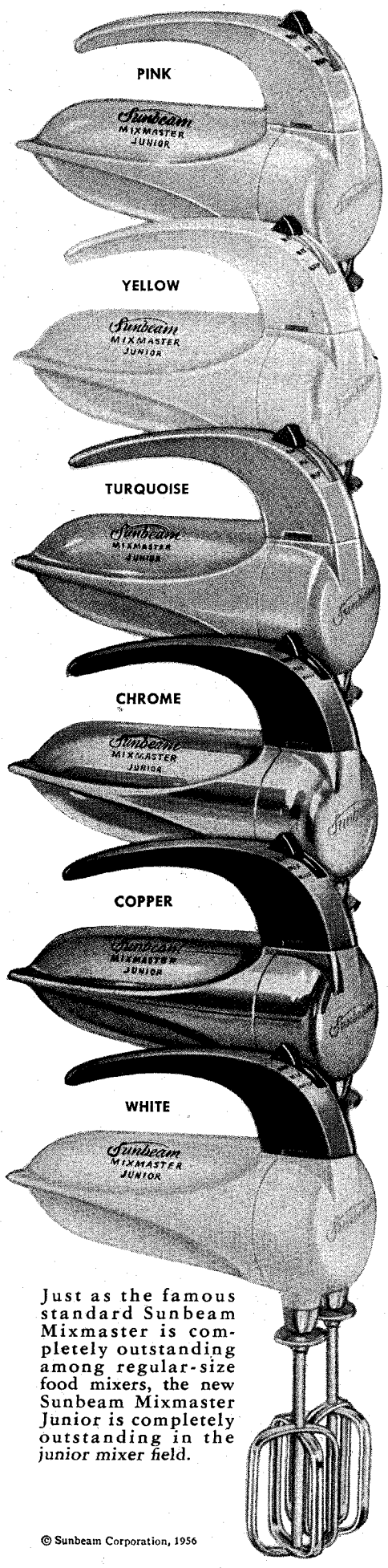
The enthusiasm of people who own them have

Only the **Sunbeam**

MIXMASTER JUNIOR

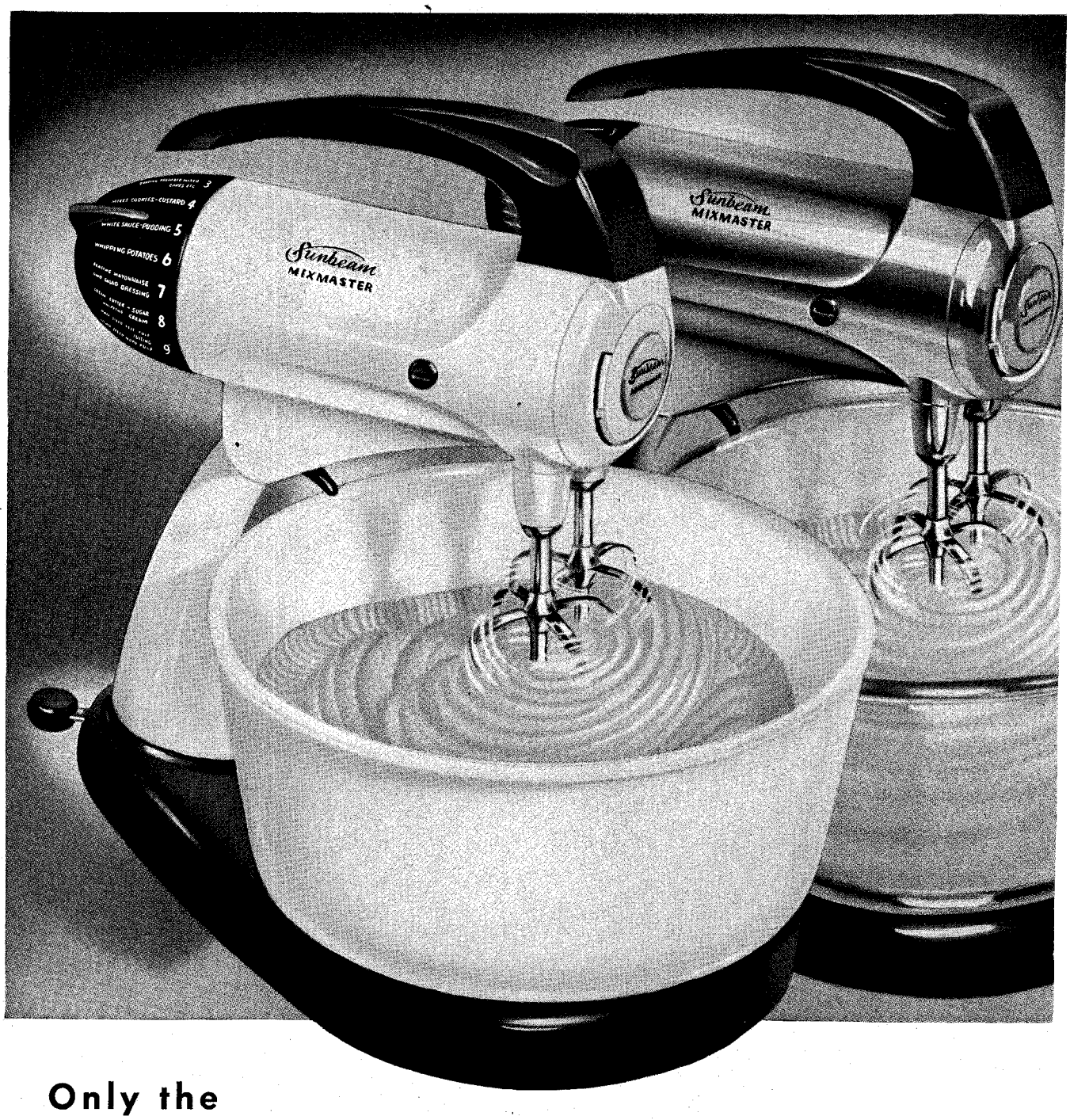
gives you all these advantages

- BIGGER BEATERS
- THUMB-TIP CONTROL
- EASY BEATER EJECTOR
- HANGS ON WALL
- CONVENIENT HEEL REST



Just as the famous standard Sunbeam Mixmaster is completely outstanding among regular-size food mixers, the new Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior is completely outstanding in the *junior mixer field.*

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1956



Only the

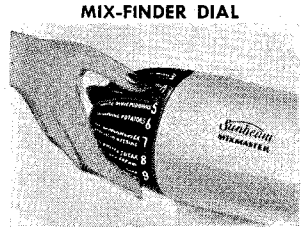
Sunbeam MIXMASTER

gives you all these advantages

Only SUNBEAM MIXMASTER has all the marvelous features that give you higher, lighter cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing. Mixmaster's larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • powerful EVEN-speed motor • Automatic Beater Ejector • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages *you want and deserve* in the food mixer you choose.

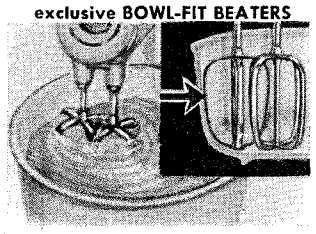
See Peggy Murdo with Sunbeam App ances on Milton Be and Martha Raye Tu day night TV shows.

Sunbeam
MIX-FINDER DIAL



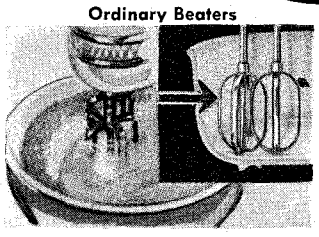
You have the 10 perfect scientifically-correct mixing speeds right at your finger-tips. Easy to use—Easy to set.

Sunbeam
exclusive BOWL-FIT BEATERS



Only the LARGER, exclusive Sunbeam Bowl-Fit beaters fit both the sides and bottom of the bowl to mix all the batter. No by-passed pockets or un-mixed whirlpools.

Ordinary Beaters



Ordinary mixers have smaller beaters set away from the sides of the bowl. Therefore, most of the batter escapes their beaters —piles up around the sides of the bowl and is never mixed.

The ONLY food mixer with this marvelous Blender Attachment

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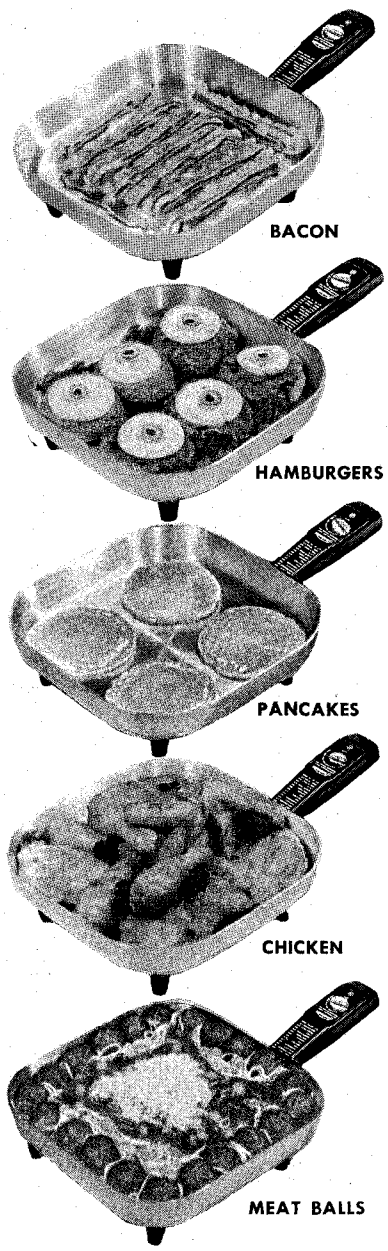
nade these appliances America's Favorites

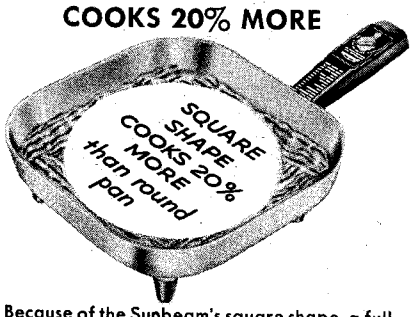
For Mother
on HER Day
Sunday, May 13
You get the perfect
for more delicious food
by simply setting this dial
Easy-to-see Fryguide
The Fryguide gives recommended temperatures and eliminates guesswork and failures.
YOU GET EGGS LIKE THIS EVERY TIME IN THE SUNBEAM SET AT 300°
Only the Sunbeam Frypan is available in 3 sizes: 10½", 11½", 12½"

Everything You Cook
Will Be More Delicious
because of
Controlled Heat



Only the Sunbeam *Automatic* FRYPAN gives you all these advantages

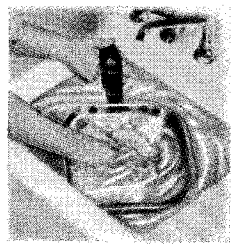
SQUARE SHAPE COOKS 20% MORE



Because of the Sunbeam's square shape, a full ½ lb. of bacon will lie flat in the pan—*will cook flat* because of Sunbeam's Controlled Heat, no curling or burning. Also cooks more pancakes, hamburgers, fried eggs, spaghetti, one dish meals, etc. It is lighter and occupies less space.

Never Before has a new electric appliance captured the whole-hearted enthusiasm of America like the famous Sunbeam Controlled Heat Automatic Frypan. The reason is that everything is so much more delicious when you cook with Sunbeam Controlled Heat—the marvelous new easy, automatic way. It Fries • Bakes • Stews • Pan-broils • Braises • makes delicious Pancakes, Omelets, French Toast • Heats "frozen dinners." High dome covers of either aluminum or heat-resistant glass are available for fried chicken, roasts, etc.

MARVELOUS WATER-SEALED ELEMENT
You can immerse the entire pan in water up to the control panel for quick, easy washing.



Prepares everything from a quick, delicious breakfast to a family size meal —automatically.

One of THE Sunbeam® BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE Famous for SHAVEMASTER, TOASTER, COFFEEMASTER, etc.

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Editorials

The A.D.A. Can Take "McCarthyism" or Leave it Alone!

Two months seems long enough to wait for some indication as to how the faultlessly-tailored members of Americans for Democratic Action feel about their chairman, Mr. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. There are good reasons to wonder. On February third, one Paul H. Hughes was acquitted in a New York Federal court of two charges of perjury. One charge was that Hughes lied when he testified previously that he had overheard Mr. Rauh talk on the telephone with Brigadier General Telford Taylor (retired), another A.D.A. official, concerning arrangements to give financial assistance to Harvey Matusow, the in-and-out witness who recanted testimony he had given in several trials of communists. The jury found Hughes not guilty.

Upon four other charges growing out of Hughes' efforts to palm himself off to liberal groups as a former member of Senator McCarthy's staff with important "dirt" to sell, the jury disagreed. It was testified that among those who fell for Hughes' fabrications were some of the brass of the Washington Post and Mr. Rauh of the A.D.A. Rauh testified that he did not know that the Hughes material was phony, although some of it was so preposterous that it ought not to have deceived even the most dedicated liberal. Hughes testified that Rauh knew that the material was fictitious. Despite the fact that it was Rauh's word against that of a confessed forger whom his own lawyer described as a "louse," the jury could not reach a verdict.

The thing which might reasonably be troubling the membership of A.D.A. is its chairman's involvement in practices which A.D.A. and its allies have consistently condemned and which they have accused Senator McCarthy of employing. The A.D.A. has waxed eloquent against the use of "informers" by the Department of Justice, but it seemed willing enough to avail itself of the services of a man who represented himself as an informer and a purloiner of documents. Senator McCarthy has been a pain in the neck to many Americans, including so-called right-wingers, but the evidence in the Hughes trial seems to indicate that in A.D.A. circles "McCarthyism" is not considered reprehensible when practiced by dedicated liberals against "reactionaries" and their ilk.

Anyway, it would be enlightening to learn whether there are any backbenchers in A.D.A. who are even mildly disturbed by their chairman's carryings on. At the moment the betting is the other way. If Mr. Rauh does not get a grant from the Fund for the Republic, invitations to give the Thomas Jefferson lectures at four Ivy League universities and the applause of all right-thinking "liberals," he has a right to be a disappointed man.

What's Wrong With Our Training of Scientists?

Although it is impossible to get really convincing information on the progress in scientific research and education which the Soviet Union is supposed to have made, the products of Russian industry have impressed outsiders.

Of course, this does not mean that the United States should throw up the sponge and concede that communism produces better materials than we have been able to create in a free-enterprise system. Actually, the contrary is true, as the over-all backwardness of the Soviet economy indicates. But enough has happened to persuade this country to take a new look at its own educational system. If we are even suspected of falling behind in a race in which the advantage should surely lie with a free system, there must be something to investigate.

One disquieting fact is that 20 per cent of American high schools do not even offer courses in physics or chemistry. The figures for the number of pupils in all high schools who elect scientific courses are not much more encouraging. According to the America Foundation, an element of the National Science Teachers Association, "less than one in four of our eighteen-year-olds has had as much as one course in chemistry, one in five a course in physics." The emphasis in secondary education has swung over so violently toward courses in "getting along with other people" or "establishing proper social attitudes" that subjects which would give the student something to go with his "life-adjustment" ability tend to be neglected.

Another bad spot is the difficulty in recruiting teachers of science and mathematics. As a noted educator recently pointed out, it is impossible in most school systems to offer a good mathematics teacher more money than is paid to a poor social-science teacher, or, for the sake of argument, vice versa. The theory of equality carried into this field frequently means that a high school must either expand its budget far beyond what the traffic will bear or else go without the services of the kind of teachers it needs.

A real threat to our ability to train topflight people lies in the emphasis on education which can be absorbed by everybody—too often at the expense of the outstanding few. In a collection of essays edited by Mortimer Smith under the title The Public Schools in Crisis (Regnery) John Garrett, an Englishman, reports that "nothing surprised me so much in America as the comparable indifference concerning the education of the exceptional child. . . . The emphasis of the American system is on the social and average; ours, at least until 1945, has been fundamentally intellectual and geared for distinction."

This is not perhaps an entirely fair comparison but it certainly suggests a possible weakness in our system. The future of democracy will be dubious indeed if, in its name, education is diluted for "mass acceptance" to such an extent that the training of needed scientists and outstanding students generally is delayed or submerged beneath a mass of "life adjustment."

Bicycling, Besides Strengthening the Heart, Can Be Fun

Americans undoubtedly have a long way to go toward conquering heart disease. Dr. Paul Dudley White, heart consultant to President Eisenhower, firmly believes that we will get there more quickly on bicycles. "I'd like to put everybody on bicycles," the Boston heart specialist recently told a New York Heart Association audience, "not once in a while, but regularly as a routine. That's a good way of preventing heart disease."

Doctor White says he is convinced—although lacking conclusive facts for proof—that overeating and underexercising are responsible for the increase in some forms of heart disease. A cyclist himself, the Boston specialist recommends modern versions of the old-fashioned "bike" as a pleasant answer to the exercise problem for grownups.

Right now, there are approximately 22,000,000 bicycles wheeling over the United States, but they are being ridden mostly by kids from four to fifteen. By the time the youngsters are sixteen, in the nature of things in America, they have their eyes on the family car. In Europe, bicycles are still the "common man's—and woman's—transportation."

There are plenty of bike clubs for grownups in America, of course, and Smith College has been noted for generations for the well-filled bicycle racks on the campus. The devotion of college girls all over the country to cycling, in fact, has given a name to the universally worn garment called "pedal pushers." The average citizen, however, certainly has not anticipated Doctor White's advice about stouthearted cycling.

It is obvious that America's automobile-jammed streets and highways offer difficulties and hazards for cyclists. There is no advantage in anyone's improving his heart condition if he is likely to get smacked by a truck while he is doing it. Doctor White has a recommendation for this problem. He has already appealed to the mayors of Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Richmond, Virginia, and New York to construct "safe bicycling paths for their citizens," such as are provided in London and other European cities. Doctor White offers "personally to inaugurate the new bike paths." Many people—doubtless including Doctor White—will remember the bicycle paths of the early part of the century. And statistics show that, despite the "scorchers," heart disease was less frequent then than now!

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Our rising young executive knows what a well chosen wardrobe can do for a man. Today he wears his new light-gray Pacific worsted flannel. The "top brass" also wear suits of Pacific fabrics. The navy blue sheen gabardine is a Pacific classic . . . the blue-gray worsted mohair tropical is a new textured effect —all are easy to care for, easy to wear.

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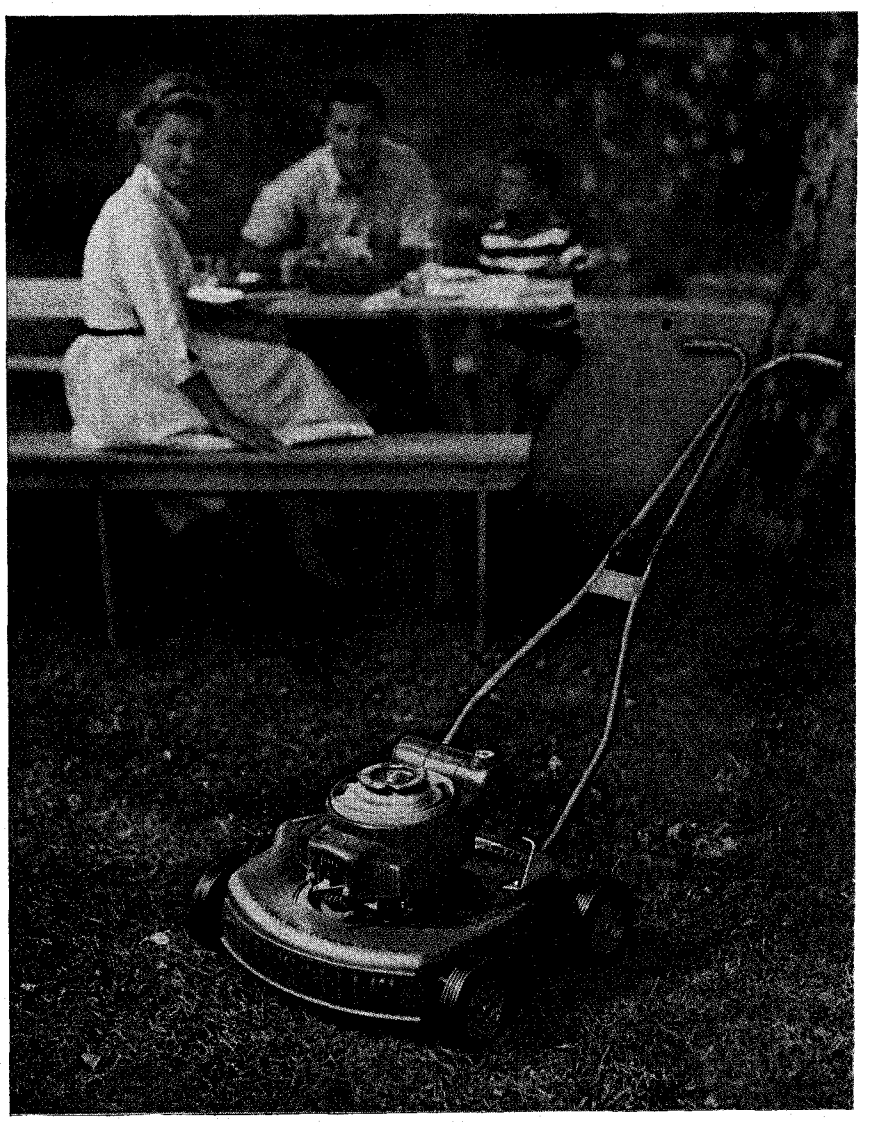
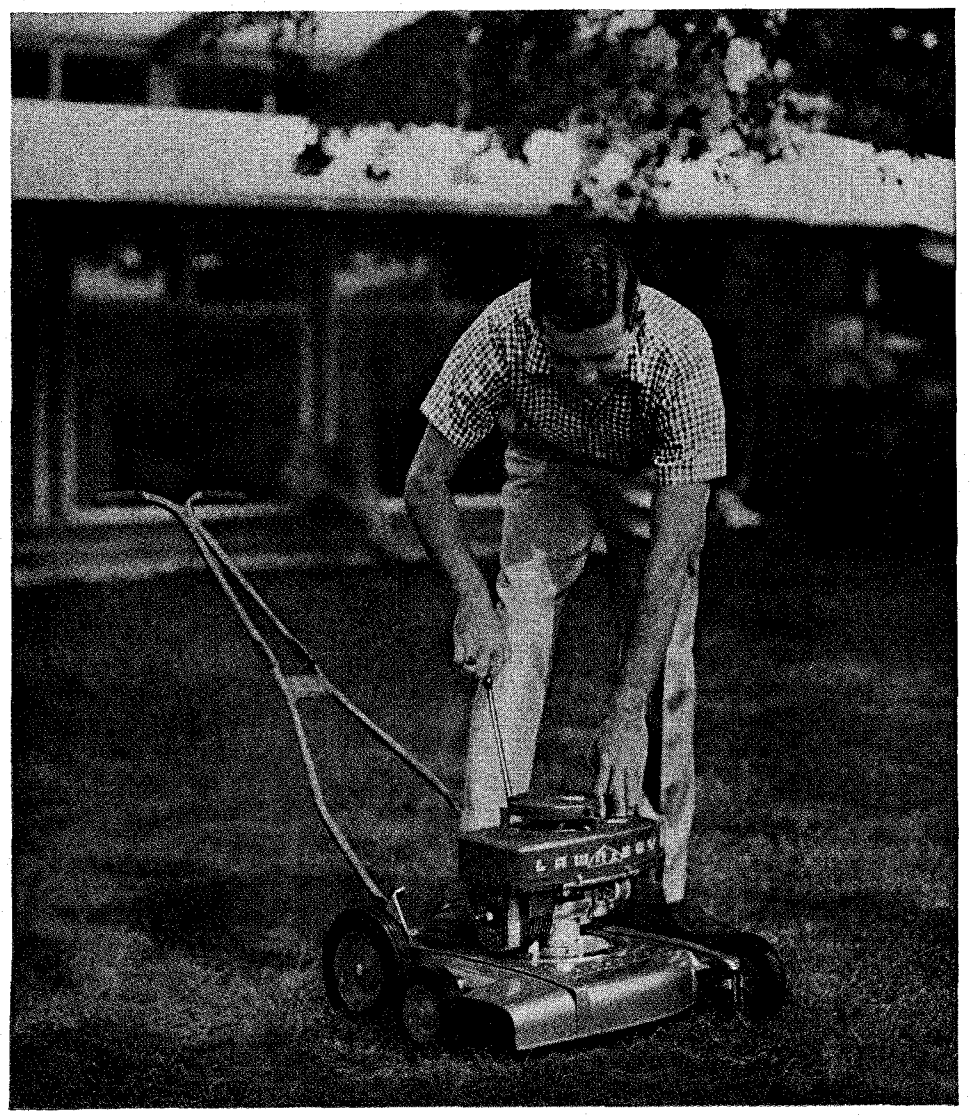
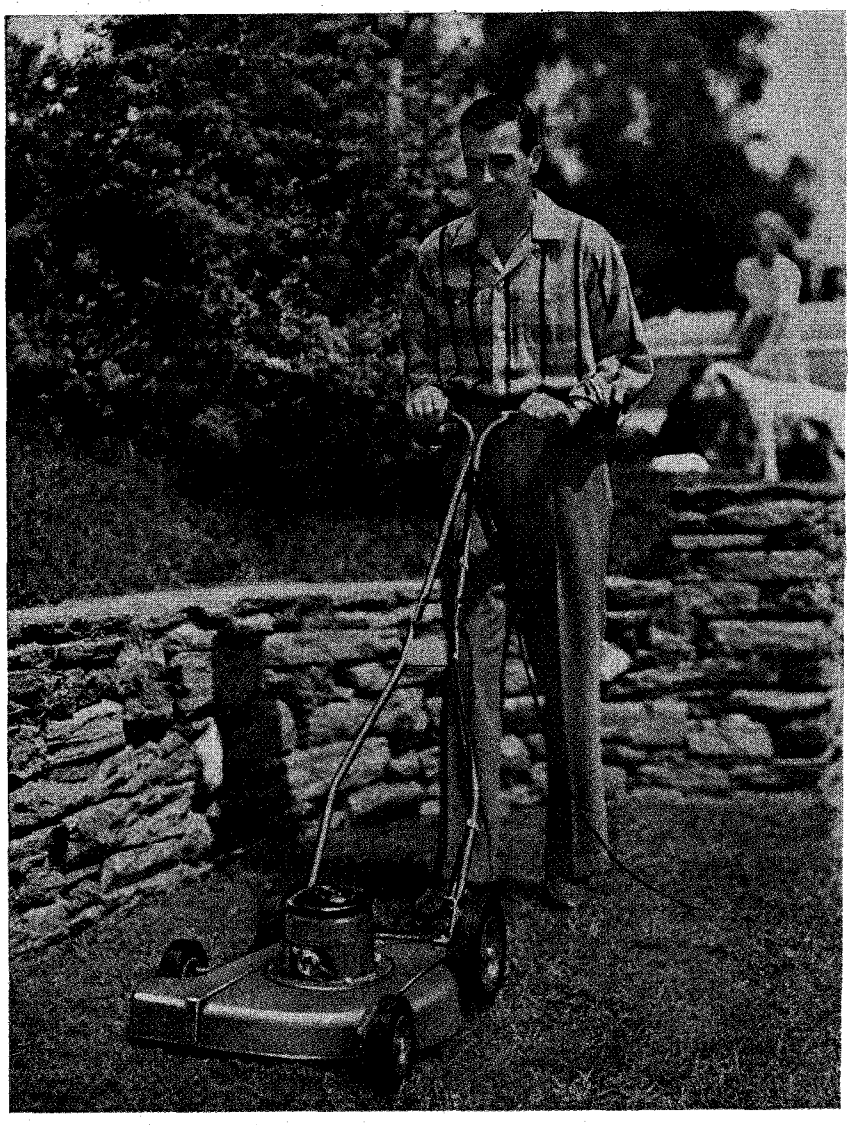
21″ Deluxe LAWN-BOY for 1956 (Model 7000)



18″ Economy LAWN-BOY for 1956 (Model 3000)



18″ Deluxe LAWN-BOY for 1956 (Model 5000)



18″ Electric LAWN-BOY for 1956 (Model 1000)

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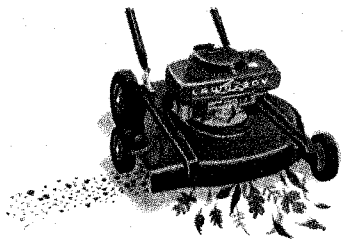
no waves...
no wisps...
no whiskers...
with LAWN-BOY

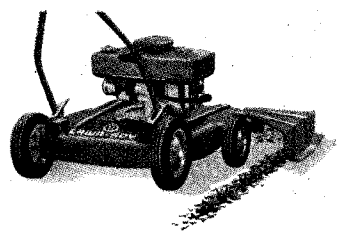
Prove it beyond doubt on your own lawn!
Ask about LAWN-BOY's unique **FREE HOME TRIAL!**

Now, treat yourself—and your neighbors' eyes—to the smoothest lawn on the block! Step up to a smart-looking, free-wheeling, muscle-saving LAWN-BOY—modern America's power mower. Exclusive features on the fabulous 1956 models prevent "scalping" on terraces, eliminate ripples where terrain is rugged . . . every blade of grass is cut at uniform height. And for the wrist-weary, there's extra-good news: LAWN-BOY trims within ⅜" of walls and trees, saving hours of tiresome clipping. Prove it all *on your own lawn.* Ask your LAWN-BOY dealer about the FREE HOME TRIAL!

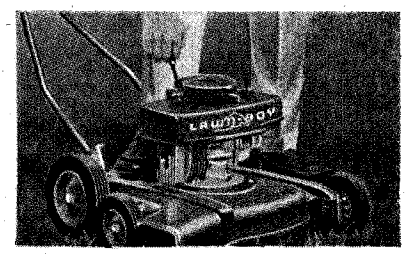
LAWN-BOY LAMAR, MISSOURI • DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MFG. CO. • MAKERS OF ***Johnson*** AND ***Evinrude*** OUTBOARD MOTORS • IN CANADA: LAWN-BOY, PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO



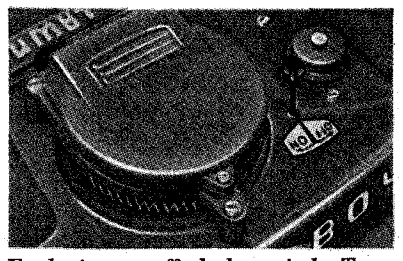
Pulverator attachment mulches leaves. Specially engineered Pulverator attaches in half a minute—extends LAWN-BOY's usefulness into fall. Just mow over leaves, convert them into valuable plant food. Pulverator spreads mulch evenly. Raking? Burning? Chores of the past!



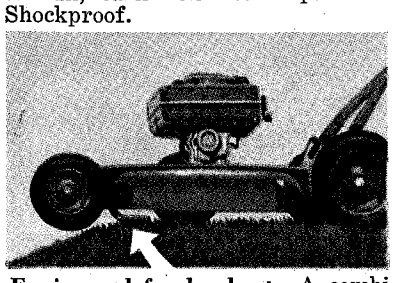
Windrower attachment *cleans* your lawn. Another LAWN-BOY exclusive to give you a well groomed lawn and save you bothersome raking, sweeping, and grass "catching." The Windrower is installed in a few seconds, deposits clippings in one short, easily picked-up row.



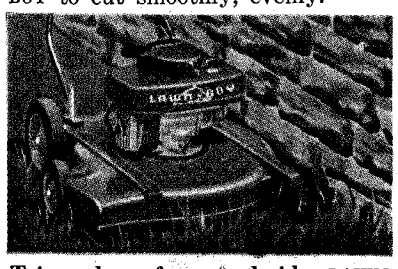
One pull starts it! No rope to "wind up." Recoil starter is ever alert to start the engine purring.



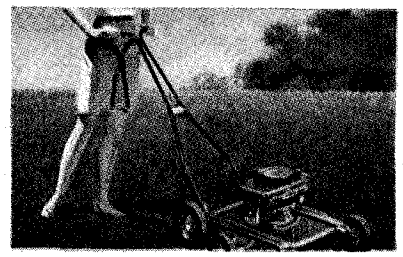
Exclusive on-off choke switch. Turn "on," pull up to choke, push down to run, turn "off" to stop. Safe. Shockproof.



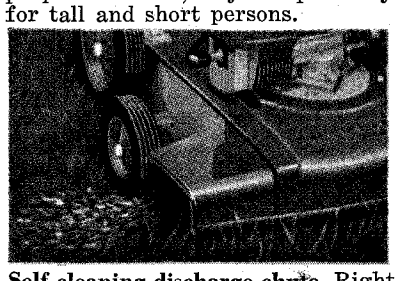
Engineered for level-cut. A combination of special features, including the Turf Rider, allows LAWN-BOY to cut smoothly, evenly.



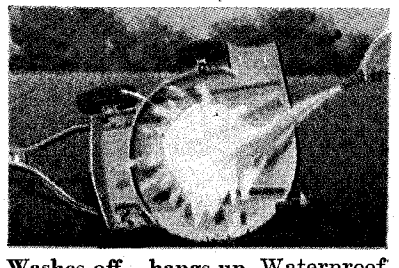
Trims close, front and side. LAWN-BOY gets everything within ⅜" of obstacles. Also fits easily under low shrubs and rails.



Hi-Lo safety handle. Here's another LAWN-BOY exclusive. Keeps user at proper distance, adjusts perfectly for tall and short persons.



Self-cleaning discharge chute. Right front wheel assures grass removal. Even wet grass sprays out easily —never bunches.



Washes off—hangs up. Waterproof, rustproof magneto allows hosing off; "hang-up" feature of handle saves storage space.

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Casement picture window unit
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KEEPS ROOMS WARMER. Twindow's exceptional insulating properties seal out cold air in the winter, keep your rooms more evenly comfortable, more healthful.

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"TWINDOW"

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• Cuts heating and cooling costs • Reduces window fogging and icing

• Provides the most convenient form of storm window insulation

• Wide range of standard sizes

WHEN you equip your home with large areas of Twindow—Pittsburgh's windowpane with insulation built in—you enjoy the outdoors from indoors. Rooms are more comfortable and more vitally alive. For this remarkable *twin-glass* windowpane has amazing properties:

Twindow cuts heating and air-conditioning costs. It keeps your home warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer.

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Twindow reduces condensation on the room-side surface of the glass—and this means clearer vision.

And Twindow effectively muffles outside noises. It saves you the labor and the bother of washing storm windows, putting them up in the fall and taking them down in the spring.

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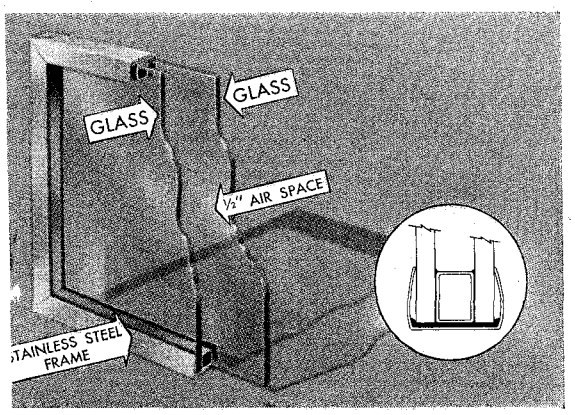
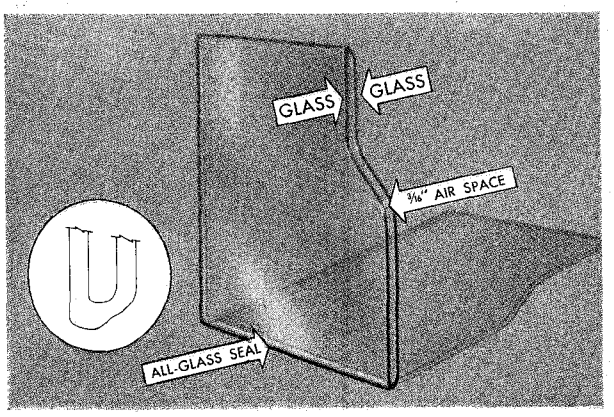


AL EDGE. Ideal for large windows and where maximum ation is needed most. Constructed of two panes of ¼" -vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air-space between. usive stainless steel frame means no bare edges to chip or Units are sturdy and long-lived.



ALL-GLASS SEALED EDGE. Precision fabricated unit, smooth all-glass welded edge, high insulating value make this the favorite for smaller window openings in every room. Constructed of two panes of ⅛" Pennvernon—"the quality window glass"—with a 3/16" air-space between. Moderately priced.

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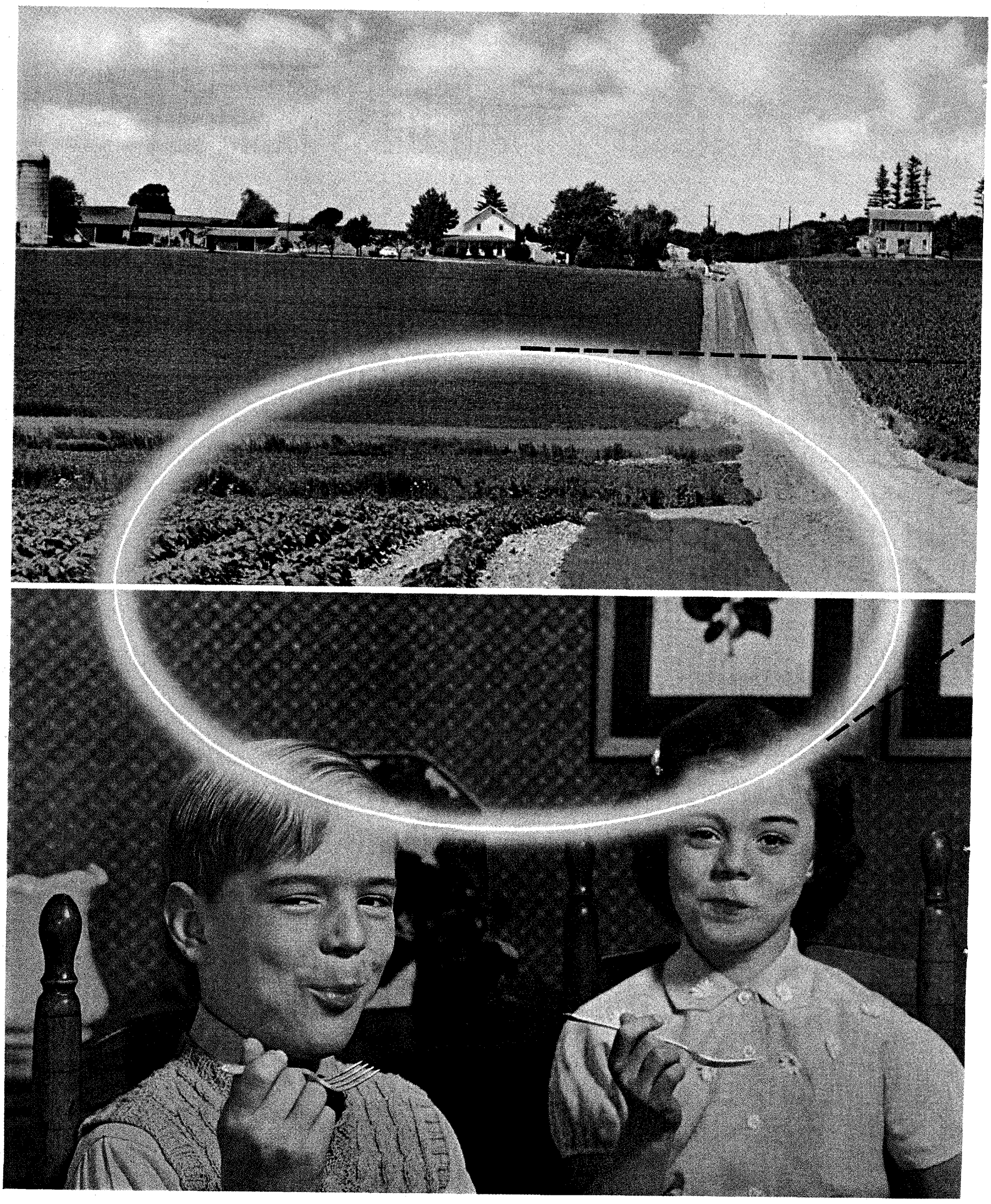

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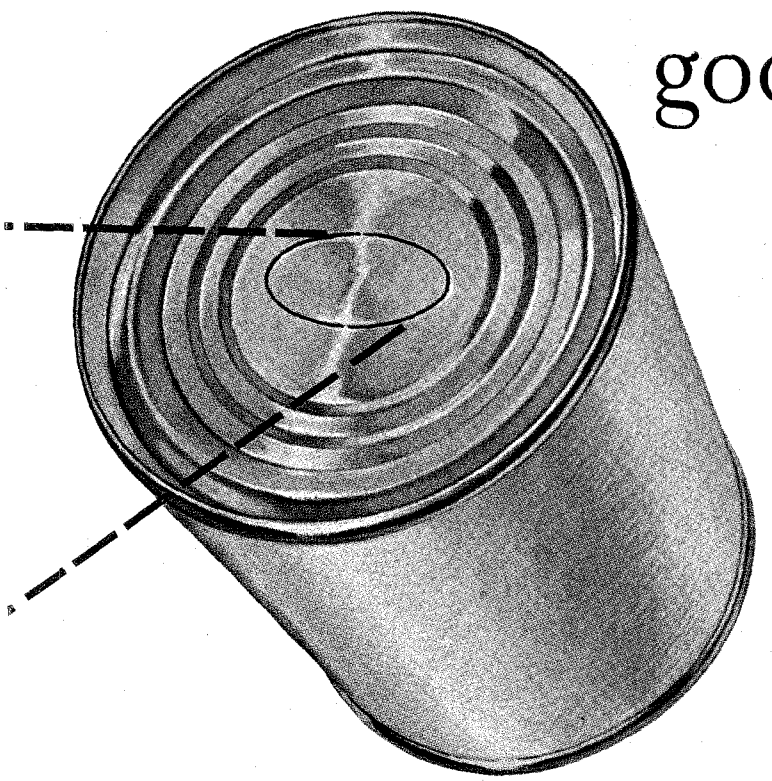
The Symbol that links all the goodness of distant farms to your table



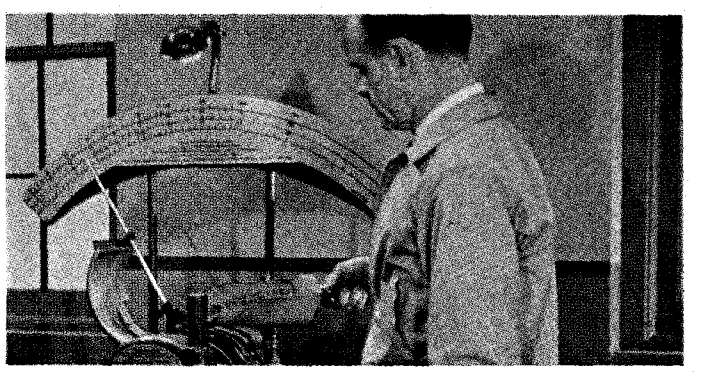
An almost unbelievable variety of vegetables and juices, garden-fresh in flavor and goodness, is always within arm's reach—no farther away than your pantry shelf—because of the can and a symbol you probably seldom notice.

The symbol is a trade mark—a small oval on the ends of cans made by American Can Company.

Back of it is Canco's belief that the can is *more* than a container; it's a way of helping you live better . . . more conveniently . . . for less money.

Back of it, too, is Canco's motto, "Can do," and the *spirit of cooperation* that makes this motto work.

BEHIND THIS SYMBOL ARE THE SERVICES OF CANCO'S "CAN DO" MEN
HERE'S HOW THEY HELP BRING YOU, TASTIER CANNED PEAS



A MACHINE THAT "CHEWS" PEAS, called a "tenderometer" is now widely used to measure the all-important tenderness of peas. It was invented by Canco's "Can do" men to help canners determine the exact maturity of peas and in that way be sure they are canned for you and your family at their delicious best.

AGRONOMIST DR. F. W. GEISE, ABOVE, is one of many Canco specialists who help the canning industry produce better products. Faced with tough problems and great opportunities, Canco's researchers and service people have always answered "Can do!" Result: leadership—yesterday, today, tomorrow!

American Can Company

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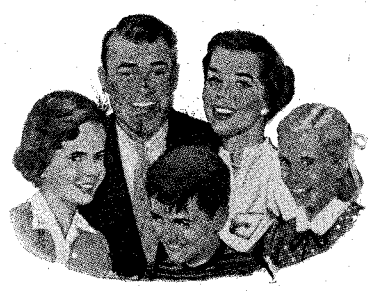
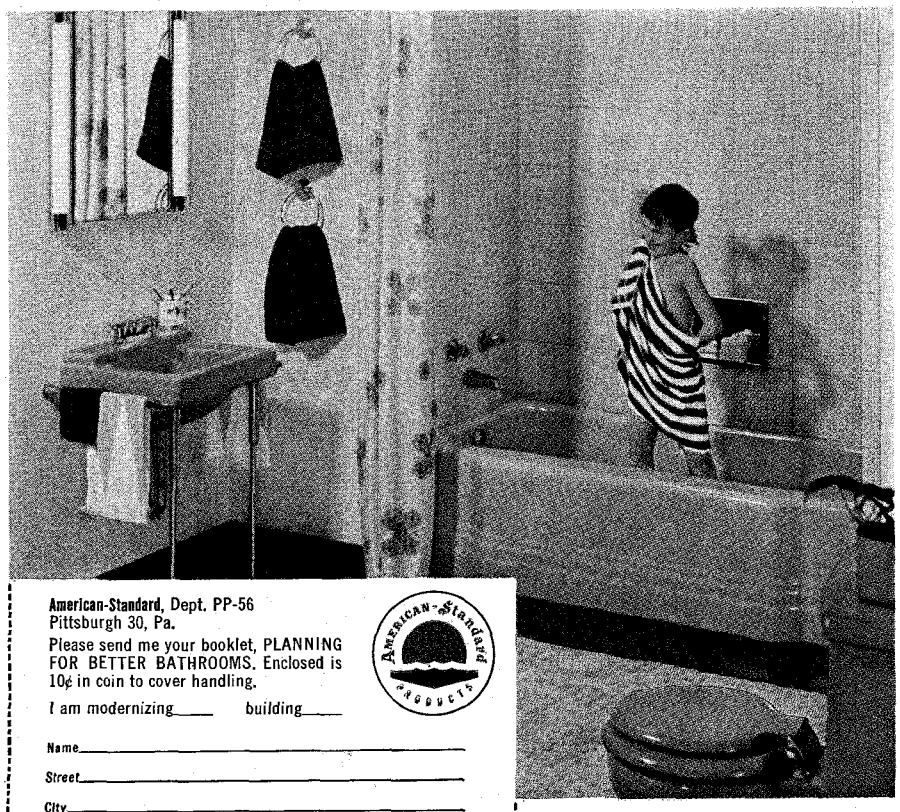
Rosewood plastic wall tile by C. F. Church Mfg. Co.



No waiting in line when you have two AMERICAN-Standard bathrooms!



Two bathrooms end family traffic jams. There's room—and leisure time—for everyone. And *two* American-Standard bathrooms are amazingly inexpensive.

$6.08 a week* is all it costs for the three beautiful fixtures shown above . . . and the three fixtures for the second bathroom to the left cost only $2.56 a week*.

Notice the smart styling, beautiful colors, easy-to-keep-clean surfaces of these American-Standard fixtures. And notice, too, these extra conveniences . . .

- the full bathing area of the Neo-Angle bath, above, that fits into a 4 x 4-foot space.
- the wide, wide counters (for holding toiletries) of the Symphony lavatory above.

For more information see your American-Standard retailer—ask him about easy payment terms. He's listed in your phone book's Yellow Pages under "plumbing fixtures" or "plumbing supplies." Or mail the coupon at the left for a helpful booklet. AMERICAN-STANDARD PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

American-Standard, Dept. PP-56
Pittsburgh 30, Pa.
Please send me your booklet, PLANNING FOR BETTER BATHROOMS. Enclosed is 10¢ in coin to cover handling.
I am modernizing____ building____

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
County_____ State_____

See American-Standard products on NBC-TV's programs:
TODAY starring Dave Garroway
HOME starring Arlene Francis.

A SECOND BATHROOM takes up less floor space than you think. Find out how American-Standard fixtures can help you have that second bathroom.

The most beautiful bathrooms are
AMERICAN-Standard

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HE RUNS HIS OWN SHOW—*for you*

Who? Why one of the most important and helpful citizens in your community — the local independent insurance agent. He has a lot in common with the man above for he, too, runs his own show!

It's wise to keep in mind that he is not employed by any company. He operates his *own* business, his *own* way. He answers only to himself and his client — *you* and others like you. He lives in your community, pays local taxes and employs local people.

Being right near by he's available day and night, Sunday or holiday. He's eager and willing to help you with any insurance matter, large or small . . . to take all the details off your mind.

You can depend on him to put your interests first when you need aid. He's *your* man. It makes sense that the one best way to buy insurance is through your local agent . . . especially your local Employers' Group agent . . . The Man With The Plan. Look him up, without delay.

Ask about the
"PACKAGE" POLICY for HOMEOWNERS and TENANTS

Combine in *one* contract all the coverage that formerly required several. Fire, theft, personal liability, storm damage — protection in all these categories, and more, is provided. Only one premium, one renewal date. Whether you own or rent, by all means get complete details from "The Man With The Plan".

GET IN TOUCH WITH *The Man with the Plan*

THE Employers' Group
INSURANCE E.G. COMPANIES

110 MILK STREET, BOSTON 7, MASSACHUSETTS

The EMPLOYERS' GROUP INSURANCE COMPANIES — E.G. AGENT — The Man With The Plan

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORP. LTD. • THE EMPLOYERS' FIRE INSURANCE CO. • AMERICAN EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE CO. • THE HALIFAX INSURANCE CO. OF MASSACHUSETTS

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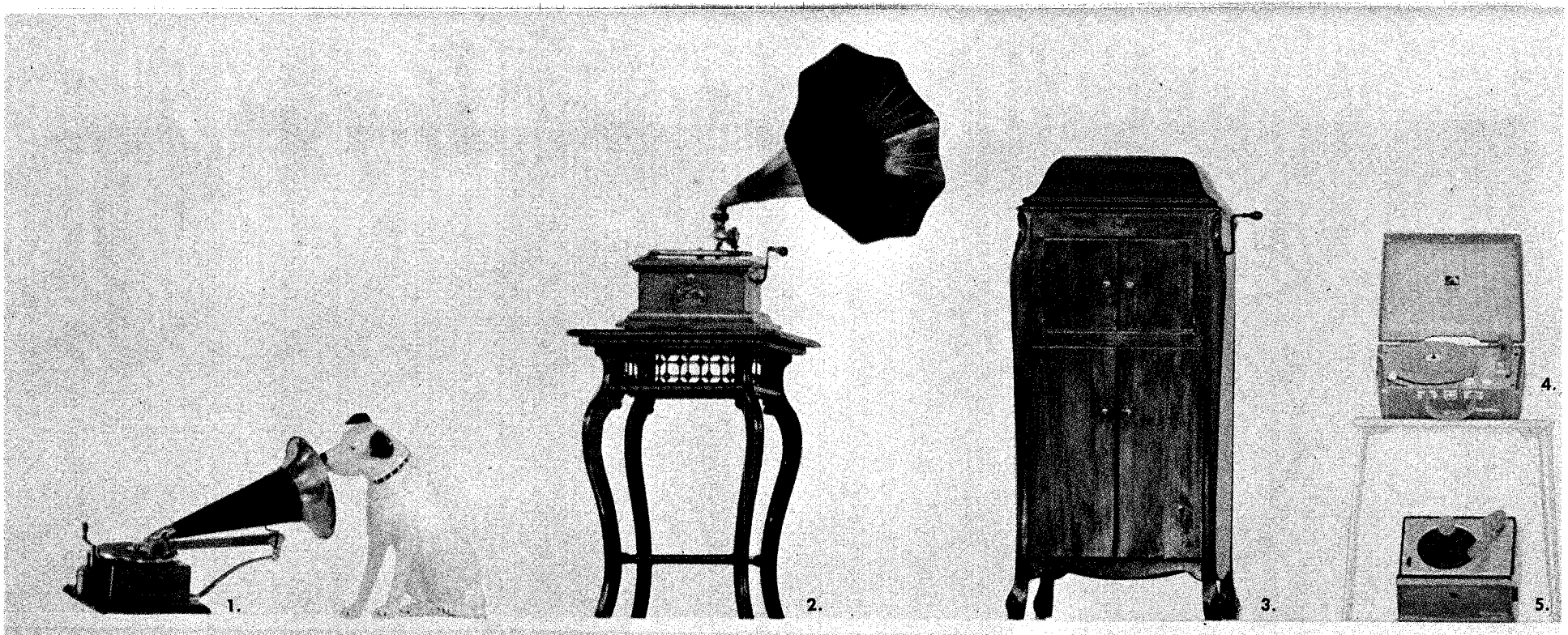

Top row: 1. Victor "Trademark" model (1896). **2.** Victor model with "morning-glory" horn (1906-1924). **3.** "Victrola" XI; a "household institution" (1912-1924). **4.** New "Victrola" 3-speed portable phonograph. **5.** New "Victrola" 45 automatic phonograph. **6.** New Orthophonic High Fidelity Tape Recorder. **7.** New Orthophonic High Fidelit Phonograph *Mark VI*. **8.** New Orthophonic High Fidelity Phonograph *Mark I* **Bottom row: 9.** RCA Superheterodyne (1924). **10.** First portable superheterodyne (1925)

THIS FAMILY PORTRAIT CELEBRATES

The story of electronic pioneering and how it made possible the finest in home entertainment.

RCA instruments have been in many a family for many years. You may remember the first "Victrola" phonograph in the parlor; the first radio and first TV which came into your home. They all became part of your family life; they brought news and entertainment right out of the air.

RECORDED MUSIC: Since the days of the "morning-glory" horn, RCA Victor has brought you the finest in phonographs — culminated today by distortion-free, new Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" instruments. And on RCA Victor records the greatest collection of artists ever assembled plays the music you want when you want it.

RADIO: The "radio music box," as envisaged by David Sarnoff in 1916, was the grandfather and the great-grandfather o radio broadcast receivers. In fact, millions of them have put our country in tune with all the world since 1920. First there was the crystal detector set; then the battery-operated electron tube; then the all-electric set pioneered by RCA and introduced in 1925—and finally, today, the very latest long-life radios equipped with transistors.

TELEVISION: After years of research and pioneering, RCA added sight to sound in 1939 to open the era of televisio as a service to the public. RCA's first postwar TV sets, in 194(

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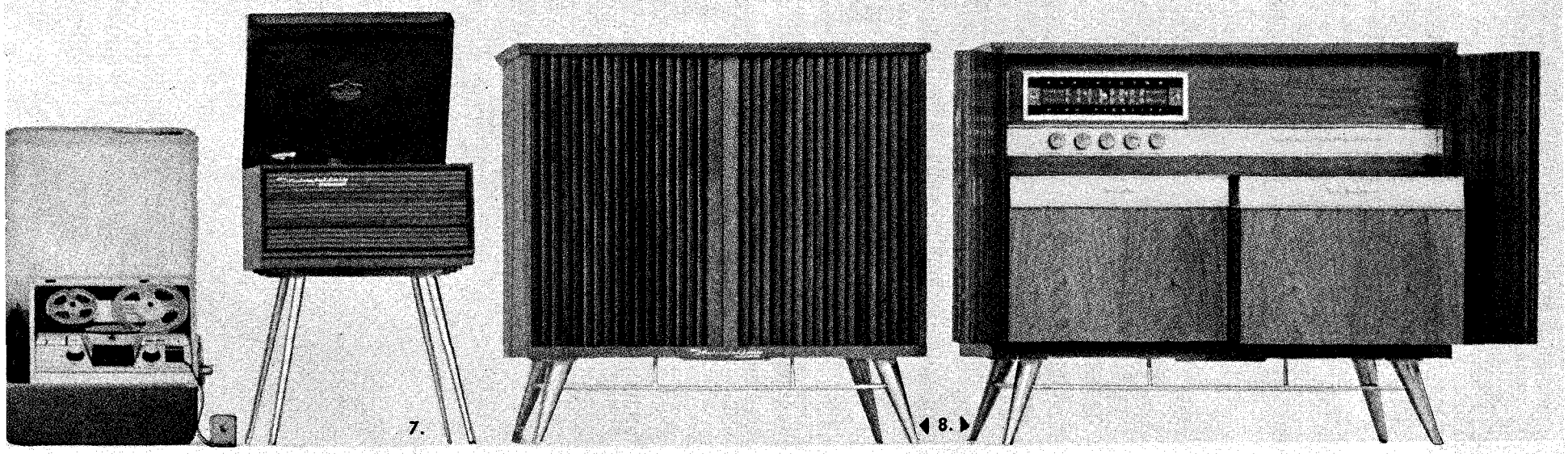
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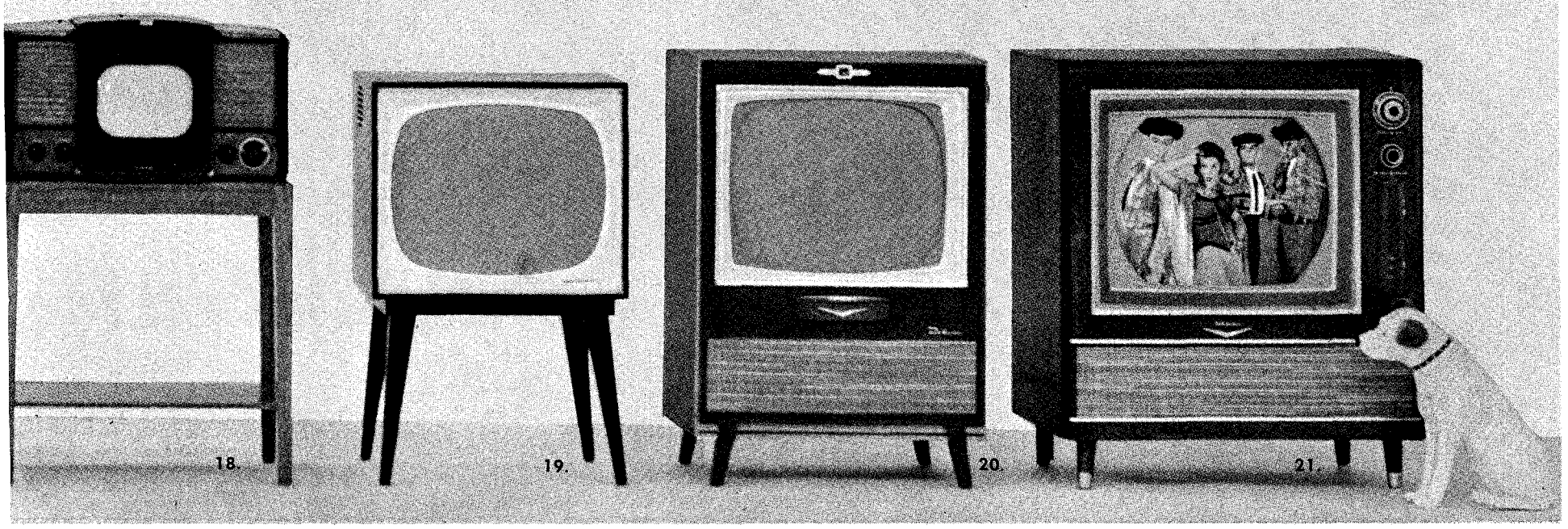
18. 19. 20. 21.

. Non-breakable "Impac" portable—The *Midshipman*. **12.** RCA Victor table radio The *Kerry*. **13.** New battery-operated radio and "Victrola" 45 phonograph—ıe *Skipper*. **14.** RCA Victor *Transistor Six* radio. **15.** *Transistor Seven* radio. **16.** RCA Victor clock-radio—The *Roommate*. **17.** RCA Victor TV set introduced at World's Fair (1939). **18.** 10″ RCA Victor receiver (1946). **19.** New RCA Victor *Towne* TV. **20.** New RCA Victor *Allison* TV. **21.** New *Director*—Big Color TV.

RCA's FIRST BILLION-DOLLAR YEAR

ɔarked a new industry, and today there are 40 million tele-sion sets in American homes. Color television, pioneered ıd developed by RCA, is now adding a new dimension to V throughout the nation.

RCA has harnessed the electron to bring pleasure and ıtertainment, news and sports to people throughout the ıtion. In addition, RCA has contributed to progress in all ıases of electronics from the electron microscope to radar, ɔm electronic computers to missile controls. And through America's first network, the National Broadcasting Company — founded by RCA in 1926 — the finest programs in radio and television are broadcast from coast to coast.

Today, observing its 37th anniversary, RCA looks back to the memorable year of 1955 as its first billion-dollar year—a reward for dependability in products and services which have won millions of friends. To each and every one, RCA extends grateful thanks for the invitation to be part of so many lives.

RCA RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
ELECTRONICS FOR LIVING
TMKS.®

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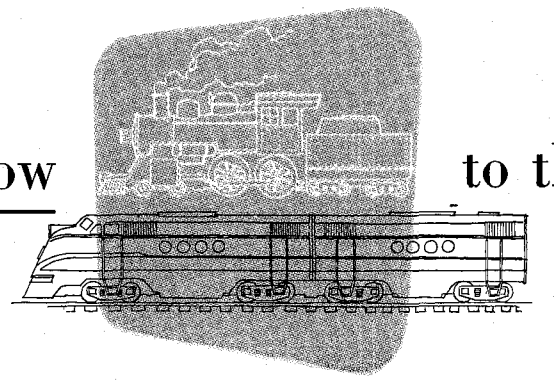
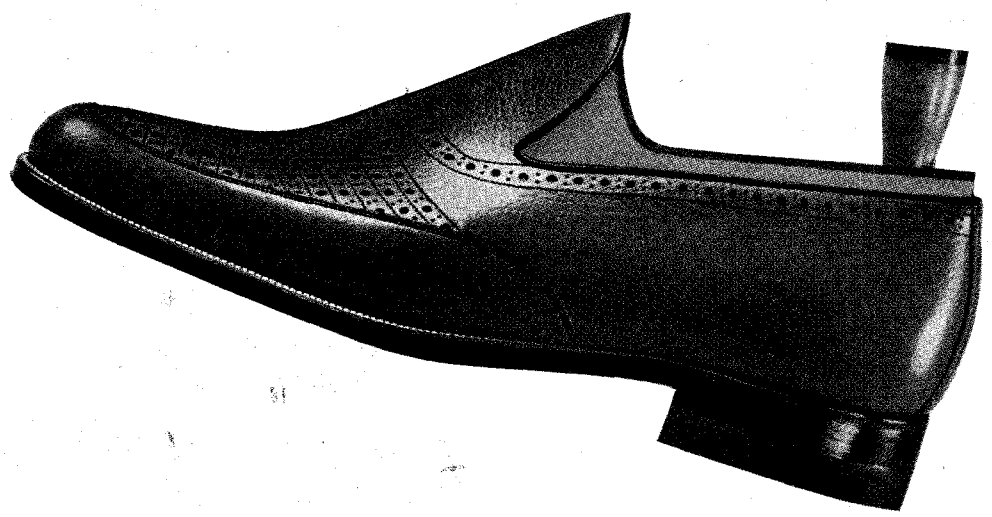
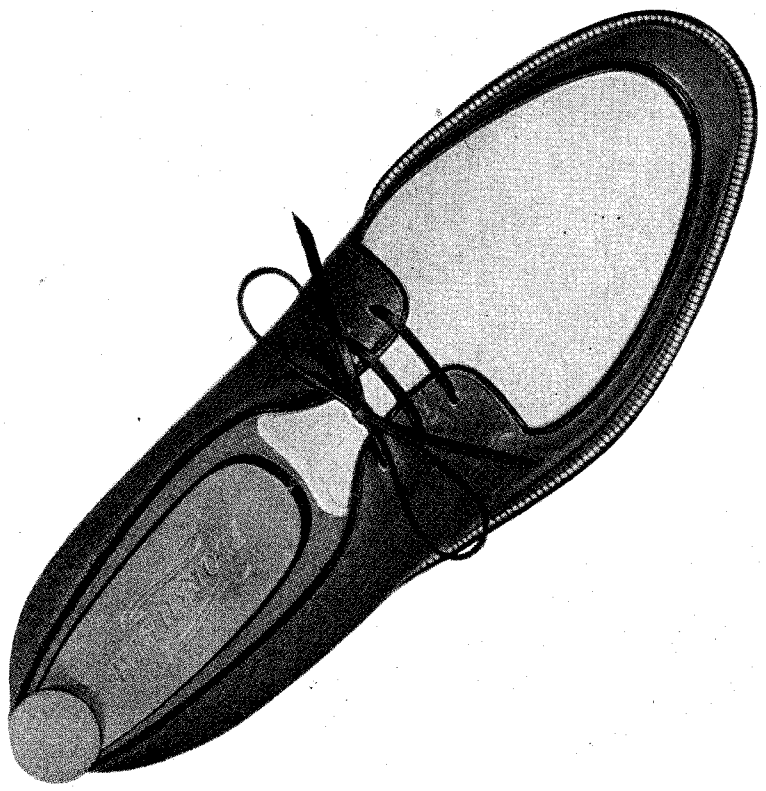
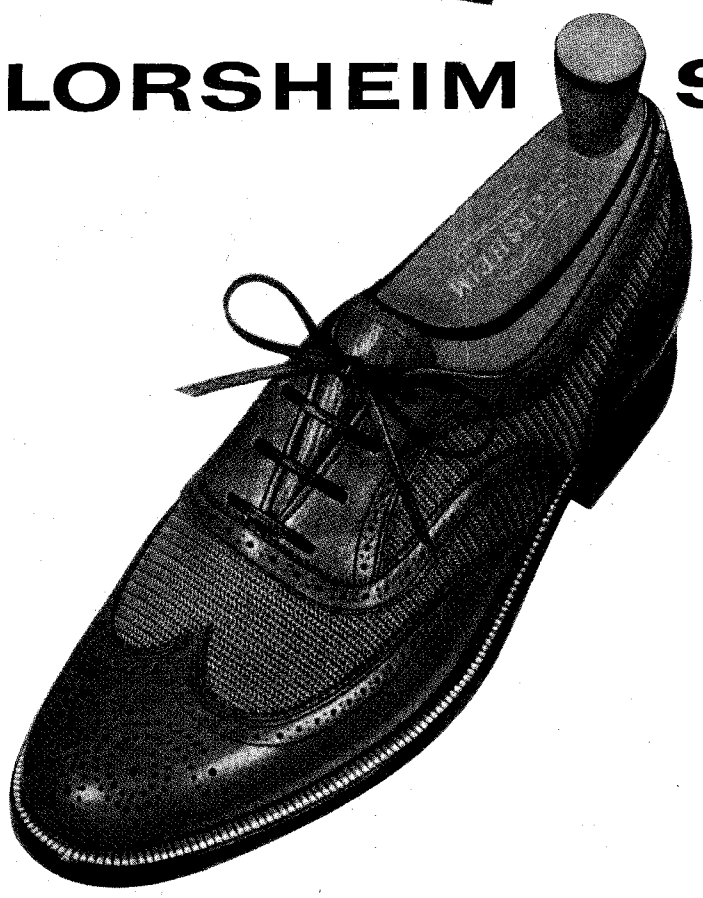
Change over now  to the Finest in Cool Shoes!





FLORSHEIM SUMMER TRIO



The choice is yours—and they're really choice! All-over calfskin ventilateds in new slip-on patterns…nylon mesh in the new NULON weaves—lighter, finer, silkier…or crisp white buckskin combinations—in patterns designed to clean easier and stay clean longer! Whatever your choice, you're sure of the finest!

top left: *The* BELVEDERE, S-1673;
wall-tip ventilated slip-on in maple walnut calf.

top right: *The* DARBY, S-1676;
three eyelet blucher in maple walnut calf and genuine white buckskin.

center: *The* MIDWAY, S-1685;
wing tip in maple walnut calf and tan Nulon mesh.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6
MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Florsheim Shoes
$17.95 *and higher*

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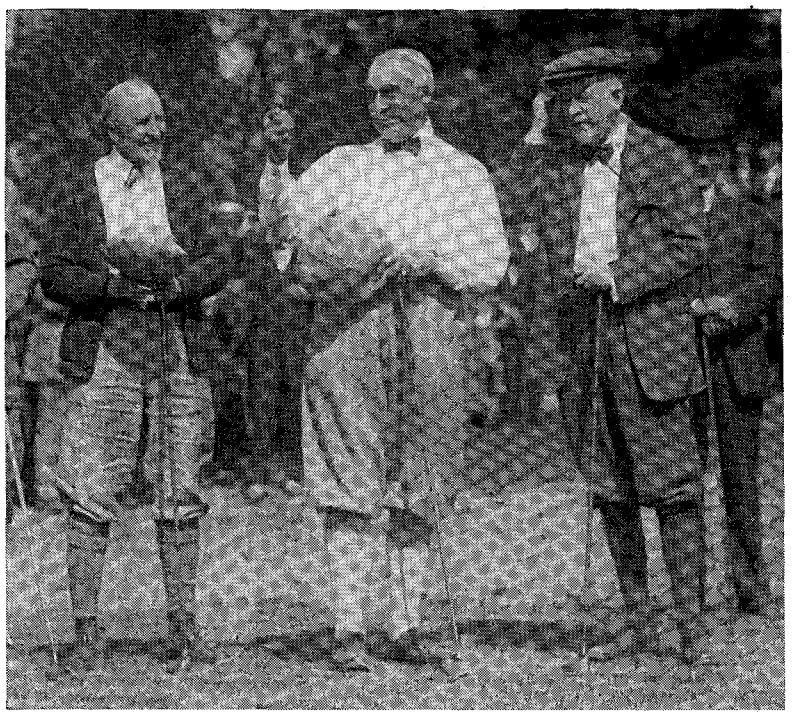
PICTURES WITH A PAST

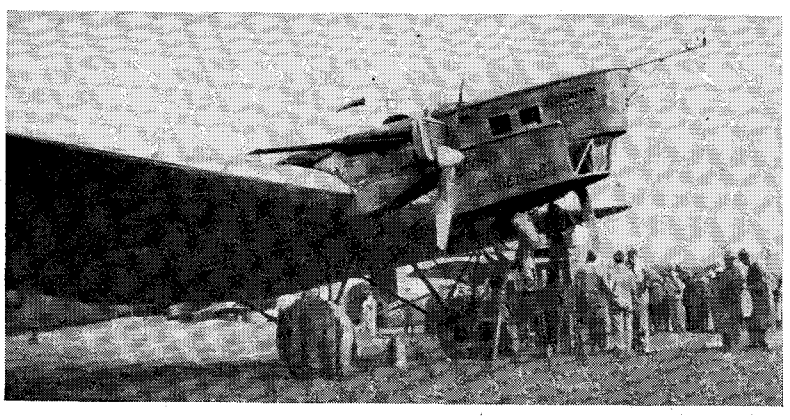
Remember When?



REMEMBER how all golfers once wore knickers? Not until Bermuda shorts arrived did men's shanks bravely reappear. This 1923 Washington foursome included shirt-sleeved President Warren G. Harding, our foremost golfing President until Ike teed off, and House Speaker F. H. Gillett (left) and Justice E. T. Sanford. The thumbs-up gesture simply meant over "that way." TRUEBY BRITTON

BROADWAY backed Al Smith for President in 1928 in no uncertain way. Actress Irene Bordoni did this act of pouring cocktails at a French Line deck bar to prove that Al stood for repeal of dry laws. Her act went over big in New York—but not with drys in the West and South. Al was licked, and in 1940 stumped for the G.O.P.

P. S. LE BEURRE



RECALL how the Russians once flew here without a disarmament inspection pact? This bimotor plane with a "front porch" nose arrived at Seattle October 17, 1929, from Siberia. Its crew of four were welcomed with flowers by a crowd of 5000. They banqueted, expressed a wish to meet President Hoover and Henry Ford, and headed for San Francisco. When engine trouble grounded them (above), they secretively insisted on making their own repairs.

LOOMIS C. MILLER

Mother Knows Best!

she wants

CAMFIELD

...the very best electric appliances you can buy

TOAST-MAID
Absolutely shock-proof, moisture sensitive. $21.50

POWER-MIX JR.
All chrome with full size beaters, 5 full powered speeds. $21.50

ELECTRI-FRI-PAN
With french fry dome cover. $17.95

You bet she knows best—she knows the *best* electric appliances bear the name CAMFIELD—creators of the world's *first shock-proof toaster*—the world's *first all-stainless steel coffeemaker*. So give her the gift that means so much—the gift that means *you* care so much. For Mother's Day—give her a CAMFIELD!

prices shown are suggested retail prices

All chrome POWER-MIX
2 white glass bowls. $42.50

Super Deluxe COFFEE-MAID
All stainless steel with 24 kt. gold trim.
4-10 cup. $37.95

KNIFE & SCISSORS SHARPENER $14.95

DELUXE COFFEE-MAID $29.95

FRI-COOK $19.95

BLUE RIBBON CAMFIELD APPLIANCES

UL

You've seen them on Steve Allen's show with Gene Rayburn tonight NBC-TV full network

CAMFIELD GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN

In Canada distributed by Maurice I. Ensley, Toronto

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Who says men don't understand women !

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men (every mother's son of them) who buy the Sampler.

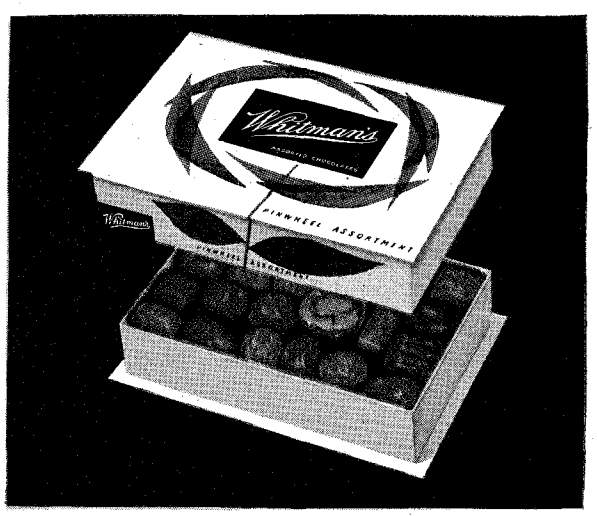
They buy this famous box of chocolates to give away to the ladies. Particularly to mothers—theirs and their children's.

Shows their filial devotion. Shows they are supreme judges of fine candy, too.

Whitman's chocolate is exceptional. It's a unique blend of the choicest cocoa beans from Ecuador, Trinidad and Venezuela. The very best!

Remember *your* mother on May 13th with a Sampler. $2, $4, $6 and $10.

New Pin Wheel package designed by Raymond Loewy, $1.50



Whitman's CHOCOLATES

a woman never forgets the man who remembers

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

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The New Marilyn Monroe

A Post editor's surprisingly candid report on the girl with the horizontal walk. He reveals things about the phenomenal blonde that even Marilyn herself doesn't know.

By PETE MARTIN

Part One

I said to Marilyn Monroe, "Pictures of you usually show you with mouth open and your eyes half closed. Did some photographer sell you the idea that having your picture taken that way makes you look sexier?"

She replied in what I'd come to recognize as pure Monroese. "The formation of my lids must make them look heavy or else I'm thinking of something," she told me. "Sometimes I'm thinking of men. Other times I'm thinking of some man in particular. It's easier to look sexy when you're thinking of some man in particular. As for my mouth being open all the time, I even sleep with it open. I know, because it's open

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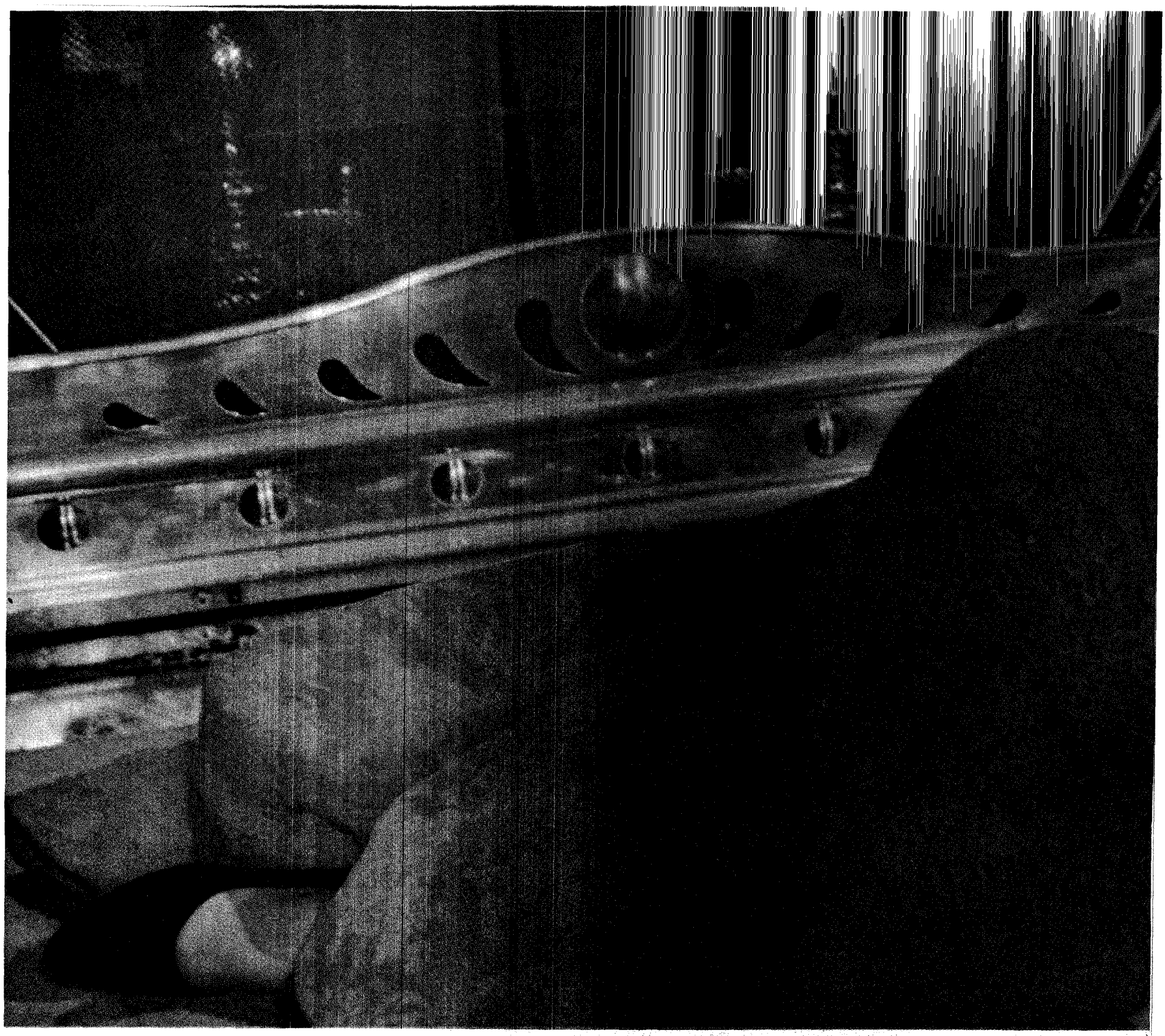

when I wake up. I never consciously think of my mouth, but I do consciously think about what I'm thinking about."

Tucked away in that paragraph like blueberries in a hot muffin were several genuine Monroeisms. I had studied the subject long enough to be able to tell a genuine Monroeism from a spurious one.

When I asked her, "Has anyone ever accused you of wearing falsies?" she came through with a genuine Monroeism.

"Yes," she told me, her eyes flashing indignantly. "Naturally," she went on, "it was another actress who accused me. My answer to that is, quote: Those who know me better know better. That's all. Unquote."

Another Monroeism followed hard on the heels of that. I said, "I've heard that you wowed the marines in Korea when you climbed up onto a platform to say a few words to them, and they whistled at you and made wolf calls."

"I know the time you're talking about," she said. "It wasn't in Korea at all; it was at Camp Pendleton, California. They wanted me to say a few words, so I said, 'You fellows down there are always whistling at sweater girls. Well, take away their sweaters and what have you got?' For some reason they screamed and yelled."

Another example came forth when Marilyn was asked if she and the playwright, Arthur Miller, were having an affair. "How can they say we're having a romance?" she replied. "He's married."

Still another Monroeism had emerged from a press conference in the Plaza Hotel, in New York City. It was held to announce her teaming with Sir Laurence Olivier in an acting-directing-producing venture—a get-together described by one of those present as "one of the least likely duos in cinematic history." The big Monroeism of that occasion was Marilyn's answer to the query, "Miss Monroe, do you still want to do The Brothers Karamazov on Broadway?"

"I don't want to play The Brothers," she said. "I want to play Grushenka from that book. She's a girl."

Listening to her as she talked to me now, I thought, *Nobody can write dialogue for her which could possibly sound half as much like her as the dialogue she thinks up for herself.*

Nunnally Johnson, who produced the film, How to Marry a Millionaire, costarring Marilyn, told me, "When I talked to her when she first came on the lot, I felt as if I were talking to a girl under water. I couldn't tell whether I was getting through to her or not. She lived behind a fuzz curtain."

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The new Marilyn Monroe in Hollywood after returning from her self-imposed exile in New York. Not quite 30, she possesses what is possibly the most photographed face and figure in history.

Johnson also directed How to be Very, Very Popular, and when Sheree North took Marilyn's place in that film, he announced: "Sheree will not use the Monroe technique in How to be Very, Very Popular. She will play the entire role with her mouth closed."

Marilyn's last sentence to me: "I never consciously think of my mouth, but I do consciously think about what I'm thinking about" seemed a trifle murky, but I had no time to work on it, for, without pausing, she said, "Another writer asked me, 'What do you think of sex?' and I told him, 'It's a part of nature. I go along with nature.' Zsa Zsa Gabor was supposed to write an article for a magazine on the subject: What's Wrong With American Men, and I did marginal notes for it. The editor cut out my best lines. I wrote, 'If there's anything wrong with the way American men look at sex, it's not their fault. After all, they're descended from the Puritans, who got off the boat on the wrong foot—or was it the Pilgrims?—and there's still a lot of that puritanical stuff around.' The editor didn't use that one."

I carefully wrote down every word she said to me. She told me that she'd rather I wouldn't use a tape-recording machine while interviewing her. "It would make me nervous to see that thing going round and round," she insisted. So I used pencils and a notebook instead. But I didn't use them right away.

NEXT WEEK

Pete Martin reveals Marilyn's own story of why she posed for that famous nude calendar.

I had to wait for her to walk from her bedroom into the living room of her apartment, where I sat ready to talk to her. It took her an hour and a half to make that journey. At 3:45, Lois Weber, the pleasant young woman who handled the Monroe New York publicity, admitted me to the apartment Marilyn was occupying. She pushed the buzzer outside of a door on the eighth floor of an apartment building on Sutton Place South, and a voice asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me," said my chaperone.

The lock clickety-clicked open, but when we went in, Marilyn was nowhere in sight. She had retreated into a bedroom. Her voice said to us through the door, "I'll be out in just seven minutes."

A publicity man to whom I'd talked at Marilyn's studio in Hollywood had warned me, "She'll stand you (Continued on Page 149)

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Trouble at Coley Falls

They were U. S. soldiers on U. S. soil, but the town they were sent to protect looked on them as invaders

An exciting new serial By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

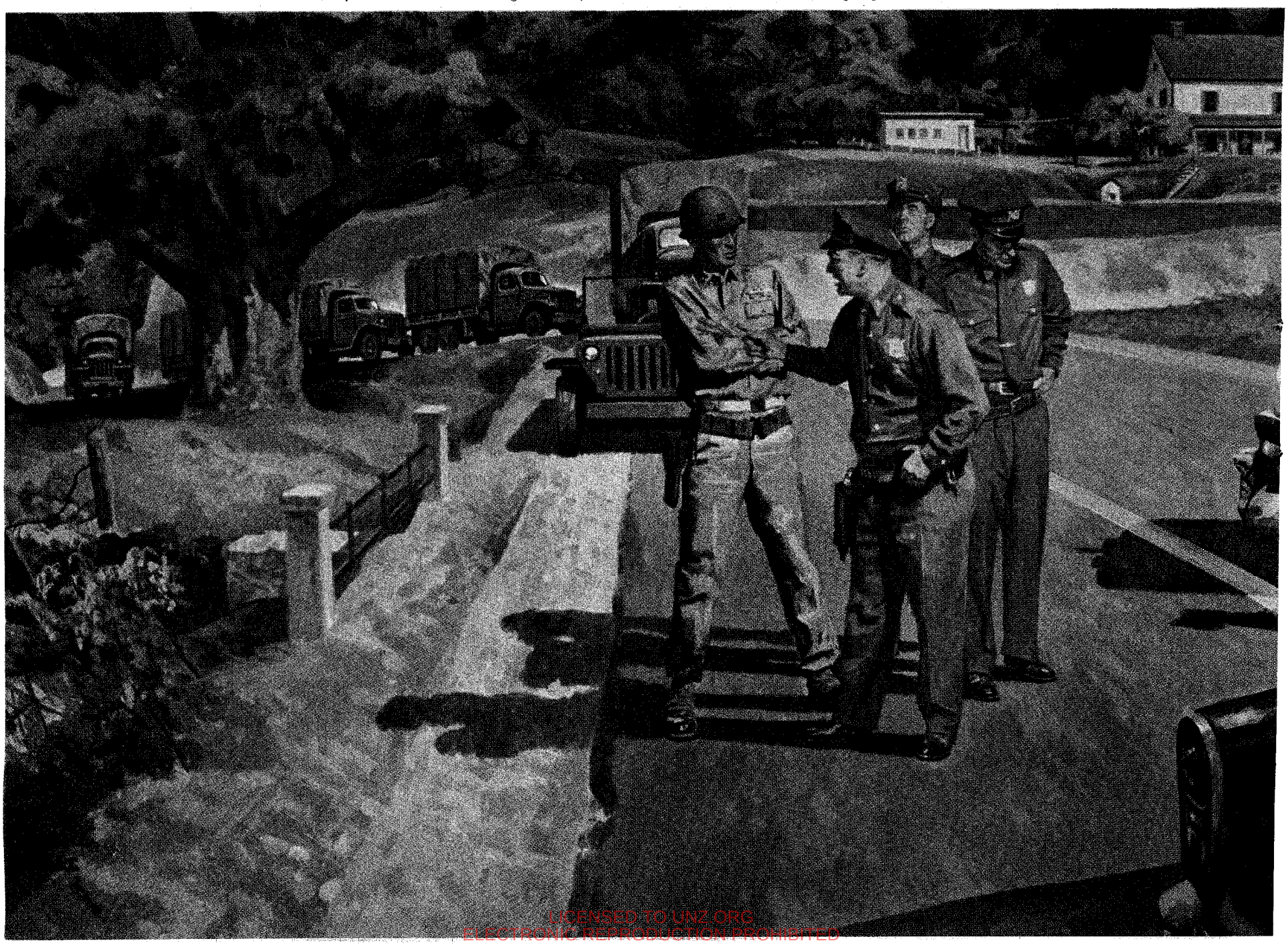
PART ONE

Trouble lay ahead. The certainty of that had been growing in Capt. Luke Stevenson ever since D Battery's convoy had entered Morgan County a dozen miles back. That feeling of an impending clash was not wholly due to the dope that Bill Diamond had given him on the sour situation at Coley Falls, Steve was thinking. Bill Diamond was battalion commander and a friend of his, and Bill had warned him of trouble before the column had moved from battalion headquarters at Weston. But the feeling he had now was an intangible something that hung in the sultry, windless afternoon; a something, probably, which dated back across thirteen years to that night when he had left Coley Falls, meaning never to return.

He twisted in his seat beside Herbie Rawls, driving the jeep in the convoy's van, and looked back at the column of trucks and tractor trailers which followed. For a new outfit the road discipline wasn't too bad, he thought absently. Vehicles steaming steadily along and maintaining good intervals. He had commanded Battery D for a scant week and the outfit had a long ways to go before it would become a polished, seasoned organization, he knew, but the makings were there.

Battery D, Umpteenth Antiaircraft Artillery Guided Missile Battalion, which today was taking its place as a part of the Nike defense which ringed the great industrial complex to

"So the Army thinks it can run things in Coley Falls?" asked Matt Gould. "You're going to find out different, Stevenson."



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the east. Battery D on the march to its new home—the Nike installation which had been prepared for it on the other side of a town named Coley Falls. A town which wanted no part of Battery D, and had already made that clear.

The highway ran now through a screen of trees to cross the Coleyran River on a bridge that Steve remembered. The river was low—dried up by the August heat which had scorched the New England countryside for the past weeks. The jeep left the bridge behind and the road debouched from the screen of trees to unroll toward the town ahead.

Everything looked as he had remembered it, Steve thought indifferently. He would have been surprised had it not, because places like Coley Falls didn't change.

The highway topped a small rise so that he could see the whole of the town now as it lay somnolent in the sun at the bottom of a shallow bowl which some ancient glacier had scooped out here. Beyond it the eroded hills closed in to form the Gap where the Coleyran was compressed into the narrow rapids which gave the town its name. A hundred years ago old Ephraim Coley had built his first water wheel there at the Gap to found the Coley mills and the Coley fortune.

Old Ephraim had got rich making shoddy blankets for the Union Army during the Civil War and that money had bred an arrogance which had passed down to succeeding generations of Coleys, Steve reflected idly. The Coleys considered that the town belonged to them by seignorial right and, if trouble lay ahead, it would have its root in the Coley clan. They were the town.

"That our burg ahead, sir?" Herbie Rawls asked now as the jeep took yet another, final grade.

Steve nodded. Herbie was just nineteen and inquisitive as a pup. "That's the place, Herbie. The Nike site's a mile and a half on the other side."

"Looks like a pretty town," Herbie said. "I wonder if it's got any pretty dames who like soldiers."

Steve smiled faintly. "It's got dames, Herbie."

Luke Stevenson was thirty-one and two wars already lay behind him—had left their mark on him in the sprinkle of gray at his temples and the hard watchfulness of his eyes. He was a tall, lean man—honed by the Army and the prison camps of the Yalu until he was a thousand years older than Herbie Rawls. The faint good humor in his eyes softened a little the hint of controlled violence which marked the tightly joined planes of his face.

Herbie Rawls said now, brightly interested, "Something going on up ahead, captain. Looks like a police barricade."

Steve had already seen; guessed that this was the start of the trouble he'd been expecting. Two police cars blocked the highway ahead, and uniformed officers made a little knot as they stood in the sun and watched the convoy approach.

Pat Mitchum

"Pull off the road just this side of them," Steve said curtly. "Give the trucks plenty of room to stop."

He signaled the column to halt; heard the complaint of brakes as he watched over his shoulder to see the vehicles closing up. The lead truck came to a stop a few yards behind the jeep as Steve dismounted. He paused for a moment to push his helmet liner back and wipe the sweat from his forehead with a sleeve; then settled the liner over his eyes again.

"Go back and tell Lieutenant Ramspeck to keep the men mounted in the trucks," he told Herbie Rawls. "I don't want them milling around out in the road."

"Yes, sir," Herbie answered, squinting at the civil officers standing with openly hostile expressions as they waited. "Don't look much like they're glad to see us, captain."

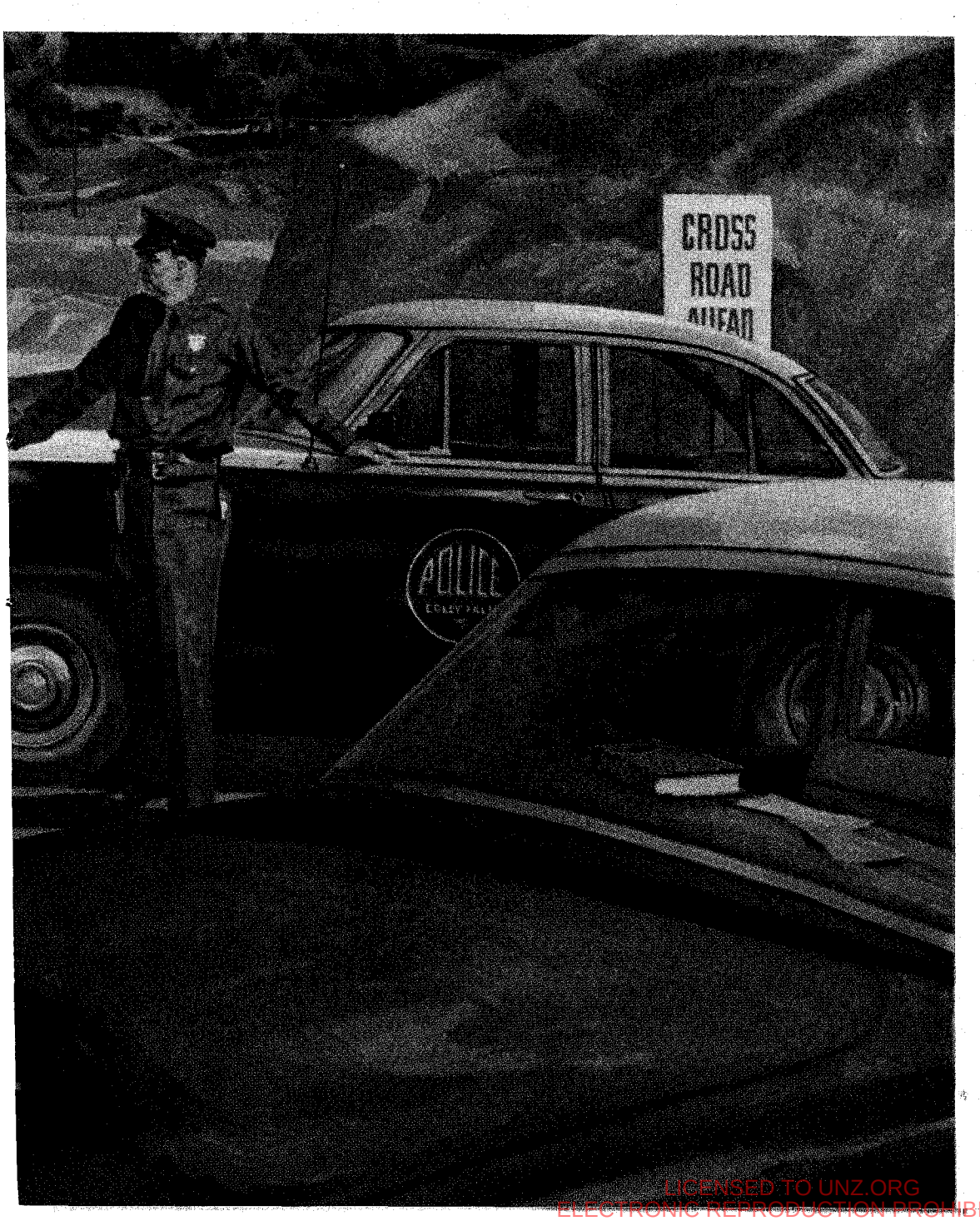
Herbie Rawls knew well enough what sort of welcome the battery could expect here, Steve thought with a faint irritation as he started forward. Herbie could read and the Coley Falls Gazette had been available on the newsstands of Weston during the weeks that the bulk of the battery had been waiting there.

The Gazette had said in so many words that the Army wasn't wanted in Coley Falls.

Steve dismissed that thought and moved on to where the cars and the officers formed their loose barrier. A truck passed him; it slowed and then went on as one of the cops waved it by on the road's shoulder. No mistake; the roadblock was meant for him, Steve knew. Behind him and to the left, a dirt road angled past a farmhouse, and a woman stood on a porch there, shading her eyes with a hand while she watched.

Steve stopped in front of the foremost of the officers—a thickset man in his forties who wore a shield pinned to the front of his sweat-stained shirt. There was (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Robert Moore



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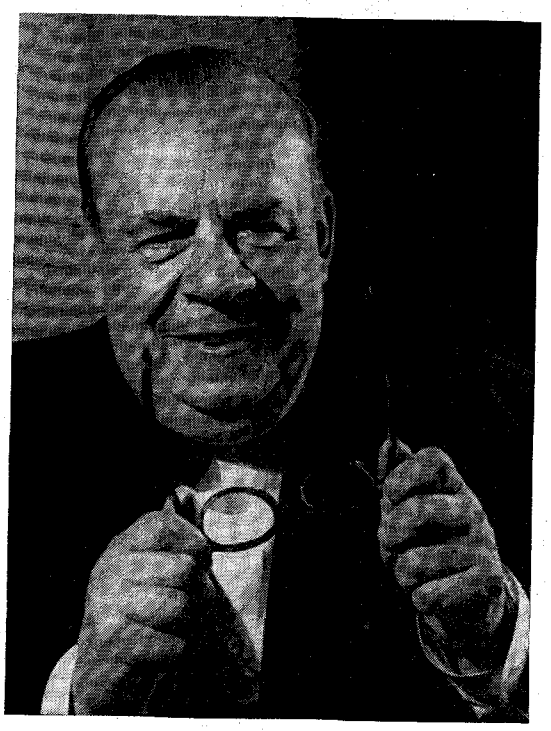


Big, jovial George has pursued a "lifetime course of winning friends and not making enemies."

When a President Needs a Friend...

For more than twenty years, the doors of the White House have been open to easygoing George Allen, court jester and confidant of three presidents.

By BEVERLY SMITH, *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

One of George Allen's prized possessions is a letter from General Eisenhower. It was written in May of 1943, just after the triumphant conclusion of the North African campaign. It reads in part:

Dear George: . . . I am sure you recognize in this campaign the grand strategy and tactics which you so carefully and enthusiastically advocated while you were in London. Your advice was of incalculable value to the Allies.

If you have any other suggestions, I would appreciate having them, preferably in person.

Sincerely,

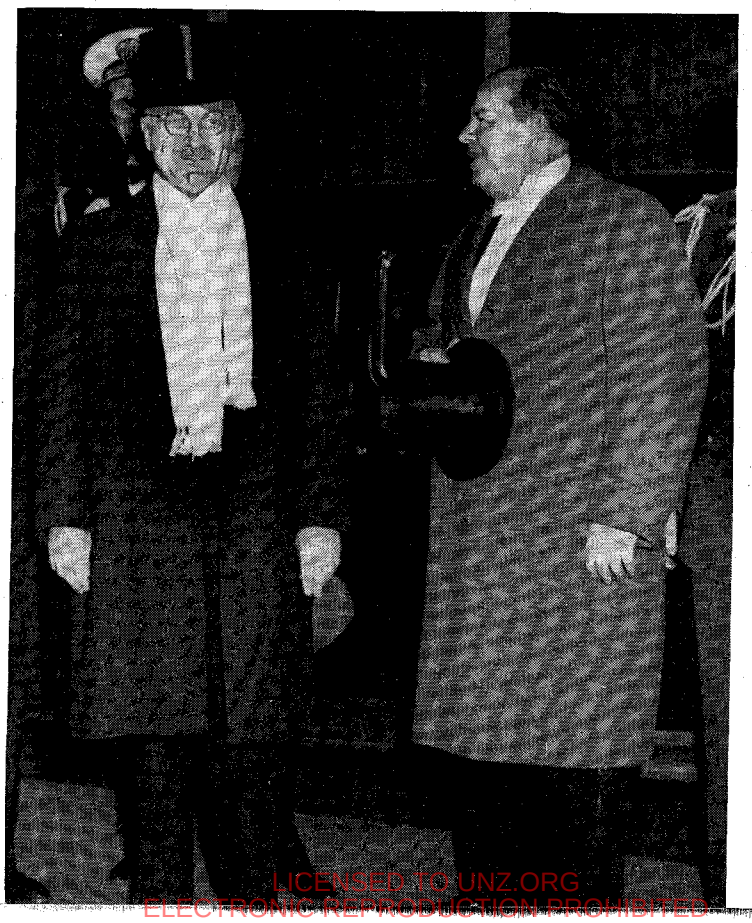
IKE

"The advice I gave the general," says Allen, "was to explain how Hitler was sure to bottle up the Mediterranean, invade Ireland, starve out England, and so on. 'Incalculable' is the exact word for the value of that advice. I once thought of locking the letter up in a safe-deposit box, with instructions to have it opened and published a hundred years from now. It would puzzle hell out of the historians."

Actually, George E. Allen himself (not to be confused with George V. Allen, the diplomat) will probably puzzle hell out of the historians, just as he has puzzled ponderous thinkers in politics and business for the last twenty-three

Under Franklin Roosevelt, Allen was "mayor" of Washington, D.C.

He became one of Harry Truman's closest cronies. Truman used to trust George with the key to his safe-deposit box.



Allen's sense of humor served him well when he was on the griddle at a 1946 Senate hearing on his qualifications to become a director of the RFC.

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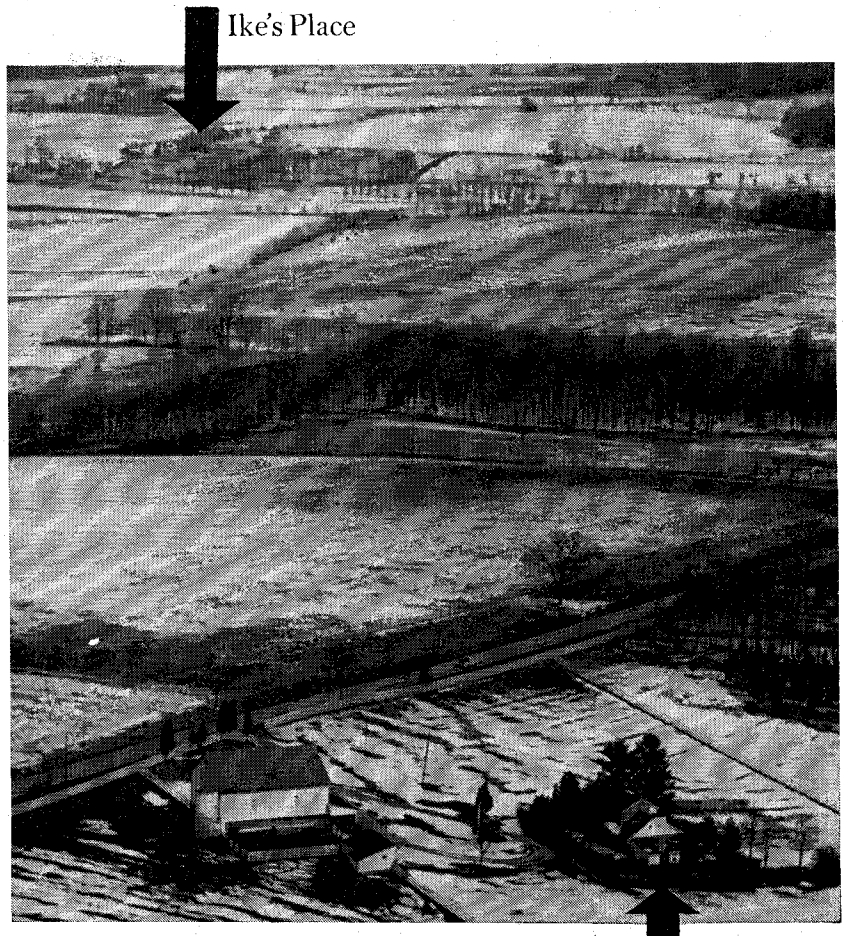

A stanch Democrat, Allen bolted his party for the first time in 1952, when he voted for his fishing pal and Gettysburg neighbor, Ike Eisenhower.

years. During that time he has been the close personal friend of three Presidents of the United States, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower—three men differing widely in personality, background, methods, habits and tastes, but having one thing in common: each has liked and trusted George Allen, and enjoyed his companionship.

I don't know of anyone since the birth of the republic who has held such a relationship to three successive Presidents of two different parties. For nearly a quarter century, through all the vicissitudes of politics, through depression and boom, through wars hot and cold, the door of the White House has been open to George Allen—also the door at Hyde Park or Key West or Gettysburg. Cabinet members come, serve their time and depart; succeeding "palace guards" entrench themselves, flourish and vanish. George remains.

Why so? What made Allen so perennial a presidential pal? If you ask him, his answer is simple. "Luck," he says. "I'm so lucky that sometimes I get bored with myself. If I could look at myself objectively, I don't think I would care much for Allen. I would have an instinctive dislike for any fellow that lucky."

This explanation is typical of George Allen's ingrained and engaging habit of self-depreciation. There is some truth in it. There was an element of luck—as we shall see—in the way he first became well acquainted with each of the three Presidents. But the fact that he gained their friendship and kept it through the years was not luck, unless in the sense that a man's inborn qualities are luck.

Allen was "born with the gift of laughter." Also with a quick, shrewd, original mind. Also an extraordinarily acute perception. This last—and least known—of Allen's qualities may be the most important. It is a rare blend of tact and intuition which senses the mood of his friends, tells him what will interest or amuse them, warns him off from anything which will bore or offend.

"I've watched George for years and marveled at him," says one of his old friends. "Especially when he is with a group of two or three men of diverse views and temperaments. He seems to have something like built-in radar. With it, he can steer the conversation right around the fogs and storms, the rocks and shoals of controversy. Pretty soon we are all sailing along happily together in calm and sparkling waters."

Humor is what Allen is famous for. It pinned on him, years ago, the unwelcome and misleading tag of "the White House jester." He can be one of the funniest men alive, when he wants to be. But no one knows better how wearisome a constant stream of witticisms can become. Something—maybe that "built-in radar"—acts as a governor on the choice and timing of his humor. He is not a jokesmith in private conversation, though a flicker of drollery lights up almost any subject he is discussing. When the occasion demands, he can be as solemn as a deacon. Come to think of it, he is a deacon. For more than twenty years he has been Honorary Deacon of the church of the Rev. Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, Washington's noted Negro preacher and evangelist. The congregation voted Allen the honor because of his effective and compassionate work during the six depression years when he was relief administrator for the District of Columbia.

"That relief job," Allen recalls, "was one about which I never could summon up any feeling of jocularity whatever."

Elder Michaux, whose liking and admiration for George Allen have continued through the years, put his opinion to me in this way: "When a man is exactly the same man, to a small man, as he is to a big man, then he's a big man. That's Mr. Allen."

Incidentally, Allen has his own yardstick for a big man. The saying was originated by E. E. Reynolds, Allen's friend, business associate and assistant for twenty years. It is inscribed on a silver plaque on Allen's desk: "A man is as big as the things that annoy him." Thus fortified, the apparently relaxed Mr. Allen—who actually leads an extremely active, arduous and complicated life—seems immune to the swarming minor worries which harass most of us. They pass him by, in the words of Brutus, "as the idle wind, which I respect not."

One exception should be noted. The 225-pound Allen, who his friends declare is as strong and healthy as a horse, is a bit of a hypochondriac. Whenever an acquaintance comes down with some new ailment, Allen is able to detect similar symptoms in his own massive frame. He frets about his weight, and for years has wrestled unsuccessfully with a bewildering succession of diets. "George talks a good diet," says a friend, "but his weight remains the same. He never 'gives up' a diet; he always 'shifts to a lighter diet.' He carries a box of saccharine tablets in his pocket. He will virtuously drop a tablet into his coffee, and then absent-mindedly order a second dessert, with plenty of whipped cream on top."

Allen's easy joviality creates the impression that he drinks as heartily as he eats. Not so. He may seem to lead the revels, but if you watch him closely you will see that he nurses one drink for hours. He claims no credit for this. "If I take more than one or two drinks I don't feel gay. I just feel uncomfortable. I must be allergic to alcohol."

Seemingly the most gregarious of men, Allen becomes tired and bored in large social crowds. He is at his best and happiest in a quite small group. While he (Continued on Page 86)

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE DEAD WORLD

By GENE CAESAR

Alone on the Arctic icecap, he could hope only that the cold would kill him in his sleep. . . .

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

John Avery's knee slid slowly out from under him. His arms collapsed. He lay flat on the hard surface with his face pressed against his wet sleeves and cried like a baby. When his sobbing ended, his eyes were closed tightly. His mind was refusing to accept what had happened. A surface numbness had come to his body, momentarily easing the cruel, bitter pain. And John Avery was succeeding in making himself believe that he was still in bed in his home in Michigan.

He had been in that bed fifty-six hours ago. And everything that had happened since had been strange and hurried, exactly like the feverish succession of events that pattern a bad dream. He was certain now that none of it had been real.

Slowly but confidently he opened his eyes. The nightmare world was still there.

At four in the morning, the alarm had been unbelievably loud. John Avery had jumped up, turned it off and remained frozen in a sitting position. He'd had almost no sleep and

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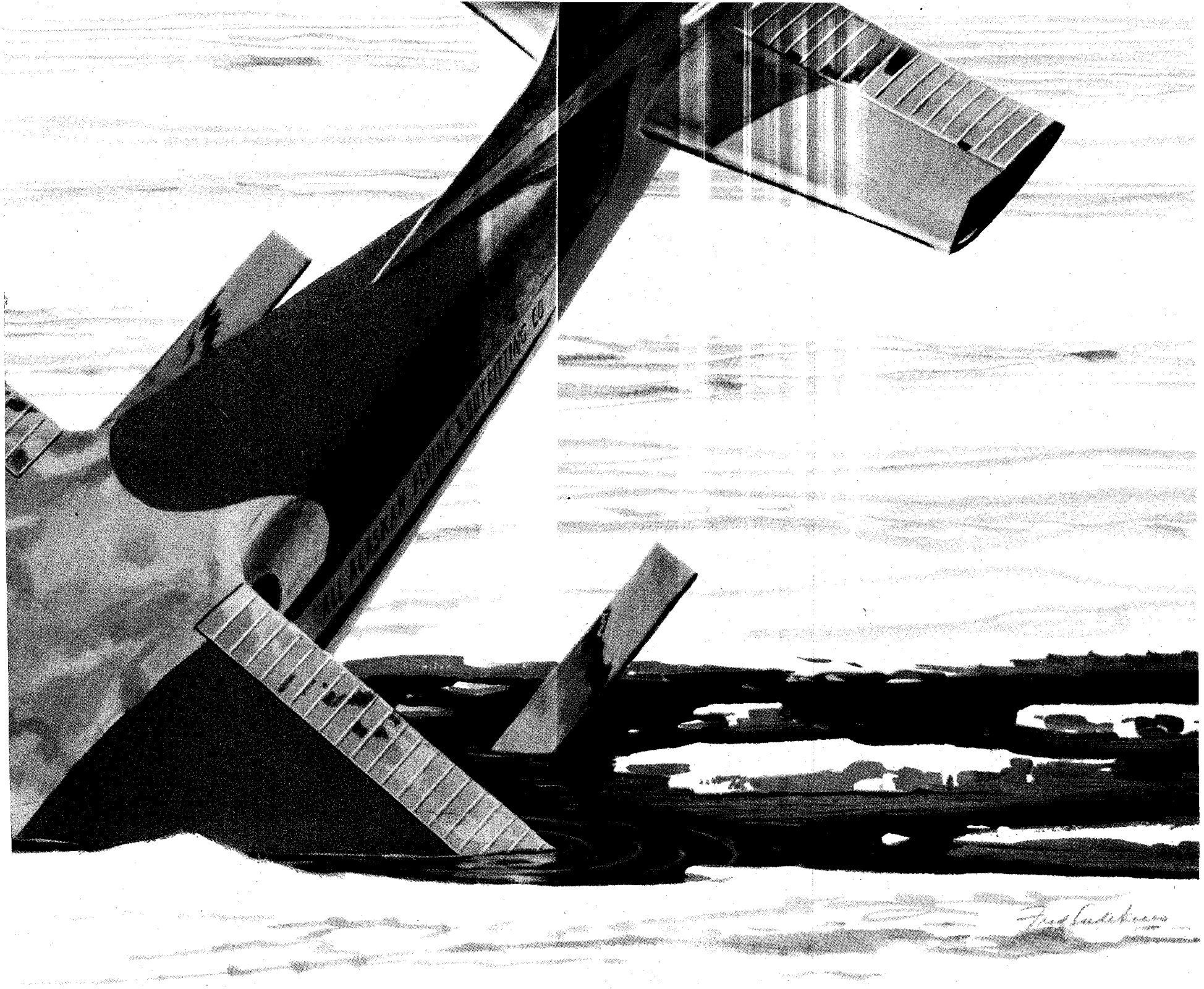

Dazed and sick with shock, John Avery turned his head slowly to look at the plane.

there was a numbed feeling in his forehead. He sensed a vital urgency in the fact that the alarm had rung while it was still dark outside, but this was the limit of his awareness.

He stumbled to his feet and, still in a crouch, walked into the bathroom. After a great deal of fumbling, he managed to get his pajama tops unbuttoned. Then he started swaying back and forth, and grabbed the sides of the washbowl for support. He froze again. Finally, he turned on the cold water and splashed it on his face. The numbness stayed in his forehead and a slight throbbing had begun just above his cheekbones, but his mind was functioning once more. His razor was in his hand now. He stared at it.

Why should I shave? he thought. *I'm not on my way to sit at that desk and spout off and wonder if anyone's really listening. I'm going hunting. I'm going big-game hunting.*

His eyes felt sore and raw as he looked at the mirror, seeing the familiar half-bald head, the narrow shoulders and the short frame that was beginning to show a tendency to thicken in the middle. He shook his head sadly. *You'd never know it to look at me, would you?* Then he broke out laughing.

John Avery was a high-school English teacher. He was a quiet man who was nearing middle age and who wore thick-rimmed reading glasses. He seldom used them outside of his classroom, but his students rarely saw him without them, and they thought he looked like Wally Cox and called him Mr. Peepers.

His students never would have believed that John Avery was a hunter. His love of the outdoors was a singular, secretive thing kept completely within himself. His classes had no way of knowing that, as long as he could remember, his hobby had been flushing pheasants from October cornfields, driving north for a weekend each November in hopes of getting a whitetail deer, and jumping rabbits from brush piles the rest of the winter.

When John Avery wrote a theme topic or test questions on the blackboard and then unlocked the center drawer in his desk to relax and read while the class sweated and struggled, his pupils would have been extremely startled to discover that his hidden treasures were not editions of Shakespeare and Chaucer, but an accumulation of letters and pamphlets he had acquired by answering every advertisement of Alaskan guides and outfitters that had appeared in American outdoor magazines throughout the last ten years. For a long, long time he had dreamed of someday hunting the great trophy animals of the far north.

But John Avery was the kind of man who cannot really enjoy a dream unless he makes an honest attempt at changing it to reality. Years before, he had begun to save money for such a trip. He was single, he neither smoked nor drank, and the car he drove was far from new. Much quicker than he'd ever believed possible, dreaming had turned into planning.

The night before, he'd gone to bed early, but an excitement he had not known since he was a child had burned within him. He'd lain on his bed for hours, twisting restlessly, overwhelmed by the prospect of a dream exploding so suddenly into (Continued on Page 96)

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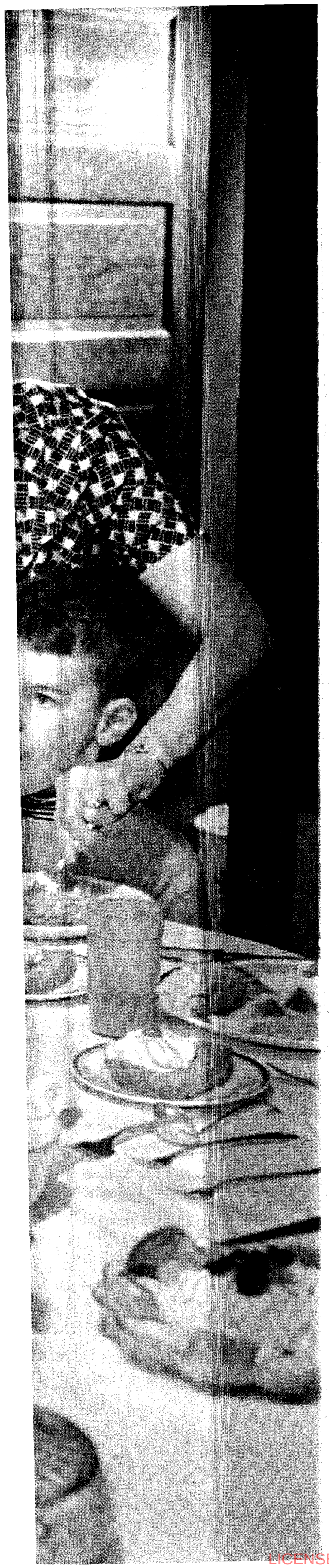

The Face of AMERICA

Farmer's Dinner

The food stores in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, don't see much of Mrs. Clarence Trieloff (standing, next to her husband)—even when she's planning on Sunday dinner for four generations of hungry Trieloffs. Almost every dish on her table, from corn on the cob (frozen) to pears (pickled) is a product of the Trieloff farm. This family has strong roots in the soil that has sustained it so well: Clarence's father, William (left), was a Jefferson County farm boy—just the size of his great-grandson, Dale, seated across the table—when Fort Atkinson was incorporated, back in 1878. Today the family raises hay, oats and corn, some of which is fed to their prize livestock. Before spring planting, the chores are not too demanding: "We feed the stock, cut a little wood, do a little ice fishing." And Sunday dinner, with a baker's dozen or more at the table, becomes a real event. The meal begins after one of the great-grandchildren prays, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest; Let Thy gifts to us be blessed." Then, with the prospect of homemade pumpkin pie as their reward, the youngsters go to work on their meat, vegetables and milk. "They're pretty good about cleaning up their plates," says Clarence Trieloff. "But sometimes," he admits, "we're a little lenient with them." ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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Elaine held onto
Mr. Dean's gift as if
it had been made of gold.

Everybody in the boarding-house laughed at his crazy dreams – everyone except

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

By JOHN PRESCOTT

Every spring when school let out in Calico and I could help my mother and sister run our boarding-house, my father went into the mountains to dig a little in our mine. It was required that he do so much assessment work each year to keep the claim. Sometimes he would be away a week, and other times a month, or even more; and the year that Mr. Dean arrived in Calico, he was gone for seven weeks. The reason for this variation was not related to the quantity of gold he was removing, but to the quality of fishing when the assessment work was finished.

As a matter of fact, through all the years we held our claim, my father found no gold whatever, though he often worried that he might. Since we had come to Arizona for his health, he felt that he could handle only certain kinds of labor, and he developed a fear of finding a paying vein. He came to believe that a real bonanza might so interfere with fishing that his recovery would be threatened.

So, while he was away my mother would collect the money and do the cooking, Elaine would do the cleaning and the beds, and I would be the outside man.

It was on a day that I was being this outside man that Mr. Dean appeared. I was sweeping the gallery clean of dirt from the miners' muddy boots when someone spoke to me. "Such ardent labors are worthy of that other Hercules in the famed Augean stables."

That was when I looked, and there he was. First I saw his yellow shoes, then his flowery waistcoat, then way above all that his high, gray beaver. He was young and willowy-tall, and his smile and dress were those of a drummer.

I told him that my name was Sammy, and that he stood in front of Bayley's Boardinghouse.

His name was Dean, he said. "A fair place," he then said of our boardinghouse. "Aye, it brings to mind the palace of Fontainebleau."

He seemed surprised that I should ask him what that was. Setting (Continued on Page 142)

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Dick Reston shows his parents around the campus at his favorite university—the one *he* picked out.

So We Sent Our Son to College

By Sally and James Reston

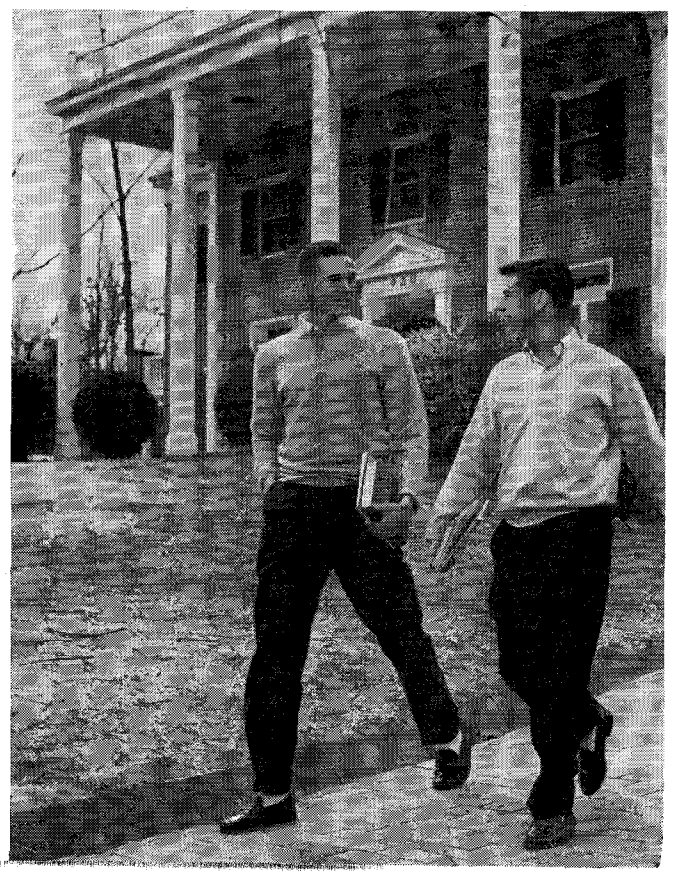
This famous Washington correspondent and his wife painstakingly investigated everything from the Ivy League to the Big Ten before they found out that choice of a college just wasn't any of their business . . .

Helping your eldest son pick a college is one of the great educational experiences of life—for the parents. Next to trying to pick his bride, it's the best way to learn that your authority, if not entirely gone, is slipping fast. Age seventeen is the point in the journey when the parents retire to the observation car; it is the time when you stop being critical of your eldest son and he starts being critical of you.

We didn't know that at the time of the big college decision because, as all mothers and some fathers eventually realize, parents are always at least a little behind the eldest child. He is always a new experience. You are always practicing on him. Just when you get used to him at five, he's suddenly turned into something totally different at eight. When you've figured out the mysteries of age nine, all at once he's an adolescent. And when he gets through *that*—and if you get through it—there's the problem of college.

There are three ways for parents to go about this problem. The best way is to skip it and let him do it, no matter how long that school form lies unanswered on the hall table. Another good way is to have (Continued on Page 119)

Dick and roommate Charlie Krepp. Why did young Reston choose this college? It was "a nice place."



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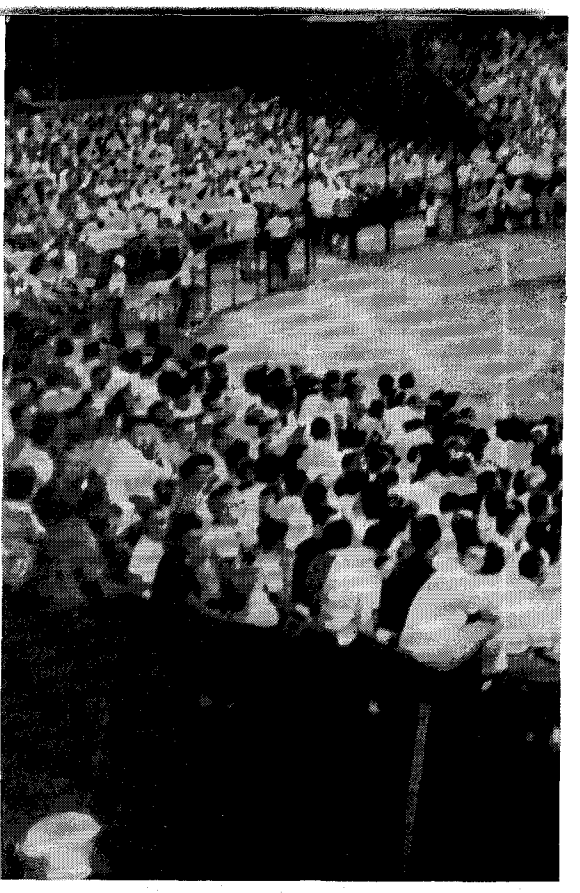
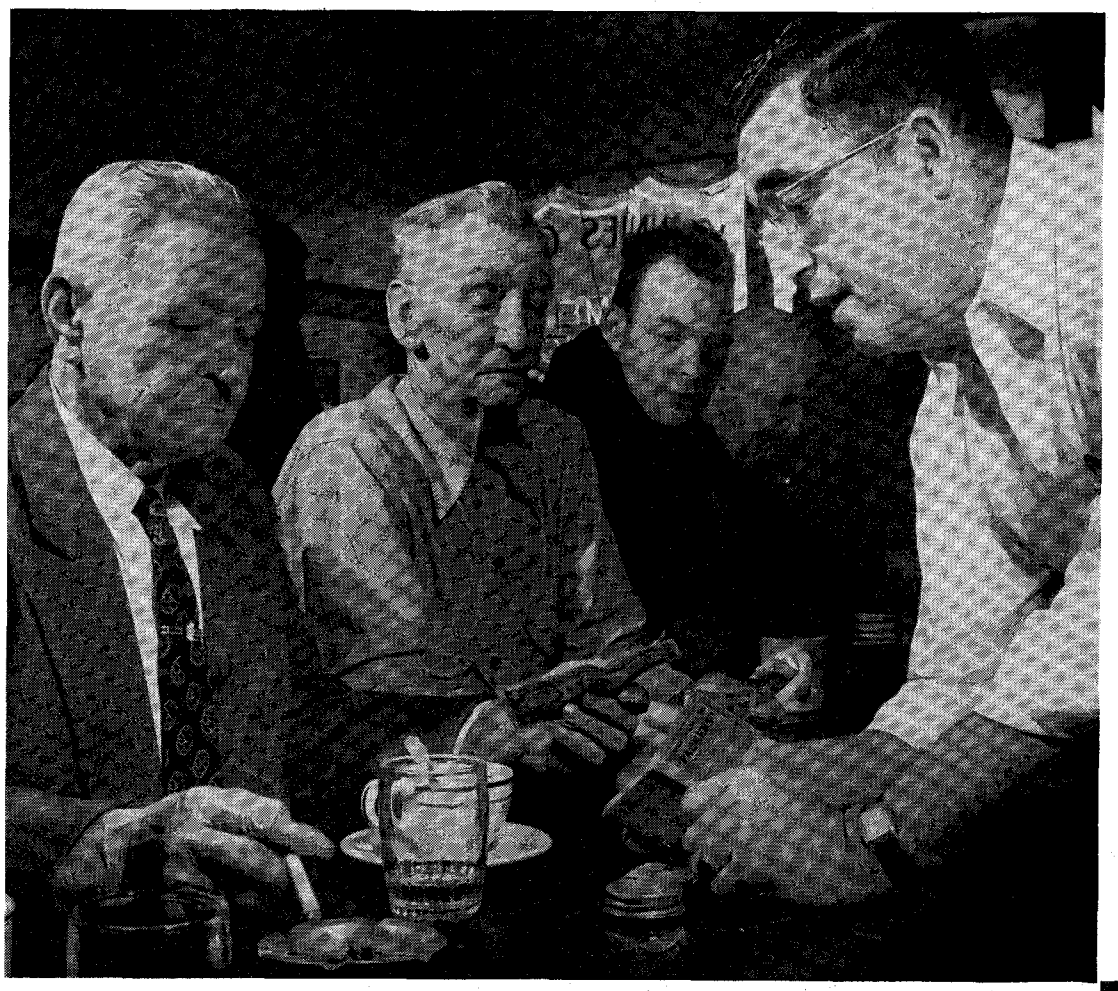
Baseball's Unlikely Magnate



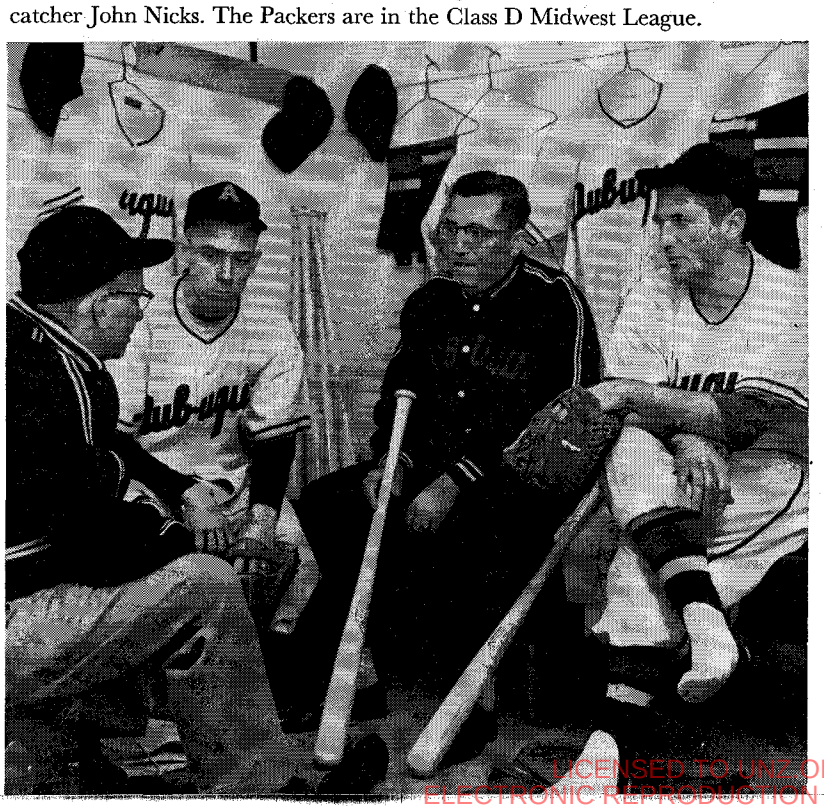


By BILL SLOCUM

A short-order cook who never ran a ball club before took over a dying minor-league team and turned it into a profit-making pennant winner.

Club president John Petrakis (right) unloads baseball tickets on his Dubuque, Iowa, restaurant patrons. "Nobody escapes," John boasts.

Business manager Jack Shadle, pitcher Skip Hutton, Petrakis and catcher John Nicks. The Packers are in the Class D Midwest League.



By nabbing good prospects wherever he finds them, Petrakis (left) accounts for three fourths of the club's advance ticket sales.

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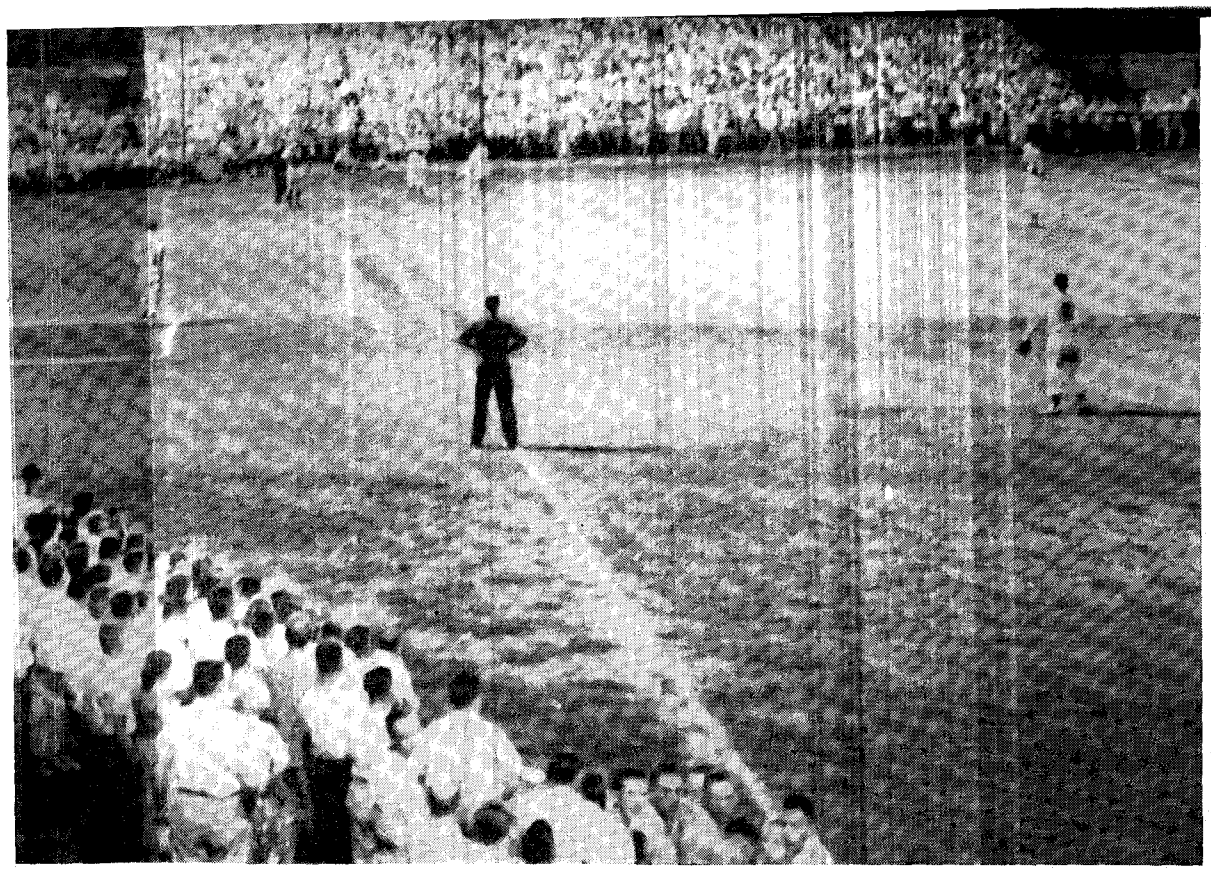
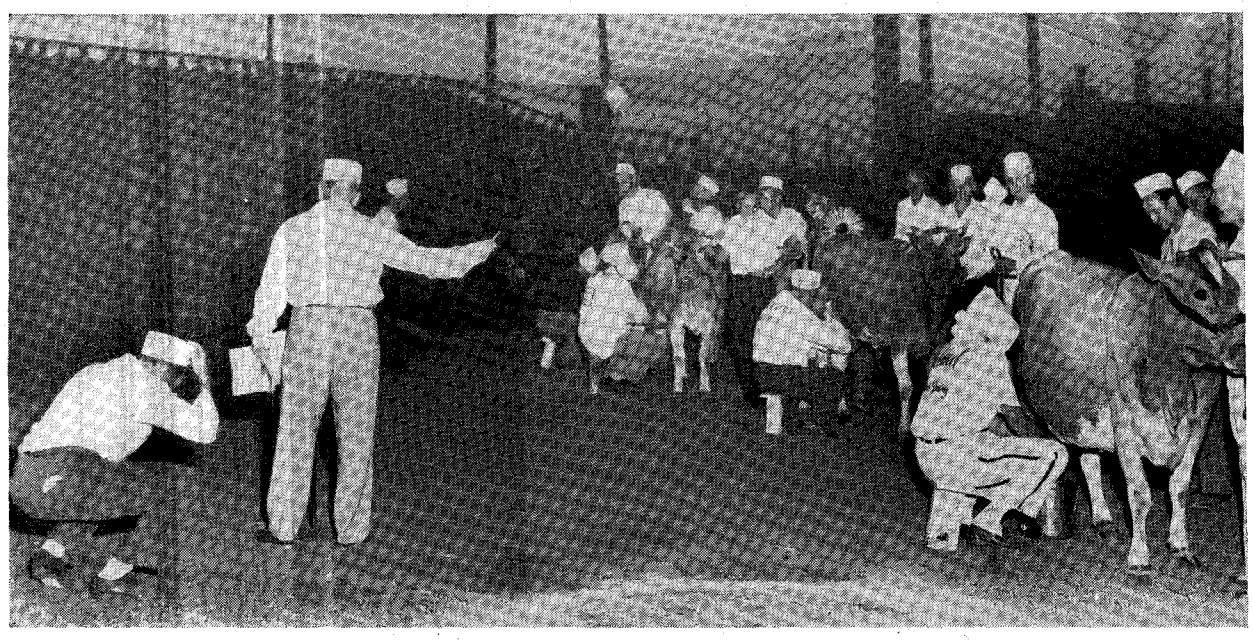


It was standing room only at this 1955 game as a record crowd of 4578 saw the Packers beat the Hannibal, Mo., club. Poverty-stricken Hannibal had to finish the season on the road, however, because the attendance at home games fell so low.



President Petrakis is against stunts but he made an exception last year for a pregame cow-milking contest held on the infield—because the talent was local and the milkers paid to get in.

Until John Petrakis was eighteen years old he was a typical kid in Dubuque, Iowa, concentrating his waking hours on girls, baseball and trying to drag the biggest catfish ever out of the Mississippi River. But there came a day in 1934 when John was taken with a wild desire to see his name and the name of his home town in Robert Ripley's Believe-it-or-Not.

The boy with this yen for outlandish accomplishment has been father to the man. Today John Petrakis stands as the hero of the most delightfully improbable success tale to come out of the baseball bushes in a long time. He has made a thriving enterprise out of the ball club in Dubuque. In the present state of minor-league baseball, few achievements are more unlikely than that.

Petrakis has no visible qualifications for running a ball team, any more than he had for realizing his designs on Ripley back there in 1934. At eighteen, John was, in fact, spectacularly ill-equipped for gaining a place among Ripley's five-footed fauna and other oddities. He had but one head and nary an extra eye or limb. Further, he was the very ordinary son of a very ordinary Greek immigrant who ran a small restaurant in a small American town. You just can't get more unspectacular than that.

The boy studied the Ripley feature, seeking a weak spot in the cartoonist's standards of exotica. He discovered that Ripley had a weakness for feats of endurance, particularly if the feat was of monumental unimportance. So young John labored all of a day and into the night until he had made 5000 tosses from the free-throw line of the Dubuque High School basketball court. He overwhelmed Ripley with a vast choice of statistics on his feat. The cartoonist elected to immortalize one string of 112 successive shots John had sunk. Petrakis and Dubuque got the feature spot in a Ripley cartoon published in March of 1935.

A pattern had been set. Every few years since then, John Petrakis has been gripped by an urge to cope with some unusual challenge. Generally John is just another soft-spoken, easygoing Midwesterner ambling contentedly into his fattish forties. He is more than happy with the modest living he gets from his tiny short-order restaurant in one of the oldest sections of Iowa's oldest city. But when the compulsion to run off a Ripleyesque miracle seizes him, the bespectacled, sleepy-eyed Petrakis turns tiger, and nothing will stay him until his self-imposed goal is gained. These compulsions have never been directed toward building up his slimmish personal bank balance. They have always been for the greater glory of Dubuque, plus a dash of personal satisfaction and amusement for Petrakis.

"I guess I'm just an old ball carrier," John says. "I do like competition, and how much fun can a guy have frying hamburgers all day?"

John is particularly susceptible to faltering civic campaigns. Take the swimming-pool project. Now there are very few cities this side of Venice with more water at hand than Dubuque. The Mississippi is everywhere, a fact noted by foes of a campaign to build the kids a swimming pool. The kids now have such a pool, largely because childless Johnny got that look in his eye and bulldozed his favorite sparring partners, the City Council, into providing the necessary.

Annually the civic leaders who run the Red Cross and Community Chest drives watch hopefully for Johnny to appear among them, his eyes flaming and his restaurant, his wife, and his home all forgotten. Generally John doesn't appear, but when he does, records fall and quotas are surpassed.

In 1950 John ran off his last miracle, less one. The Dubuque Holy Name Society put on a drive for 1000 new members. The campaign got off fast, but faltered. John got that look. And the Holy Name got its 1000 new members. There were forty canvassers in all. The other thirty-nine signed a total of 300 members. John nabbed the remaining 700.

Last year John branched out. Once again his goals were the good name of Dubuque and the personal amusement of Petrakis. But the results were so extraordinary that the Colonel Blimps who control much of organized baseball in America were moved to ponder, "Maybe this fellow Petrushka out in Iowa has something."

Certainly this fellow Petrakis must have something extraordinary. How many people make money with a minor-league-baseball franchise? And what a minor league! The Dubuque Packers drew over 100,000 and cleared more (Continued on Page 122)

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Annie jumped on deck in time to see the coils of the heavy hawser slip swiftly overboard.

The Treasure of Tugboat Annie

Why was Annie battling Bullwinkle for a prize of a pile of junk?

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

It was one of those blustery, cloud-sailing spring days, when the wind, sharp with the smell of snow fields, pine forests and wet kelp, sweeps down from the Gulf of Alaska to Puget Sound; and on the second-story outside office landing of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company of Secoma, drawing deep gulps of the invigorating ozone into her capacious chest, stood Tugboat Annie Brennan, master of the big deep-water tug Narcissus, and senior skipper of the company fleet.

"Oh, happy days is here some more," she chanted discordantly, full of the joy and vitality of living. "O-o-oh, happy days ——"

She broke off suddenly, her mastiff face darkening; for across the debris-littered slip the big, black-hulled rival tug Salamander was casting off; and outside the wheelhouse was her owner and master, and Annie's most cherished enemy, Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle.

Without, apparently, noticing her, Mr. Bullwinkle scratched his ginger-bristled skull; then, assuming an expression of bovine guilelessness, he addressed Jake, his mate, at the wheel.

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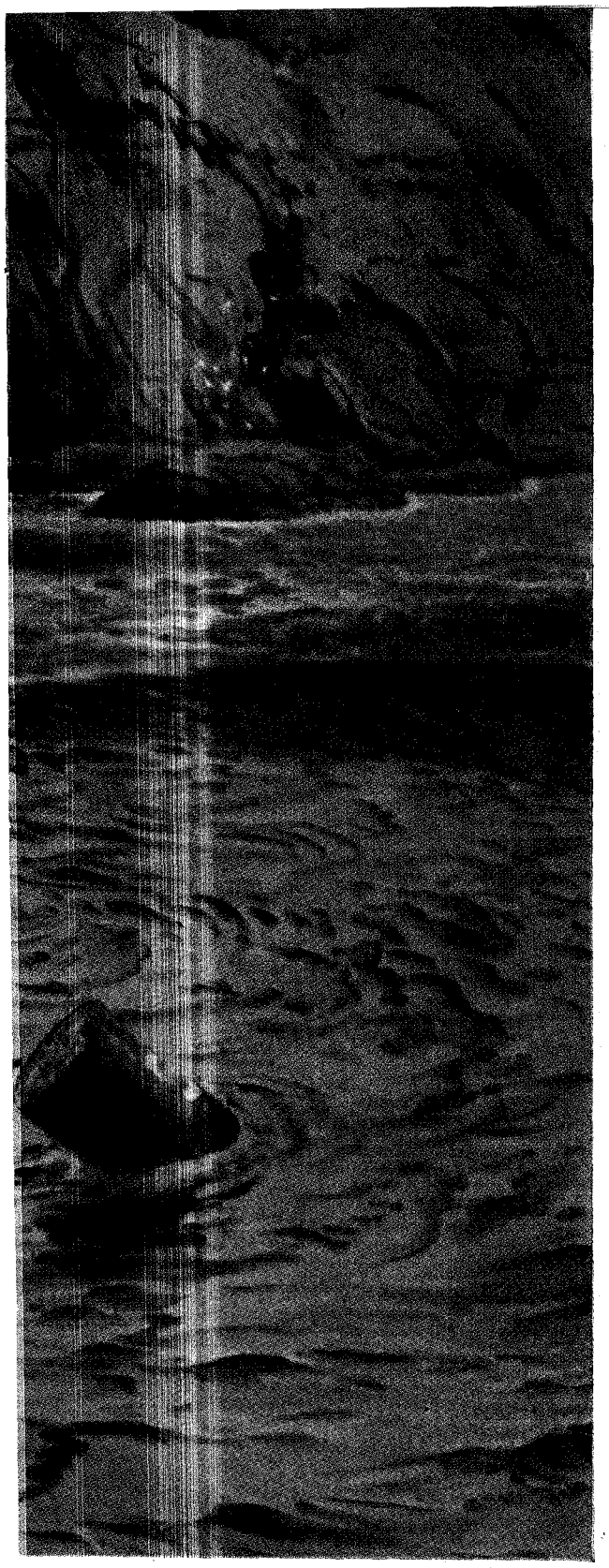

"Hey, Jake," he said, ostentatiously loud, "didn't ya tell me that fat old mamma sea lion what was washed up dead on the beach last week was towed out to sea and sunk?"

"So what?" Jake stuck his fat, pimply visage into view.

"So she wasn't," replied Mr. Bullwinkle and, his gaze barely flicking Annie, he looked skyward and whistled an artless tune.

"Listen, ye swivel-eared, two-headed lump o' forgotten bilge scrapin's!" yelled Annie, instantly ablaze. "You keep a civil tooth in yer head, or I'll ——"

"Ya see?" said Mr. Bullwinkle blandly to Jake. "I told ya!"

"An' wherever ye're goin'," Annie continued to bellow, "if ye never come back it won't be too soon!"

"I'll be back in a hour or so, sweetheart," assured Mr. Bullwinkle, with a species of leering coo. "I'm only goin' over to the fuel-oil dock to bunker up. And while I'm there," he added kindly, "I'll pick up a nice broom for ya, with a saddle on it."

"Someday, Bullwinkle," Annie roared, "I'll ——"

But urgently the voice of Fred, the company dispatcher, interrupted from the office door. "Annie!" he said hoarsely. "Quit it! The boss is on the phone from Bellingham and he heard you scrapping with Bullwinkle. He wants to talk to you!"

"Oh-oh!" said Annie, instantly innocent. "I wonder what he wants?"

"As if you didn't know!" said Fred as she waddled inside and picked up the phone.

"Hel-lo," said Annie dulcetly; but over the wire came an explosion of abuse. Prudently Annie held the receiver at arm's length and firmly closed her eyes. "O.K. then," she conceded resignedly when she was allowed to speak. "I'll be quiet as a louse." And, dejectedly, she hung up. "Gittin' so's a body can't even pass the time o' day wid a pal no more," she grumbled on her way to the door.

"Pal, eh? Oh, bro-ther!" Fred said with a grin. "Don't fall on the steps and break your neck, Annie, or Bullwinkle'll die laughing."

Mumbling to herself, Annie returned to the wharf. The Salamander had already left the slip; and she was about to board the Narcissus when voices across the way caught her attention and she paused to listen, as a small, elderly, bespectacled man in a neat blue serge suit and gray fedora, who was standing at the Salamander's recently vacated mooring, snapped questions at a bulky stevedore. The man listened; then, glancing across, he saw Annie.

"Hey, Annie!" he bawled. "This guy's in a tizzy because Bullwinkle ain't around. You know where he went?"

"Yeah," Annie began. "He ——"

"Fine thing!" the small man interrupted. "What kind of business people are you out here on the coast, anyway?"

"Keep yer tail cool, friend," Annie growled. "He ——" Suddenly she was alert, her manner ingratiating. "Business? You got business wid me dear ol' sidekick, Bullwinkle?"

"Depends," said the small man irascibly. "A fellow down in Portland wired him to expect me today. And now I'm here and he isn't. Not the way we do things in ——"

Annie gestured toward the harbor. "He's went away fer a spell. An' since me an' him is close as two pigs in a poke mebbe I kin help ye. But I ain't gonna sprain me diagram," she added forcefully, "yellin' about him across the slip. Come over here!"

Appraisingly she watched him approach, noting the precise steps, the prim mouth and conservative suit, so different from the informality of the Northwest; and by the time he reached her, her interest was intense.

"Where ye from?" she asked affably. "What's yer name?"

"Name's Steed," he said. "Kansas City. Who are you?"

Despite his abrupt manner Annie had sensed the vague uneasiness of a stranger in new surroundings and not quite sure of himself; and behind his thick lenses she caught a wistful gleam. So she said benevolently: "Ye're sure a long way from home, chum. I'm Tugboat Annie Brennan, skipper o' this here tug. What'd ye want wid Bullwinkle?"

"My business is with him, not you," he replied, unimpressed. "And although you claim you know him ——"

"Know him? Why—ho-ho!—I've knowed the dear little feller since he was knee-high to a sna—to a lizard!" Annie assured him jovially. "Look, Mr. Horsey ——"

"Steed!" he corrected acidly.

"Yeah. Well, since me an' Bullwinkle exchanges jobs, reggalar, an' he ain't here now, an' ye look kinda worried ——"

"I'm not worried!" he disclaimed. "It's just that things are a little strange out here." He pointed. "The lake there. And these funny little boats and all."

"Lake?" said Annie, startled. "That's Puget Sound. And these boats is tugs. Ain't you never bin around salt chuck afore?"

"I've lived all my life in the Midwest. Arrived in Portland yesterday, spent the day there, then flew up here this morning to meet Bullwinkle."

"Who sent ye?"

"Man name of Nablo. Jim Nablo."

"Ol' Needle-nose Nablo, huh?" Annie growled; then, remembering, she added, hastily jocose: "Fine feller, Needle-nose. Him an' Bullwinkle's birds o' one feather, ye might say."

"When will Bullwinkle be back?"

"Oh, pretty soon. Four-five days, mebbe," replied Annie mendaciously. "He's towin' a sucker dredge to Alaska."

He hesitated; said, reluctantly: "We-ell—perhaps I'd better tell you, then. Among other things, I'm a dealer in war-surplus heavy items. And back home I read of something out here that might turn me a profit. I don't know. I'm not sure yet. According to the Government pamphlet I read, the items were somewhere up in the Northwest here. Between the Columbia River and Canada. But ——"

"What kinda items?"

"I don't care to say at the moment," he replied primly.

"Bullwinkle in on the deal wid ye?"

"Nobody is. Bullwinkle is supposed just to locate them for me. Of course, he'll be well recompensed." (Continued on Page 61)

Bullwinkle rebounded from the solid impact. "What you doin' here, Fatso?" he demanded roughly.

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Chinese in Thailand, who consider a pipe of opium "no more sinful than a predinner Martini," still operate dope dens.

They Smuggle Dope by the Ton

One of communism's most vicious attacks on the free world strikes through corruption-riddled Thailand, where Red China unloads vast quantities of opium every year.

By Darrell Berrigan

Bangkok.

One morning last summer, a squad of Thai police erupted from the jungles that edge the Maesai River, which divides Thailand from Burma, and seized twenty tons of contraband opium. They had braved swarms of mosquitoes throughout the night to observe an army of smugglers rafting the illicit cargo across the narrow river. But for reasons never fully explained, the police had not braved the smugglers themselves. When at last they emerged from the underbrush, they found beside the abandoned rafts with their piles of opium only one man, the mysterious informer whose tip-off had brought them to witness the greatest drug-running operation ever recorded in Thailand.

Now, twenty tons of opium is a whole Nirvana of pipe dreams. Once processed, it is enough to supply Thailand's estimated 101,000 opium addicts with full pipes for over a year. In hard American (Continued on Page 156)

Gen. Phao Sriyanond, Thai police boss, was linked to opium scandal.

Cash crop: The poppy fields of China are one of the world's principal sources of the drug.

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Should he help this kid when it would only be asking for heartbreak?

BOY ON HIS CONSCIENCE

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

It was an anniversary of sorts, this skiddy November evening, and when the musical double-dong of the front-door chimes surprised him, Joe Rundle felt his chest tighten and the dryness start in his throat. Frowning, he edged out from behind the kitchen table and shuffled through the living room to the entrance hall. But, of course, since they'd had only one son to lose, there was, this time, no horror of crumpled bike wheel and twisted handle bars protruding from a traffic-control-car trunk. Just Municipal Police Sergeant Macpherson's battered personal coupé in the drive, and Macpherson on the porch, his boots muddy, his slicker shining with rain.

"Nice for ducks," the sergeant observed, and the tautness eased from Joe Rundle's chest. As a newspaperman, he'd learned to be skeptical of comforting platitudes, including the one about lightning never striking twice in the same place. Nothing was wrong, though. Ruth was O.K. Whatever grief the sergeant carried wasn't for him.

"Come in; come in, Jim!" he urged with the overheartiness of relief. "Hang up your cap and have a beer."

"Next time by," Macpherson said. "Happens I'm looking for a limb of Satan named Steve Morant. I figured he might have turned up at your Friday soiree."

Joe shook his head. "Last week, but not tonight. He'd be at the Junior High fall fair with the rest of the kids. You try there?"

"I did. Well, if you're not harboring him ——"

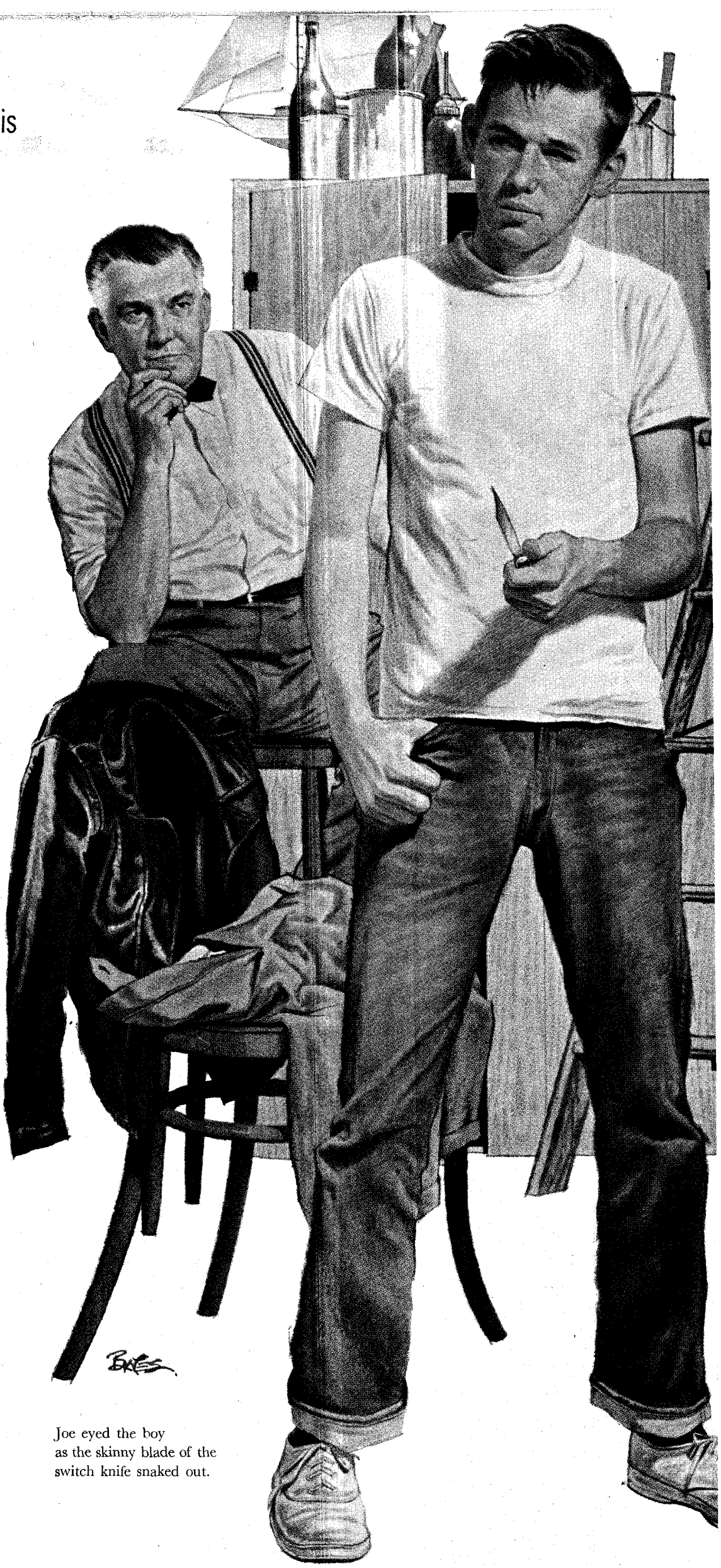
"What's he done this time, Jim?" Curiosity rather than any acute personal interest prompted the question. To him, the Morant boy represented a wrecked power-saw blade and a minor annoyance quickly forgotten. Nothing more.

"Uttered a threat." Sergeant Macpherson settled his cap, his large red face troubled. A tough cop, a good cop, with five moose-sized sons raised to manhood on a combination of love and belt leather. "County welfare's had him farmed out to the Muldrews on Old East Road this last three months. The boy had a set-to with Muldrew after school. Threatened to kill him. Muldrew wants him taken in."

"And when you find him?"

The sergeant shrugged. "We haul the poor little devil into Juvenile Court, I guess," he said wearily, "on Muldrew's charge. He goes back to reform school as an incorrigible till he's eighteen. From there, write your own ticket." His voice roughened, he said, "You've untangled some pretty sorrowful monkeys, Joe. When I heard Steve Morant had hooked up with you and your thugs, I was hopeful."

"I don't untangle them." Joe Rundle spoke with a weariness of his own, an edged (Continued on Page 126)



Joe eyed the boy as the skinny blade of the switch knife snaked out.

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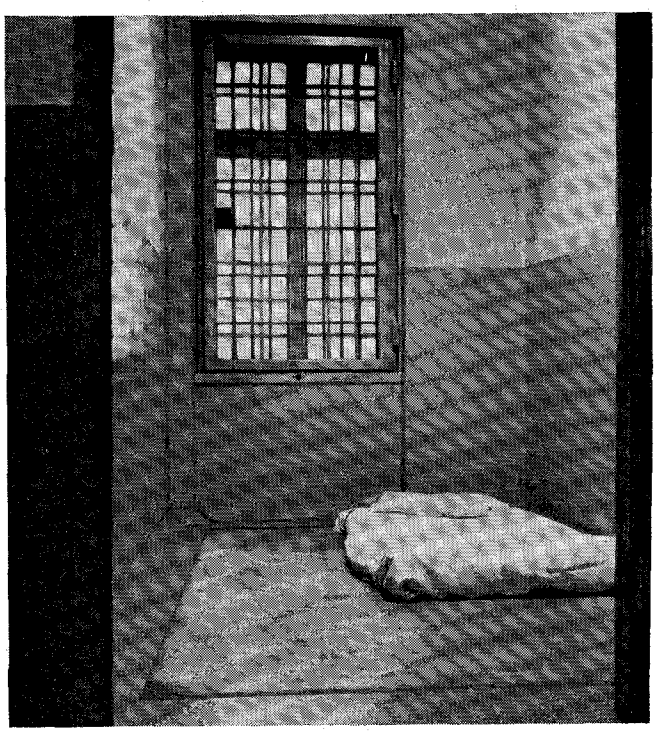
MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE: PART FOUR

BEHIND DOUBLE-LOCKED DOORS

By DR. SALVATORE R. CUTOLO,
as told to BARBARA and ARTHUR GELB

Here are Bellevue's most tragic cases—the mentally disturbed, who range from the quietly pathetic to the violently homicidal.



The "strong room" for criminally insane patients. Modern drugs quiet the violent, so this room is not used frequently nowadays.

Teacher Isabel Sartor leads a songfest at P.S. 618, Bellevue's school for mentally disturbed children.

"Another emergency, doctor!" The police may show up at any hour with a violent patient in tow.

One February day a small, bent inhabitant of the Bowery warned an acquaintance, "Look upon me and you die—I am God!"

The acquaintance promptly dropped dead of a heart attack. A policeman nabbed the man who thought he was God, and sent him to the Psychiatric Pavilion of Bellevue Hospital.

Our psychiatric wards receive more than 17,000 patients a year, people whose actions range from the eccentric to the murderous. We've had a man who walked about New York distributing over $1000 to passers-by. We've taken in two aged spinsters found in their cold-water flat, hovering over the lifeless body of their brother; both were starving, although their bankbooks showed sizable savings. We've had a young man who started to climb a parapet from the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State Building, an elderly chambermaid who pushed her paralyzed husband from a fifth-floor window, and a waiter who went on a tire-slashing spree that damaged 180 parked automobiles.

All of these people were held for observation in Bellevue's Psychiatric Pavilion for periods varying from ten to sixty days. It is the function of our psychiatric wards to welcome all comers and give them mental "first aid." Fifty-five per cent of those admitted are found to be sane or to be in temporary states of psychosis which seem to disappear after brief treatment. Those found to be in need of further treatment are usually remanded to state or private institutions.

A few are kept here for study. These are patients whose symptoms and background indicate that they can be cured, and whose treatment will be of educational value to younger doctors. At any given time we have from twenty-five to forty such long-term patients on our wards. They are treated by deep therapy, such as shock and psychoanalysis, and their responses are carefully reported and discussed. Bellevue's Psychiatric Service is a focal point for research into the cure of mental illness, partly because the pavilion is the world's largest hospital devoted exclusively to treatment of acute psychiatric cases.

When it was opened in 1932, the Psychiatric Pavilion was designed as a 500-bed facility. We now have about 800 patients a day, some of them bedded down in hallways and recreation rooms of the psychiatric wards. There are twenty-six of these wards, all double-locked as a precaution.

I suppose visitors cannot avoid a sense of being trapped when they enter. A nurse opens the heavy outer door with a key, and you find yourself in a tiny vestibule, facing another locked door. The first door swings shut, locking automatically, the key unlocks the second door, and you confront the disturbed-women's ward. You may notice that there are no electric-light switches; lights are turned on and off with a key, to forestall mischief.

Late in the afternoon, when treatments are over for the day, the women of this ward, awaiting their mealtime, (Continued on Page 79)

NEXT WEEK

DOCTOR CUTOLO TELLS HOW BELLEVUE'S CHAPLAINS SOMETIMES SAVE PATIENTS WHO ARE BEYOND MERE MEDICAL HELP.

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William Ahearn escaped to the roof of the Psychiatric Pavilion, then threatened to jump. Hospital attendants reached him before he could make his suicidal leap.

Police brought Teddy Stephen to Bellevue for mental "first aid" after he tried to take his own life.

An unidentified, Shakespeare-quoting brunette coolly regards the policeman who stopped her from plunging into the East River. The girl was taken to Bellevue.

Harlow Fraden (right) killed his mother and father by spiking their champagne with cyanide. Bellevue psychiatrists declared him insane.

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The girl took his great paw in both her soft hands and turned her eyes upon him. "You were marvelous," she said.

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Bushrod Tatum feared neither man nor beast—just women.

The Bashful Brute

By ROBERT MURPHY

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

Life being what it is, many a fine champion has been brought low by a female, and it is usually a melancholy thing to see. Many such, well demolished, never rise again. They have lost their careless confidence in themselves; and although they stand up, and even walk about among their fellows, there is a hangdog and apologetic air about them forever after. It is only the superior man who recovers fully, gains back his pleasure in himself, and, after a shake or two to rearrange his ruffled plumage, moves out to be brought low again.

These matters go forward all about us, in the more obscure corners of the world as well as in our big and noisy end of it; and to observe this we have only to consider Bushrod Tatum, the strong man of Upper Black Eddy—which is surely an obscure enough place.

At this moment it drowsed in the afternoon sun, the precipitous hills and ridges around about softened by the spring haze; the curled-up hound dogs in the dooryards dreamed of forays by night and twitched as dream raccoons sank dream teeth into them; rebellious scholars in the one-room school gazed longingly out the windows; and Bushrod, that hearty man with a great head of hair, strong as a bullock and a pure terror among the varmints, stood in the dusty street before the village store, a shotgun cradled in one arm and absently fingering a mysterious device made of a turkey's wing bone as a pretty dark-haired girl named Melody talked at him.

"But, Bushrod," she said unhappily, "you asked me to go. You asked me a long time back." She paused, but Bushrod didn't say anything; he stood regarding her with an affectionate but abstracted smile. "Bushrod?" His eyes focused on her. "And I went and got a new dress from the mail order, and all. It's p-p-pretty," she said, and a tear suddenly took its way down her cheek.

Bushrod stared at it and sighed to himself. "Sho!" he said. "Sho, now." He put a very large hand gently on her shoulder. "It's just one more little ole dance, and not the last one either. How can I go," he asked reasonably, "when I just got my new turkey yelker finished and I gotta get Resurrection Tom with it? After I get him, then we can ——"

But a change had come over the girl. She had straightened up; she moved away from his hand, all incipient tears vanished and fire lit her eye.

"After you get him?" she asked, in a withering tone. "After you don't get him, you mean, like the forty-seven times before! Like all the other times I've sat home with my new dress in the closet because you got a new yelker finished and took off to go crawling around in the brush after a dirty old turkey that's too smart for you anyhow."

Bushrod fell back a step, for this tone of voice was something new; she'd always been such a comfortable sort of girl. "But, honey," he said, collecting himself, "this yelker's different. You wait and see. When I come home this time with Tom ——"

"You won't come home with him," she said bitterly. "You never do. And maybe you won't find me waiting, either." Unaccountably, she turned and walked rapidly away.

Bushrod stared after her, nonplused, his mouth opening and closing like a stranded fish's. This talk about not waiting for him —— It was an incomprehensible thing. She'd always waited for him, always been there to comfort him when he got back, bone-weary and disconsolate, and without the corpse of Tom. He shook his head, took a step after her, and suddenly became aware of the device in his hand. He grinned, turned around and walked through the village. By the time he reached the last house he'd forgotten the girl altogether; his mind was far up the ridge, on Resurrection Knob, where Resurrection Tom, the turkey gobbler of all turkey gobblers, the sly and wary monster against which he and all the rest of the chivalry of the village had been feuding and scheming for five long years, had his stamping grounds.

Bushrod knew Tom's habits, and he figured that the bird was due to roost near the Knob tonight. If he did—and Bushrod was sure that he would—Tom was in a tight; for the call, the yelker, that Bushrod held in his hand was indeed different from anything he'd ever had before. No one had ever had a yelker like it. Not in this world.

The sun was getting low when Bushrod reached the Knob, and after maneuvering carefully to avoid any noise, he (Continued on Page 134)

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Superhighways—such as the New Jersey Turnpike, above—eliminate a long list of old driving hazards. But to compensate for these advances, motorists have invented a raft of new ways to kill themselves.

I Drive The Turnpikes . . . And Survive

Traveling on high-speed expressways can be safer than you think, the author learned, if you adopt these simple techniques . . .

By Paul W. Kearney

One day while I was riding the Pennsylvania Turnpike in a police car, we pulled alongside a brand-new hardtop that was doing seventy-five miles an hour in a fifty-mile zone. Just as the trooper was about to sound the siren, he gasped in astonishment.

"Look at what we've got," he said. "If I blow the siren, she'll have a heart attack."

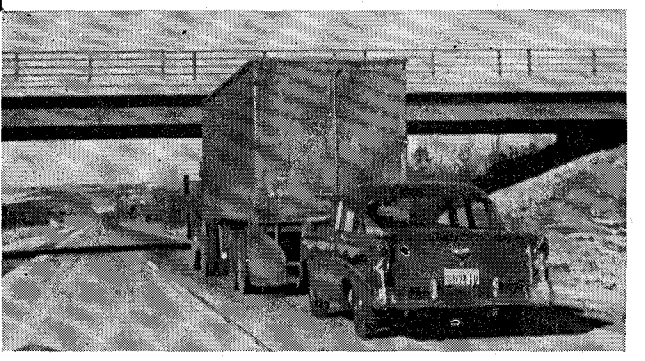
When I looked I saw a prim old lady in her mid-seventies. Very prudently the trooper withheld the siren and merely drove alongside until she turned her head and gave us a beatific smile; then he waved her over to the side. Returning to the patrol car in a few moments, he was chuckling in amusement.

"That's one for the book," he announced. "I said, 'Madam, how fast do you think you were going?'

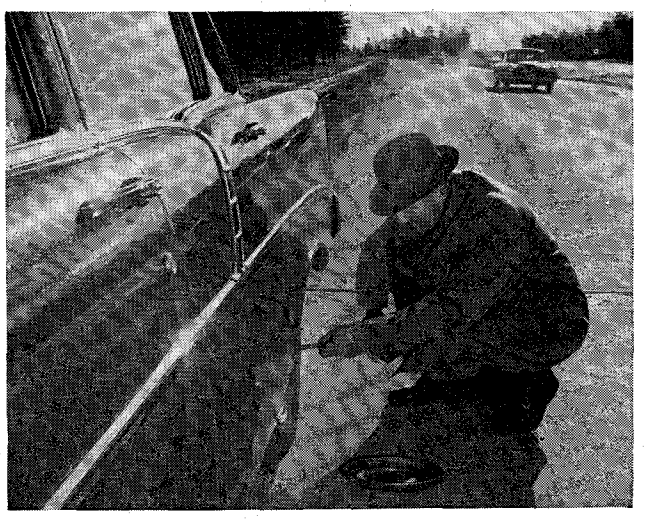
"And she says cheerily, 'Oh, I always drive at about fifty, and I imagine that's what I've been doing right along.'

"When I told her what I'd clocked her at for two miles, I thought she was going to drop dead."

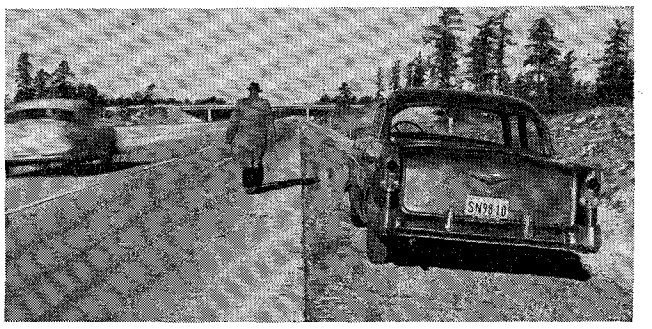
Like all too many motorists on our new superhighways, this lady had failed to realize that turnpike driving is different from other driving. And if you don't think so, you should come down with me from the Catskills some morning and see what happens to your nervous system when you leave the thruway at Suffern and plunge into that rat race known as Route 17. For seventy-five miles you've been driving in what seems to be a lordly solitude, with virtually nobody on the road to bother you. Then suddenly you are hurled into two lanes of commuter traffic zooming along almost bumper to bumper at fifty to sixty miles an hour. It's just like stepping out of a warm bed into an ice-cold bath.



DON'T "tailgate." Experts recommend that you stay at least six lengths behind the car in front.



DON'T stop on the pavement. You're just begging some "hypnotized" driver to belt you to eternity.



DON'T leave your car in case of an emergency. Wait until a trooper arrives. He'll radio for aid.

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This multiple crash occurred on New Jersey's Garden State Parkway when a car entered the wrong lane and smashed another head on. The two then piled up in the path of oncoming traffic. Score: Two dead, five hurt.

If this makes thruway driving sound easy, that is precisely the point—it is too easy. You are lulled into a false sense of security by the apparent absence of any appreciable amount of traffic. But let an accident block both lanes, and in a jiffy cars are backed up for a mile, waiting to get by. In engineering parlance, the movement is so fluid that you are not aware of how heavy it really is.

So too many turnpike greenhorns lapse into a state of suspended animation as they bowl along at sixty or seventy or better. A smooth car, a smooth road, a purring motor—and you're a pushover for a sudden emergency that arises.

One night one of these contented motorists was buzzing along the New Jersey Turnpike at the legal limit when he suddenly plowed into an unexpected fog bank and immediately applied his brakes. This caused the trucker who was "tailgating" him to slam on his brakes. Whereupon the big semitrailer jackknifed at right angles across the two southbound lanes. And before anybody could say "Jackie Robinson," eleven other cars piled into the stalled truck, injuring six people.

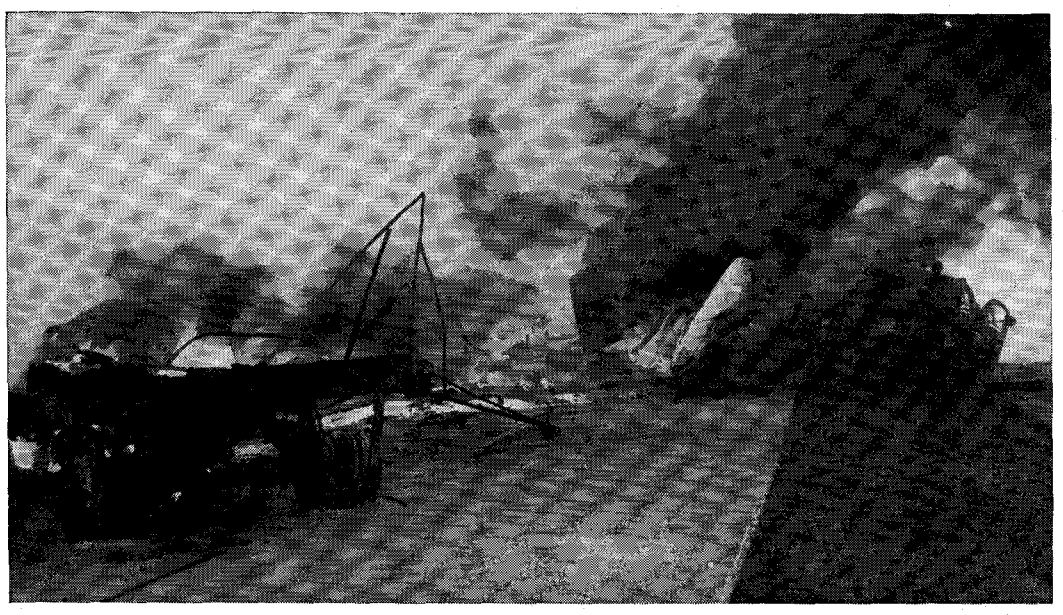
This was tame compared to another night when a series of multiple crack-ups in rapid succession involved sixty-five cars, killing four and injuring forty. But tame or wild, the ultramodern multiple crash has become the hallmark of the ultramodern express highway.

Already the New York Thruway is enclosing its toll tickets in a little folder titled Expressway Driving Tips. It has learned the hard way that motorists are not yet tuned to this unfamiliar type of speedway driving. This is especially true of city drivers who for years have been accustomed to clocking twelve to eighteen miles in their first hour from home.

The rash of fatal accidents which cursed the New Jersey Turnpike in its first year made the point all too forcefully. Not that the ratio was excessive for the traffic volume, but it certainly was excessive for a model highway on which the only legitimate reason for an accident is serious mechanical failure. Yet when the newly emancipated motorists from congested metropolitan areas began to master the feel, the unfamiliar techniques and the rules of expressway driving—with some fatherly help from the troopers—the accident ratio began to drop just as it had in the early years of the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

Most motorists look at you askance when you suggest there is anything different about expressway driving. They could benefit from the experience of a trooper I rode with on the Jersey Turnpike one night. "Monday morning is the toughest part of this job," he told me. "After a weekend layoff, sitting around the house or puttering in the garden, it takes me two or three hours to get keyed up to the kind of driving we have to do."

This is not from an amateur doing it once a month or less, but from a crack pro who does it five days a week, fifty weeks a year. And if more Sunday drivers could catch on to this idea the easy way, we would save an enormous amount of heartbreak and suffering. For the fast superhighway is here to stay and spreading fast. In 1947 (Continued on Page 93)



Flaming wreckage litters the Pennsylvania Turnpike after five trailer trucks cracked up in a heavy fog.

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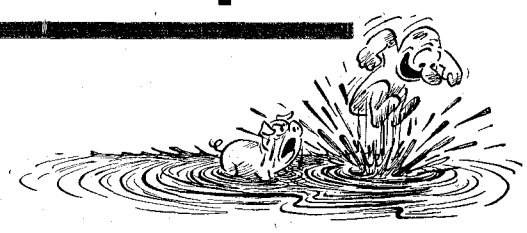
Post Scripts



You're Moving Your Lips Too Fast!

"Darling, would you mind if I'd rehearse the speech again that I have to deliver at the banquet next Friday night?"

"Not at all, dear. Here, I'll sit over here in the big chair and act as though I'm the audience."

"Fine! Well, let's see, now. I suppose that, like we decided, it might be a good idea to keep my hands here in front of me and ——"

"Yes, but don't keep fooling with your ring like that; it's rather distracting. And stand up straight. Put your shoulders back."

"O.K. Well, here I go: You know, ladies and gentlemen, when I first was told that I was to be a speaker at tonight's ——"

"Your tone is just a little flat, dear, and you're not making it sound spontaneous. When I FIRST was told that I was to be a speaker at tonight's —— Wouldn't it be better that way? When I FIRST—when I FIRST—sort of like that. You might even nod your head a little on FIRST. It might lend emphasis."

"I'll try it. WHEN I FIRST ——"

"Now, you're overdoing it a little, dear. When I FIRST ——"

"When I FIRST ——"

"Much better. Continue, dear."

"When I FIRST was told that I was to be a speaker at tonight's banquet, my feeling was that —— What in the world are you doing, darling?"

"Hitting the ash tray against the base of the table lamp. Don't you remember how we discussed the possibility of a great many distractions during the actual speech? You know, waiters banging dishes—stuff like that?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Well, anyhow, when . . . I FIRST . . . was . . . when . . . I . . . told . . . was —— I really don't think that any waiter is going to bang dishes quite that loudly, do you, darling?"

"You can never tell. Well, O.K., we'll forget about the distractions. You just go ahead with your speech. Here, I'll introduce you in the manner in which Cal Keverly undoubtedly will do it, and then I'll applaud. O.K., now; here we go: And, now, I'd like to introduce Oliver Traddington."

"Thanks very much, Cal, old man. . . . You know, ladies and gentlemen, when I first was told that ——"

"When I FIRST, darling. When I FIRST."

"When I FIRST was told that I was to be a speaker at tonight's banquet, my feeling was that ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now suppose you wanted to know the population of Bangkok."

Lines to a New Babe

Though clothes don't make the girl, it's clear
They sure do help her once she's here.

MARGARET FISHBACK ANTOLINI

Questions I Wish I Hadn't Asked

"Would you care to step outside and settle this?"

"What letters that I was supposed to mail?"

"How come we never have steak for dinner?"

"Now I suppose you're going to tell me you could have married Bert Fitzsimmons, eh?"

"What do you mean by sitting there sobbing and saying I don't even know what day it is?"

"Can daddy help his little girl with her long division?"

"Are you sure there isn't some little thing I can bring you from Chicago?"

"So this guy in the big convertible cut right across in front of you. What did you do then?"

"Go on, go on! Whose slipper did the puppy chew up?"

"I haven't been on ice skates for twenty years, but why not?"

"Don't often come across a mouthful of teeth as perfect as these, eh, doc?"

"I don't want to take up your valuable time, Mr. Dibble, but I was wondering whether you had given any more thought to my raise?"

DICK EMMONS

Party of the First Part of the Party

I dash inside and shout hello
And start in being witty;
I kid the guys and tell the girls
They're looking mighty pretty;

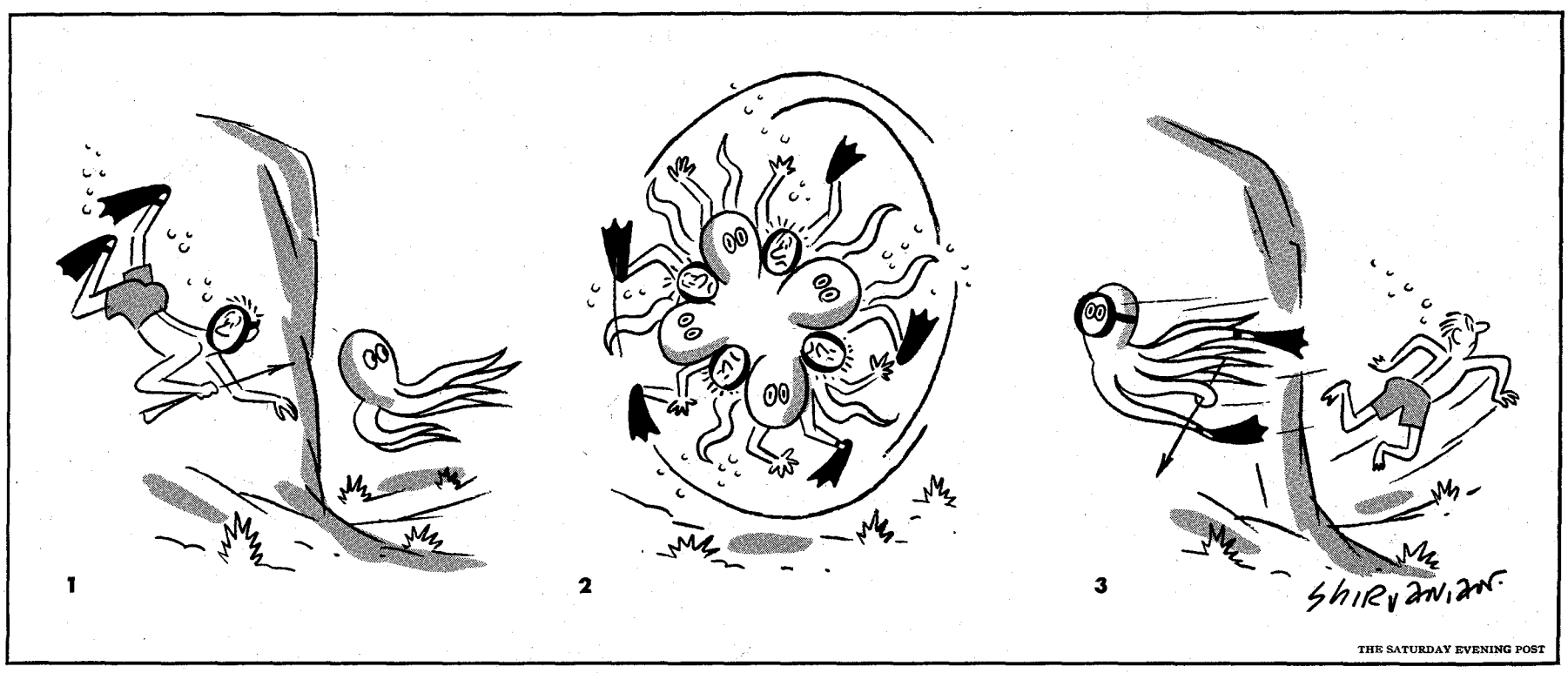
I laugh at everybody's jokes
And mingle with the masses;
I make the host feel right at home
Till fifteen minutes passes;

I then usurp an easy chair
I've spied back in a corner,
And thenceforth till it's time to go
I'm only an adorner;

I balance victuals on my knee
And oftentimes a drink, too;
I don't communicate except
With those I throw a wink to;

I'm not the party's life, it's true,
And some are broken-hearted;
But then, I'm not obliged to be—
I got the party started!

LOYD ROSENFIELD



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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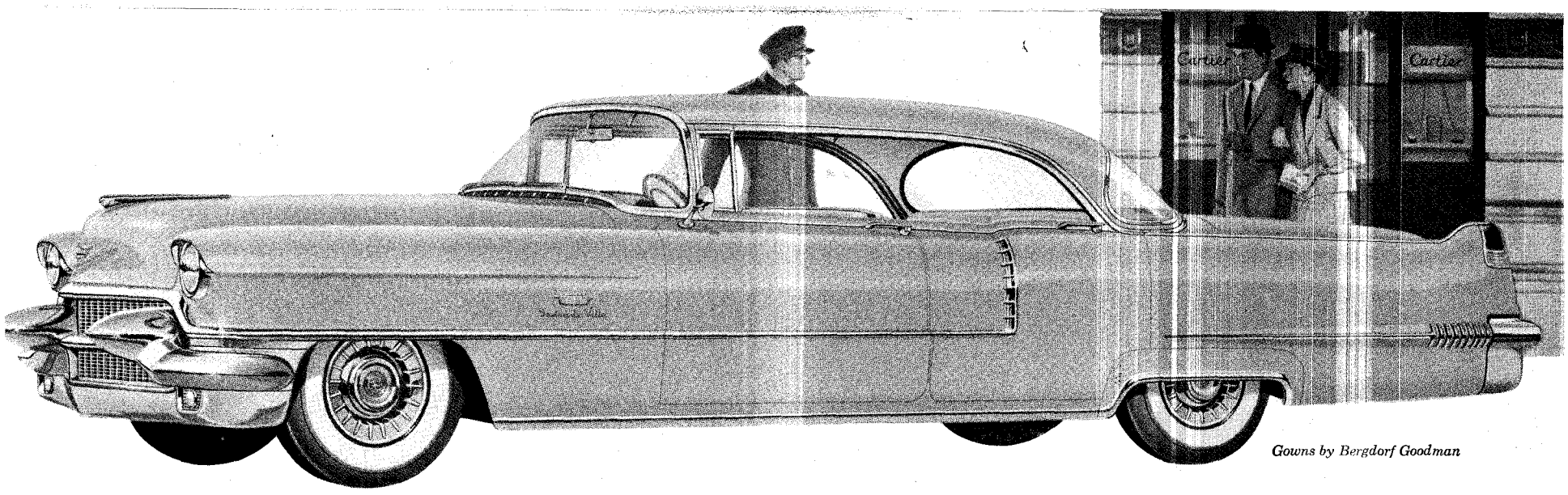

Gowns by Bergdorf Goodman

Ordinarily, when a motorist purchases a new Cadillac, he does so for pride and for satisfaction . . . and for the personal happiness the car will bring him. But it is reassuring to know that—if he preferred—he could choose the "car of cars" solely on the basis of economy. For it is a documented fact that Cadillac, with all its great beauty and luxury and performance, is among the most practical of all motor cars to own and to operate. If you are currently considering the purchase of a new motor car, we suggest that you visit your Cadillac dealer soon for a personal inspection and demonstration of this latest Cadillac creation. He will be happy to show you why this is such a wonderful time to make the move . . . both for pride *and* for practicality!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac

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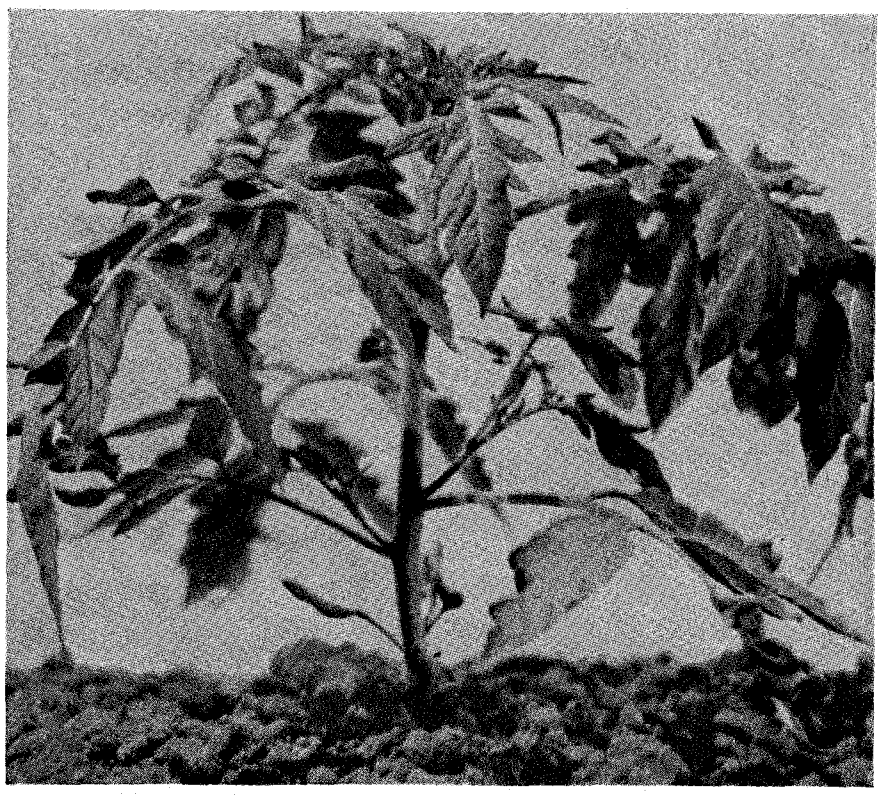
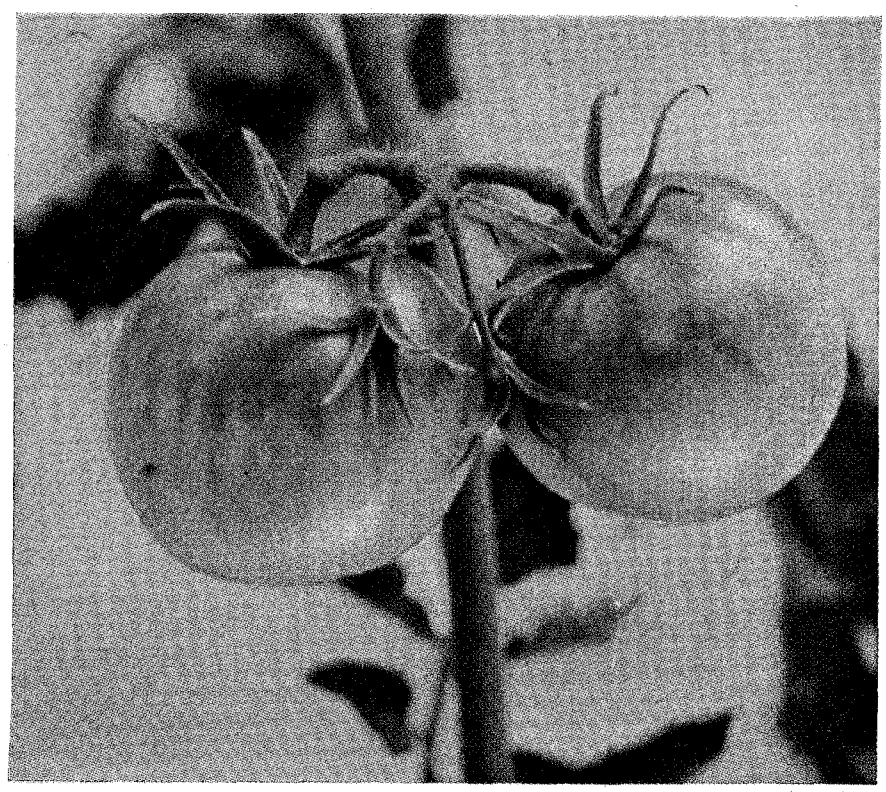


1. MAY 15th.* This seedling started life in Georgia and traveled north by refrigerated rail car or truck. Now it is transplanted—at just the right depth, in just the right soil, at just the right time—and the plant starts to "find itself" in new ground. **Dates shown will vary in different parts of the country.*

2. JUNE 15th. The first buds break into flower, brought out by the early sun. Soon the flower will be fertilized by its own pollen. A happy convenience for plant geneticists who help keep the Campbell Tomato true to type, from one generation to the next.

The birth of a Campbell Tomato

as captured by the eye of the color camera



5. JULY 15th. The tomato swells into smooth, deep roundness—far different from the gnarled "love apple" of early days. It took 50 years of culling and literally tens of thousands of crossbreedings by Campbell's and 15 leading agricultural colleges to produce a tomato like this.

6. AUGUST 1st. The first trace of yellow begins to show, but Campbell growers know it is not yet time to pick their crop. The Campbell Tomato can stay on the vine till it ripens from the inside out. So when it looks ripe on the outside, the picker knows it's ripe all the way through.

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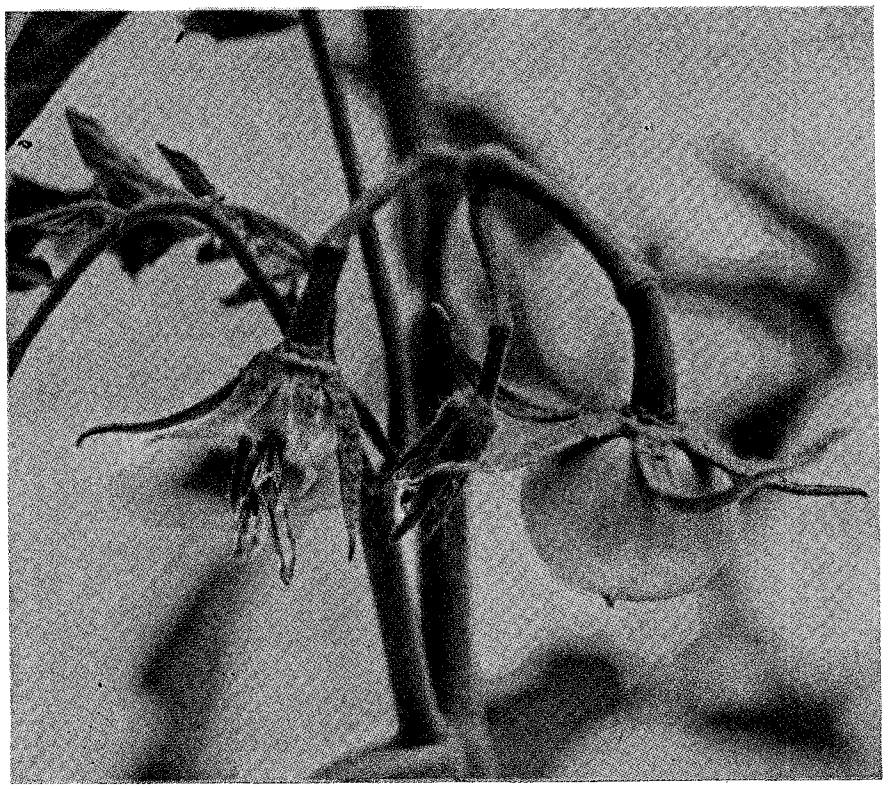


3. **JUNE 22nd.** In the warmth of day, the cool of summer nights, the fruit sets, the yellow petals begin to wither. Now the plant is ready for an extra application of a specially prepared plant food (on the advice of a Campbell Field Man who helped plan the earlier feedings for this ground).

4. **JULY 1st.** We had to lift up the broad leaves that shade the ripening tomato from direct sunlight to take this picture. Campbell research has developed plants with lush foliage to protect the tomato from what plant scientists call "sunburned shoulders."

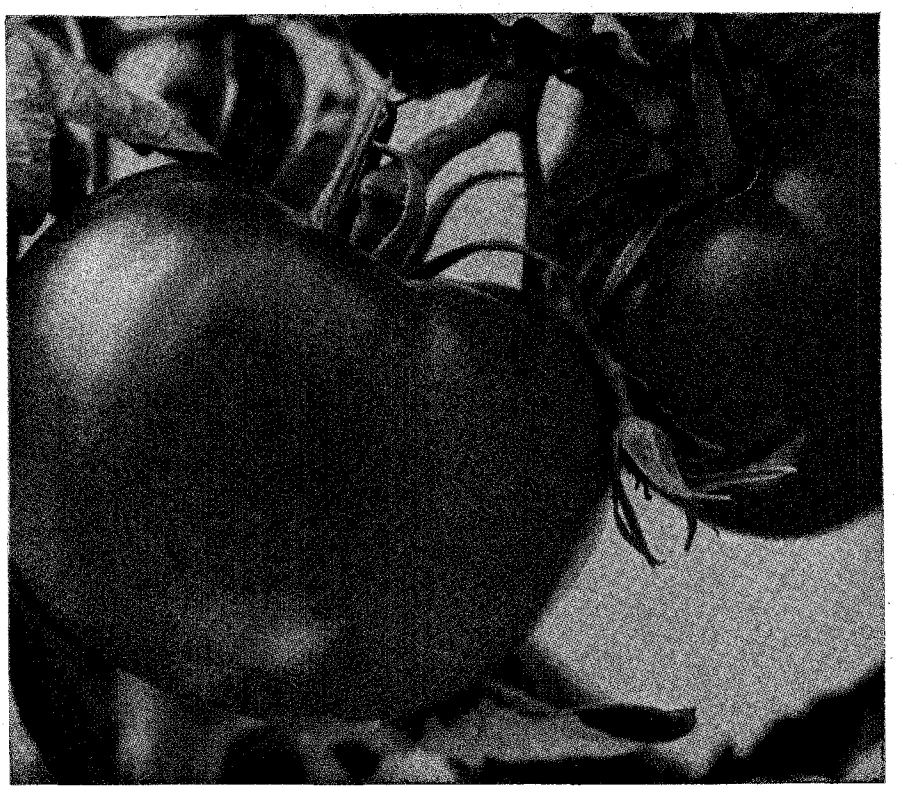
These pictures weren't taken in a hothouse. We shot them right out in the field last summer. They show you, stage by stage, how a tomato grows from the time the seedling is transplanted until the fruit is ripe and ready to eat. When prime tomatoes like these reach the Campbell Kitchens, our chefs apply their special secrets of cooking and blending, and turn Campbell Tomatoes into foods that make you glad Campbell lives by this simple credo:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans • **V-8** Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Products • **Swanson** Products, including **"TV"** Brand Dinners

7. **AUGUST 5th.** Now another color appears—red. As the tomato matures there is a steady increase in the health-giving vitamins. Soon yellow and red will blend to reach that precise shade of rich deep red that's come to be called "Campbell Red."



8. **AUGUST 10th.** This is it! The moment when the tomato is ready to be picked. In a few hours it will be given seven baths in both hot and cold water and know the proudest moment in the life of a tomato. It will be ready for the Campbell Kitchens.

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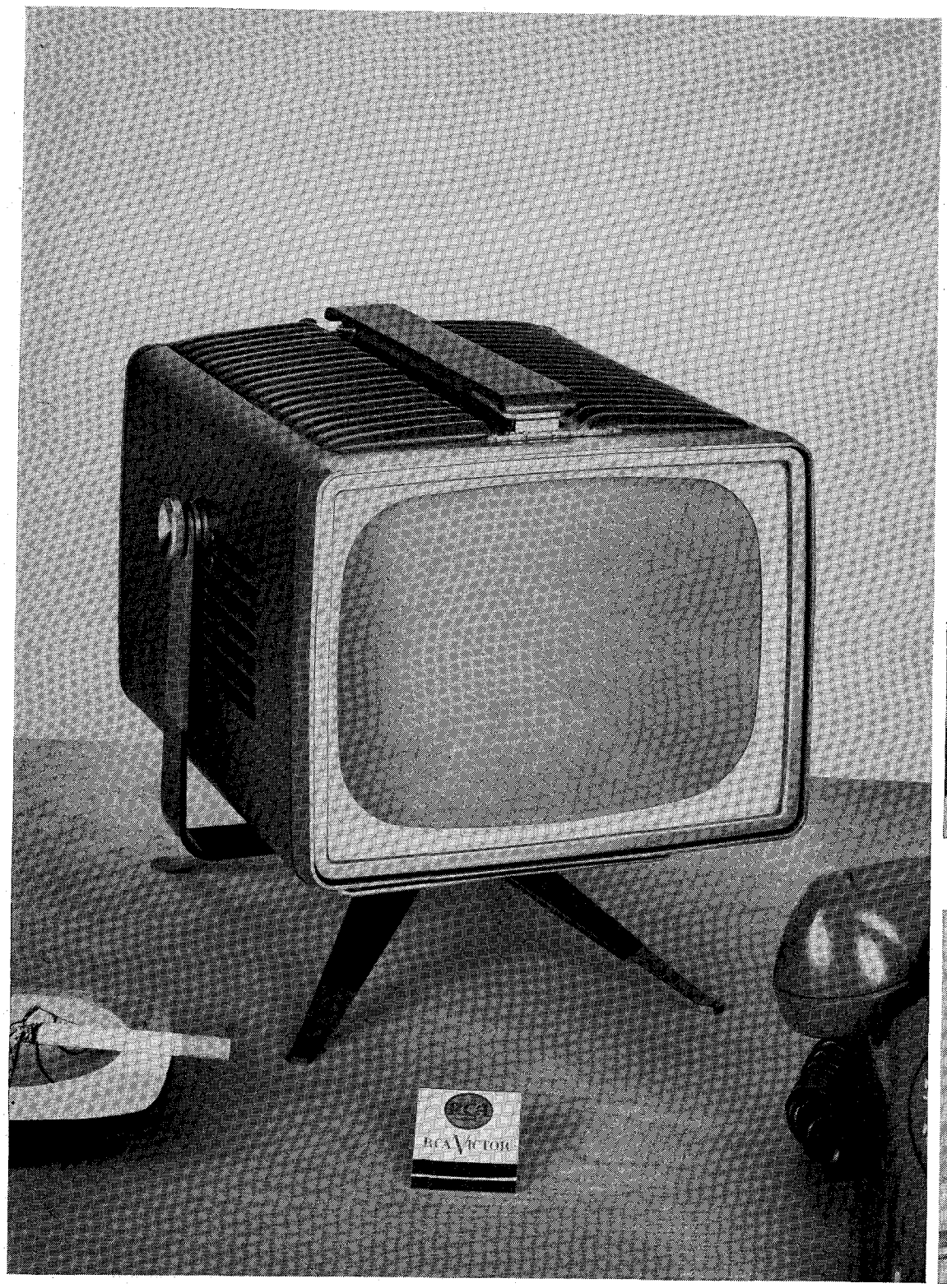
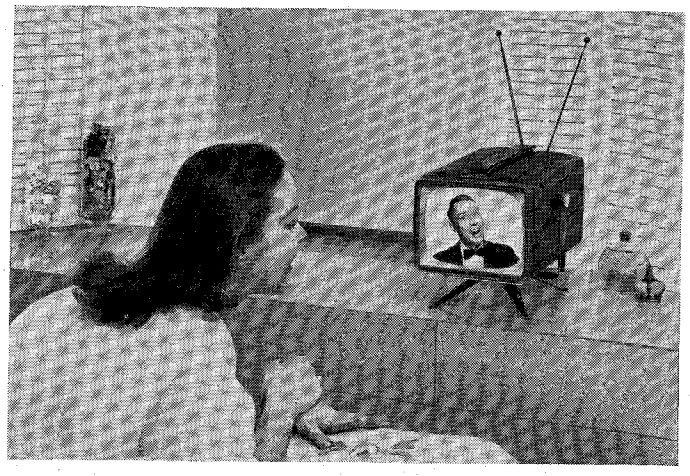


Don't miss a single program! Take the "*Personal*" with you wherever you go. Set tilts up and down on stand (removable). Ebony, red, gray or ivory textured finishes. Model 8PT703. **$125.**



Good company! Your RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV goes where you go. Here at last is TV you can really call your own!

Let it baby-sit for you. Children "go quietly" when they can borrow your "*Personal*" TV. It's also perfect as a "second" set!

Just right for executives. Right at your desk—see important newscasts, programs, commercials you can't afford to miss.

New "*Personal*" TV from RCA Victor—smartest, smallest TV ever built—costs only $125

You've got to see it, lift it, try it—to believe it! Imagine RCA Victor's world-famous performance and dependability in a TV set only 9½" wide, 8⅛" high (without stand), 12⅞" long! So convenient in size, so *big* in performance. The picture is sharp, steady, clear. The cabinet's sleek and modern—in ebony, red, gray or ivory textured finishes. There's even a built-in directional antenna that telescopes. If you prefer to use an outdoor antenna, there's a connection for that, too.

Never again will you miss a TV show just because someone else is monopolizing the family set. When you own new RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV, it's *yours, and yours alone.* It goes where you go . . . to your own room . . . even to the office. And as a *present* for someone you love—young or old—new RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV is ideal. It's "The Gift That Keeps On Giving."

There's only one place you can see and buy this newest idea in TV design. That's at your RCA Victor dealer's. Stop in soon and *pick it up.*

Special service! Low-cost RCA Victor Factory Service Contract assures you of expert maintenance. Available in most areas to owners of RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV.

RCA VICTOR
Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

No installation necessary! Antenna is built in—hides inside the handsome case when your TV's not in use.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list price shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. See Milton Berle, Martha Raye on NBC-TV alternately, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. See NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or Black-and-White, on Monday, May 28.

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION

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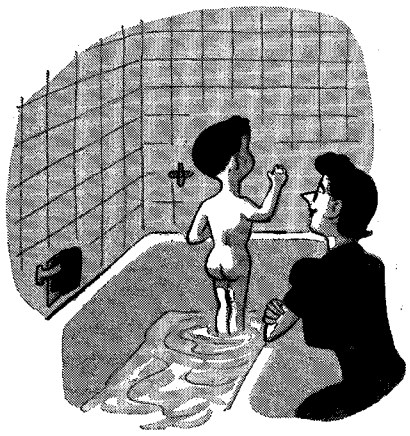
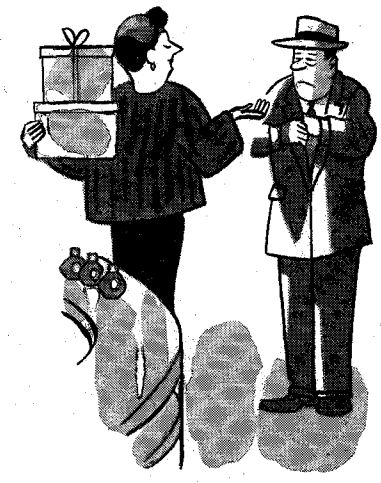
Why Do They Have to Grow Up?

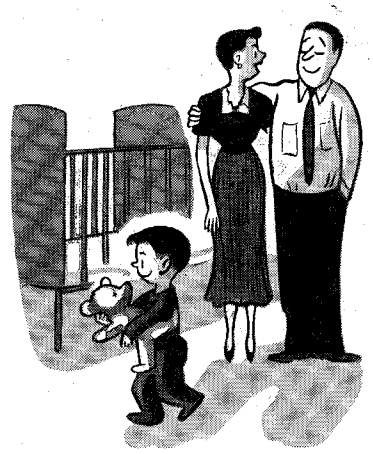
BY Ted Key



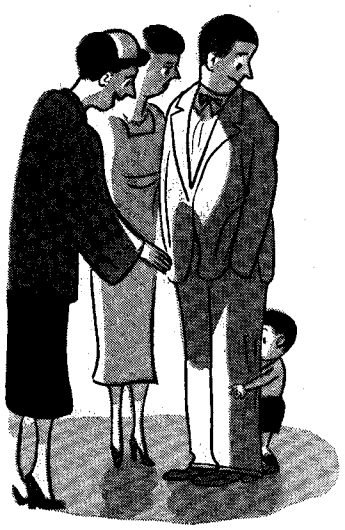
"We've taught her never to accept money."



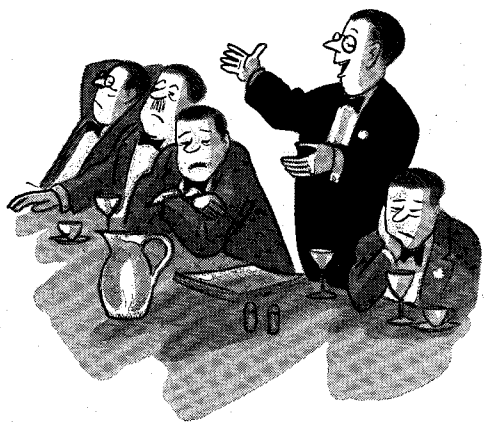
"Besides that song, she knows. . ."

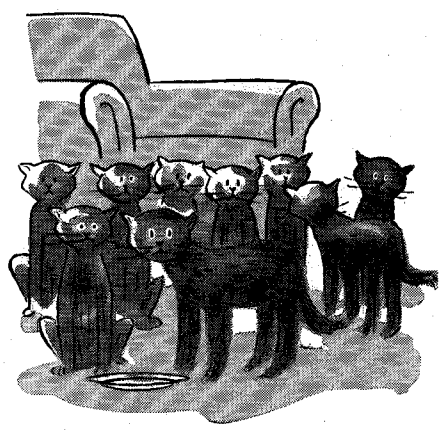


"We oughta take a picture of that."



"Why, he's bashful!"





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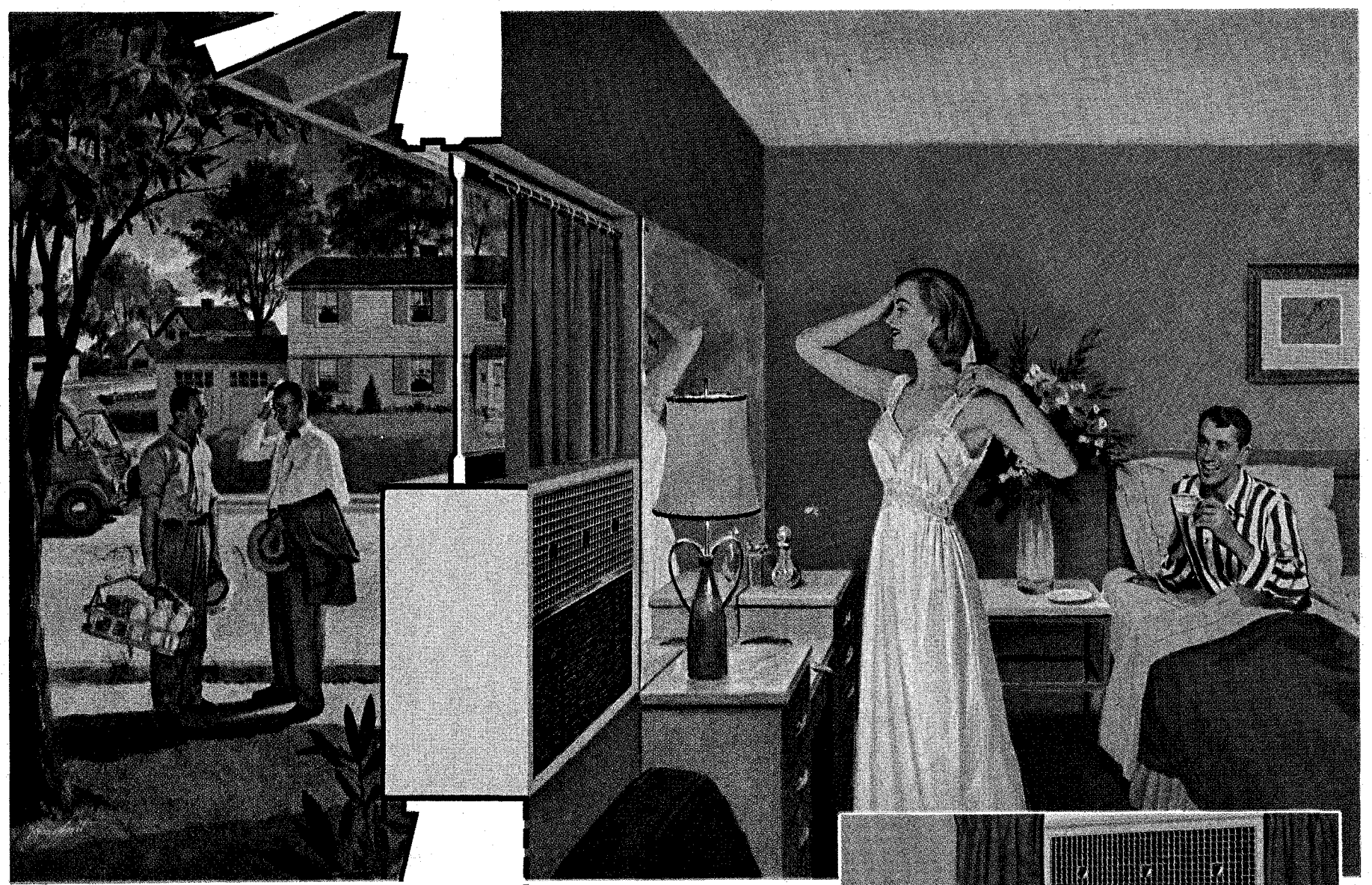
All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner!

HERE is a completely new concept in room air conditioners that offers top performance, yet actually takes up one-third less space than previous corresponding models.

It fits flush with your inside wall, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. And not only does it offer you amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—its High Power Factor Design *assures economy of operation!*

You have a choice of many different comfort-conditions just at the flick of a finger. Delightfully cooled, filtered air pours quietly into your room, makes your days and nights comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer today for a demonstration—he's listed in your classified phone book.

General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Most models available in Canada.

With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.

Set it—and forget it! Accessory timer (slight additional cost) automatically turns unit on and off at any desired time for each of seven days. Ideal for offices and rooms used only part time.

Overcomes stale, unpleasant odors. Push a button; a jet of deodorizing spray mixes silently with the filtered air, freshens your whole room in seconds. Included in all models without cost.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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By HAMMOND INNES

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

The captain was dead and the crew near mutiny. How could he save the battered ship?

Gideon Patch leaned toward me across the table, his eyes hard and urgent. "I've nobody else who'll help me," he said desperately. "I saved your life, Sands. Remember? Now I'm asking you to help me."

I had met Patch when I boarded his ship, the Mary Deare, an apparently abandoned freighter I discovered floundering off the coast of France. I intended to salvage the vessel, but then I was trapped by a storm. Patch, the only man on the ship, saved me from drowning.

Later, he told me the story of his terrible voyage. Patch became captain of the Mary Deare when her regular skipper, Joseph Taggart, died of drink. A second disaster occurred when the ship's owner, a Mr. Dellimare, mysteriously disappeared. Finally, the crew deserted the gale-battered old ship when a fire broke out in one of the holds.

Patch and I succeeded in beaching the ship among the Minkies, a treacherous series of reefs. From there, we reached France safely.

Several other sailors from the Mary Deare had been rescued. They accused Patch of ordering them to abandon ship. Patch told me that they were lying, but decided to wait until a formal inquiry to defend himself. Patch declined to reveal that we had beached the ship.

Before the inquiry opened, Patch came to me and asked me to take him out to the Mary Deare. He was very insistent, but refused to tell me why he wanted to go out to his ship. My diving trawler was not ready yet, so I could not accommodate Patch.

The next time I saw Patch was at the inquiry. Holland, the Treasury counsel, called on him to testify. I thought for a moment that Patch hadn't heard his name called. Then he looked at Holland, and quietly, like a man who cannot believe the moment has finally come, he got to his feet.

IV

The movement released the tension in the court, so that there was a sudden murmur of voices and shifting of feet that continued whilst the oath was being administered and then gradually died away as Holland began his questions, Patch answering them in a voice that was barely audible.

His name was Gideon Stephen Patch. He had been educated at Pangbourne, joined the Merchant Service as a cadet in 1935, mate's certificate 1941, master's certificate 1944, first command 1945, the Belle Isle incident—Holland took him through it all, fact after fact in that same bored voice as though he were tracing the history of a parcel sent through the post.

And Patch, once over the hurdle of the Belle Isle sinking and the suspension of his master's certificate, began noticeably to relax and gain confidence. He described the ship, the dimensions and contents of the holds, the state of her equipment. Holland questioned him closely about the cargo, the condition of the pumps, the state of the boats. And then he was taking him over the details of the voyage—up through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal and into the Mediterranean; and all the time he questioned him about the crew, the officers, the relations between Dellimare and Taggart. And the picture that emerged was not a pleasant one: the crew ill-disciplined; the chief engineer incompetent, a poker addict, gambling indiscriminately with crew and officers; the captain keeping to his cabin, never on the bridge; and Dellimare roaming restlessly round the ship, feeding alone in his cabin, occasionally with Higgins, and sometimes shut up with the captain for hours on end.

The court was very still as Holland reached the point at which Patch had assumed command. "According to your entry in the ship's log, Captain Taggart died in the early hours of Tuesday, March second. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"You had no doctor on board?"

"No."

Janet Taggart was leaning forward, her face very pale, the knuckles of her hands white as they gripped the back of the seat in front of her.

(Continued on Page 111)

Four men were starting to clear No. 3 boat. They were scared, and Patch had to hit one man before they would leave the boat and go back to their duties.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . THIS IS THE TIRE WITH

Ends fear of blowouts!
Ends fear of punctures!
Ends fear of skids!
Gives longer, safer mileage than any other tire!

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire . . . the new Firestone Supreme. It gives you and your family protection never before provided in any tire at any price. It's the first and only tire with built-in peace of mind!

Blowout Safe! It's a tubeless tire. Its cord body is made of all nylon—stronger than steel, pound for pound. That's why the Firestone Supreme resists all causes of blowouts. But no tire is blowout-proof from a slash or cut in the sidewall. So leave nothing to chance, Firestone engineers ha built into the Supreme an emergency life protect

For should a blowout occur, an automatic safe valve closes in the life protector and retains of the air. This lets you ride out a blowout withc swerving—without danger. Lets you come safely a straight-line stop. This is built-in peace of mir

Puncture Safe! The new Firestone Supreme h

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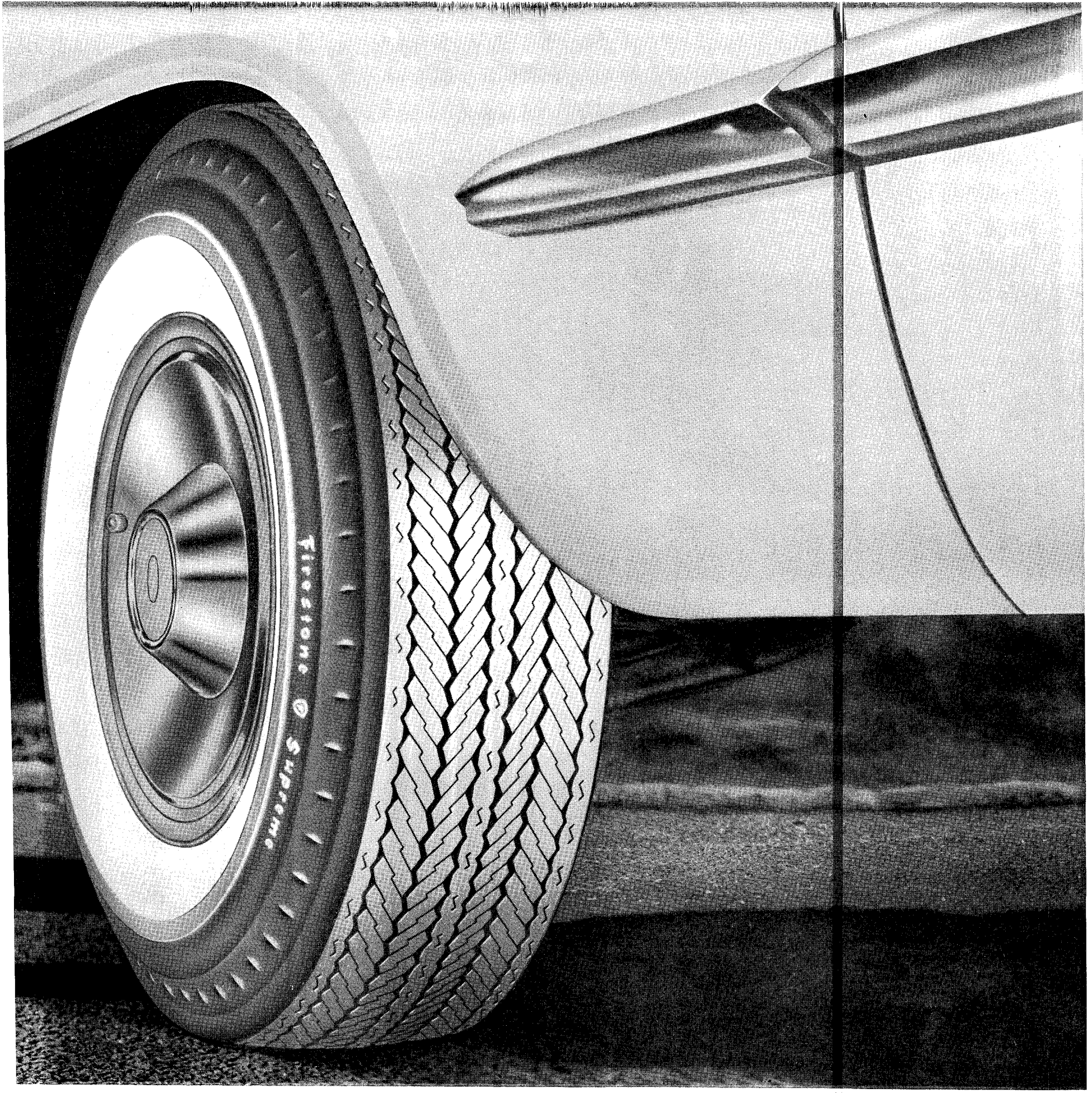

special gummy rubber sealant that seals any ncture the instant it occurs—makes it completely ncture-safe. No more delays, no more fear of anging tires on a busy highway. This is built-in ace of mind.

id Safe! Firestone's new exclusive tread design ıkes all others out-of-date. Wider and deeper, s efficient tread holds the road with a powerful p never before possible. It won't skid, swerve, or slide like ordinary tires. Takes danger out of driving on pavements wet with rain or snow. And this tread is *silent*—won't hum on the highway. Won't squeal on the sharpest corners. This is built-in peace of mind.

Thousands of extra miles! The rugged all-nylon cord body, plus thicker tread, gives you up to 25% more mileage—the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far. And it's made for beauty—as well as duty. With its white sidewalls—made to *stay* white—with curb scuff protection—and smart fashion-line styling, the new Firestone Supreme gives you the most luxurious tire on the road.

Have your car dealer put Supreme tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.

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Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree

What dessert tastes good as can be?

What's economical? Quick to prepare?

Jell-O, of course — and none can compare!

COPR. 1956, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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The Treasure of Tugboat Annie

(Continued from Page 41)

"And ye ain't talked wid him yet?"

"No. I told you I ——"

He stopped suddenly, visibly startled at the staccato and deafening, but routine, blast of a steamer's whistle as she threshed past the end of the slip. Annie regarded him sympathetically.

"Ye sure ain't used to ships an' things, are ye, Mr. Trot?" she commented. "Why don't ye just let me handle things fer ye till ——"

"Annie!" It was Fred again, on the office landing. "Alec just called back. He's worried about you and Bullwinkle; and he said that if there was any more arguing and fighting ——"

"Pish-tosh!" said Annie hastily. "Why, me an' dear Horatio was jest clownin', like we allus does."

"Bunk!" said Fred, grinning. "I heard you—remember? So better watch it! And what's wrong with your eye? What's it twitching for?"

"Nuts!" said Annie violently and turned back, scarlet, to find Mr. Steed regarding her with intense distrust.

"Friend of Bullwinkle, eh?" he commented frostily. "And Bullwinkle's gone to Alaska, has he? Maybe I'll stick around awhile and find out for myself."

"O.K., pal!" Annie yelled after him as he turned and marched indignantly away.

It's still a man's world, as long as he gets permission from his wife.

DAN BENNETT

"But time Bullwinkle gits through, there won't be enough left o' yer deal to fatten a slummin'-bird!"

For a moment more she watched him go; then, as she was about to board the Narcissus, she saw Peter the mate gazing phlegmatically down at her from the upper deck. He jerked a huge, calloused thumb after Mr. Steed's stiffly retreating back.

"Quite a character," he commented.

"Sure is," said Annie. "An' I got a feelin' he ain't sich a bad little cuss. But gettin' mixed up in a business deal wid Bullwinkle—Peter, that ain't good!"

"What you're really thinkin', Annie," said Peter calmly, "is how ya can cut in on it."

"Yeah," Annie admitted. "Ye're right. But where do I start? I don't know what it is. I don't even know what kinda business that little lump o' starch is reely in."

"Easy to find out," said Peter. "Ya know his name and where he's from. Why not go on uptown to the Cascade Hotel and look him up in the Kansas City phone book? The business directory, I mean."

"Sa-ay, that's a notion!" Annie exclaimed. "Look—if we git a work call tell Fred to have one o' the other rigs take it!" And cramming her old felt hat over her blowzy hair, she set off at a heavy half trot along the wharf.

Twenty minutes later she was perusing the yellow pages of a Kansas City business telephone directory. And presently she found what she sought, in the form of a prominent advertisement with an illustration depicting a large magnetic crane poised over a heap of heavy-industry scrap. The accompanying text read:

SCRAP METALS
Highest Prices Paid
for
Ferrous & Non-Ferrous Metals

SCRAP IRON STEEL BRASS
LEAD ALUMINUM ZINC AND
ZINC ALLOYS COPPER

STEED IRON & METAL CO.
"A Bushel or a Carload"
Wyandotte & Water Sts.

"Steed! Scrap metals! Yeah—that must be him, all right," Annie muttered to herself. "But if he was after industrial scrap he'd know where to find it widout no help from Bullwinkle. So it must be somethin' to do wid ships or the water front. Now lemme see."

Deeply she pondered, selecting, then rejecting. Heavy chain cable? No. There was plenty of that, easily found in the marine-salvage yards. A wrecked steel barge or steamer? Again, no. Annie knew accurately the location of every wreck for years past, up and down the coast; and all that could be reached had been stripped and converted by professional marine salvagers including her own company.

But wait a minute! Steed had mentioned something about war-surplus items, and if it was on or around the water, that meant the Navy. Again, however, baffled, Annie shook her mastiff head. With Navy Surplus, Steed had only to visit the local headquarters and the war-surplus officer would hand him his list. No trick to that! No Bullwinkle needed there unless—and a vague memory stirred in Annie's brain—it was something so far back and forgotten that it would not be included in the current inventories.

Suddenly, obeying an obscure impulse, Annie was out on the street again and waddling energetically toward Navy Headquarters and the office of Captain Foss, an old friend. And to him she quickly outlined her problem. But he also was nonplused.

"I don't know, Annie," he admitted after intensive thought. "I just can't figure what would be so valuable ——"

"What about the old Naval Supply Depot on Brigantine P'int, Henry?" she asked eagerly. "There was a lot o' stuff piled up there, durin' an' after the war!"

He shook his head. "Afraid not," he told her. "When the depot was deactivated everything there was sold or junked long ago."

"But wouldn't ye have a list o' what surpluses there was, afore it was closed?"

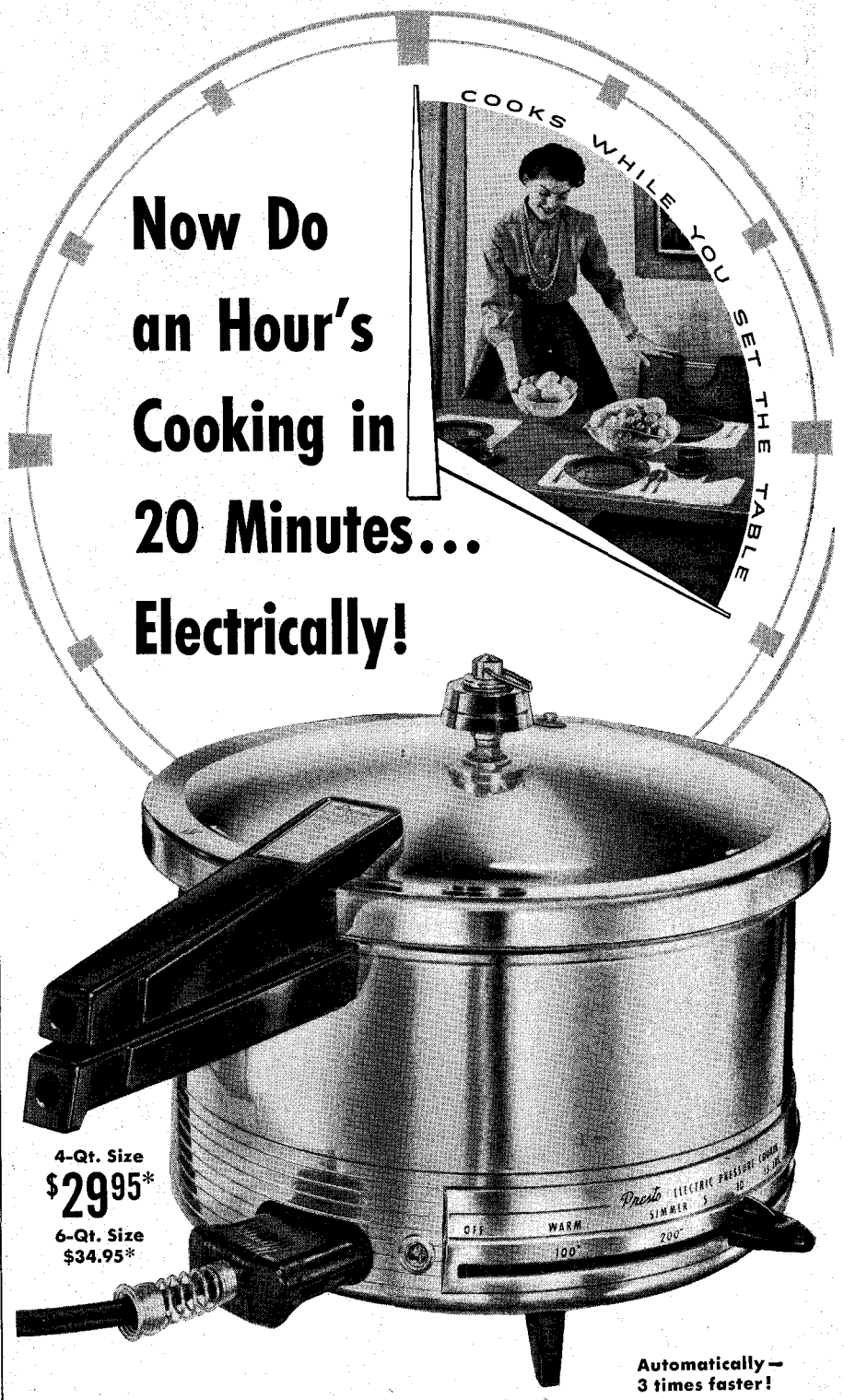
"H'm-m-m. Possibly so!"

He spoke briefly into his intercom, and in a few minutes a chief yeoman appeared with a scuffed and dusty inventory ledger. The entries were listed alphabetically and Annie ran quickly down the columns. But when she had finished she seemed as far away from a solution as ever. The only faint vestige of a clue was under the A's; and this only because of Steed's utter ignorance of anything pertaining to ships and the sea.

Again upon impulse Annie showed it to Foss; but, as she expected, he instantly rejected it. "You're wasting your time," he said. "What possible use could they be?"

"Yeah—guess ye're right," she admitted slowly. "Still—what did happen to 'em? Was they ditched, or sold, or what?"

Again he used the intercom; and after a short wait the chief yeoman reappeared, this time with a small wooden box of



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indexed cards. Quickly Foss riffled through them, selected one, scanned it and handed it to her.

"There you are, Annie! They were all dumped up on Ghost Island, back in 1947! You know the place?"

"Yeah," said Annie with vast disgust. "That private salvage ground what's owned by old Sven Larsen. It's no better'n a refuge heap. Ye should ha' put a rheumatic bomb under it long ago. Well," she concluded resignedly, "I guess that's ——"

The snapping of the intercom interrupted her. Foss listened, then turned to her. "Sorry, Annie," he said. "It's a staff meeting. I've got to go. But take your time. Be seeing you."

"Thanks, Henry. An' look—I know this sounds silly, but could all this be jest atween us? I mean if anybody else comes snoopin' ——"

"Confidential, you mean? That?" His gaze swept ledger and file. "It's really supposed to be available to the public. But ——" he smiled—"I do have to go, and leave you here. So—er ——"

"Thanks, pal!" said Annie with an understanding grin. "I dunno what good it'll do, but I ain't leavin' no new leaf unturned in this deal!"

The door closed behind him; and, shortly after, Annie followed. And as she went out the front door of the building she came into violent collision with Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle, who was in obvious haste to get in. He rebounded from the solid impact; then, as he recognized her, his rough-hewn features turned a quick, mottled purple with anxiety and chagrin, while Annie, quickly realizing the import of his presence, tensed within.

"What you doin' here, Fatso?" he demanded roughly.

"Oh—uh"—Annie thought fast, then tried a random shot—"I was buyin' a coupla battleships, figgerin' I could mebbe sell 'em to Mr. Pony fer scrap."

He stared, astounded. Then, agitation getting the better of him, he jerked his head toward the entrance. "What'd you find out in there?" he asked quickly.

Sure, now, that she was on the right trail, Annie grinned. "That," she said mysteriously, "remains to be saw."

"Well, lemme tell ya this!" Mr. Bullwinkle countered furiously. "That anchor deal wi' Steed is mine! So you lay off it, you hear?"

Annie looked straight at him. "So it is anchors, huh?" she said quietly. "Well, thanks! An' now, me fine fettle, I'll bid ye a fond too-ra-loo!"

Despite her surface confidence, Annie was worried, for she did not yet know the score. Of one thing she now was certain, however. She was on the proper tack. Furthermore, Mr. Bullwinkle knew it; and no matter how fast she moved he would be right behind her. So she hastened down the hill to the water front, flung herself on board the Narcissus and fired orders to get immediately under way.

Shiftless the deckhand cast off; and Annie, still breathing hard, clumped heavily up the ladder to the bridge. "Let's go, Peter," she gasped as she reached the wheelhouse door, "afore Bullwinkle kin —— Oh-oh." She broke off, staring back along the dock. "Here he comes back in a taxi right now!"

Peter jingled the engine room for Full Ahead and the powerful tug surged away from the wharf with Annie still staring shoreward. Then she gave a sigh of relief, for a slow-moving freight train had intervened between taxi and dock. But a few seconds later the determined master of the Salamander crossed the boxcar couplings, and his powerful bandy legs propelled him at a mad gallop along the wharf, upon which, beside the waiting Salamander, stood the perplexed and agitated Mr. Steed.

Mr. Bullwinkle paused only to throw off his mooring lines; and when Mr. Steed attempted to follow him on board the Salamander he was repelled by a straight-arm shove; and with no one paying the least attention to the wildly gesticulating little man on the wharf the Salamander set off in fast pursuit of the fleeing Narcissus.

"What's the deal, Annie?" Peter asked as they headed across the sparkling harbor waters. "An' where we goin'?"

"Ghost Island," rasped Annie, with an anxious glance astern at the fast-moving Salamander. "An' he's gonna ride our tail till we git there, cuss him!"

"Why is he? He's a quarter knot faster, so he could pass us, easy, an' get there first."

"He dunno we're goin' there! He dunno where we're goin'! So he's gotta foller us!" And quickly she briefed him on what had happened, and showed him the inventory page and card she had swiped from the Navy files. "There's somethin' big cookin' in this deal, Peter," she said emphatically. "I kin smell it!"

"Does Bullwinkle know what it is?"

"Yeah. An' I don't. What's more, he's already plannin' a double-cross! That's why he left the queer feller back on the dock there to foller us. So we jest gotta give him the slip!"

"Calm down," said Peter. "We'll think of somethin'."

"Like what?" said Annie bitterly. "Playin' hide-an'-go-peek among the islands all day? Look, slow down an' change course, whiles I figger what we kin do."

At reduced speed the Narcissus cruised, up one channel, down another; now close to shore, again bucking the mid-sound tide rips; and relentless as a blood hound, a few hundred feet astern, the Salamander followed.

The sun dipped behind the Olympics, their great peaks black against the blood-red sky, while shadows crept up over the snow fields of the mainland Cascades; and still the slow pursuit went on.

A chill breeze blew up as night approached; and Annie, entering her cabin for a jacket, became aware of the oleaginous, hand-tinted likeness of her rascally and long-defunct husband, Terry, smirking down at her from his plush-and-gold oval frame.

"Go on, stare, ye drunken divil—Lord love ye!" she said morosely. "I can't dodge Bullwinkle; but you allus found a way to dodge me when ye wanted to sneak away fer some skulldullery or other. One phony excuse after the next"—suddenly she was grinning in fond recollection—"till ye got me so tangled up in yer lies that outta sheer —— Hey! Wait a minute! Why, you no-good old stew-bum, ye've gave me a idear!"

Within seconds she was in the wheelhouse. "Come about, Peter," she cried excitedly, "an' head for Hourglass Pass! It's near dark now, an' ——"

Peter stared. "Have you went crazy, Annie? We can't lose him in there, because even when it's dark he'll just put his spotlight on us!"

"Do what I tell ye! Oh, boy, will this curl Bullwinkle's soufflé fer him!"

She dashed out on deck again and Peter heard her yelling for the deckhands. "Shif'less! Hank! Break out that old hemp towin' hawser from the locker an' fake out about three hundred feet of it on the afterdeck! One of ye git an ax an' keep it handy. Then both o' ye stand by!"

Listening, Peter grinned, for her strategy now was plain.

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"We're goin' through Hourglass Pass," Annie went on. "When ye hear me give one whistle blast, throw that hawser out astern, an' at a second one, cut it adrift wid the ax, fast!"

When Annie appeared again in the wheelhouse the tug was approaching the entrance channel which narrowed to the pass.

"Bullwinkle will close up, case he loses us, when we git in there," she crowed, "an' when we disappear around that turn he'll really pour it on! Then watch!"

Past the channel-entrance markers the water moved in wide, swift whirlpools, like fast-moving molten green glass with, here and there, a violent tide rip as it broke over the submerged rocks that lined the shores. Then, suddenly, the Narcissus was in the pass with steep walls gliding smoothly by.

Then, just ahead, at its narrowest part, the channel curved sharply, and Annie glanced astern. "He's pickin' up speed now, sure enough!" she said jubilantly, and her big fist grasped the whistle lanyard. "Now, Peter! Hard over, quick!"

The Narcissus changed course in a tight half circle, and Annie pulled the whistle cord; and as its sharp, deafening blast echoed off the sheer walls she jumped on deck and stared aft in time to see the coils of heavy hawser slip swiftly overboard, whipping and coiling in the mad welter of the tug's wake.

Tensely she waited until the bow of the Salamander, its bow wave ghostly in the half-light, pushed around the turn behind them. Then a second ear-numbing whistle blast shook rocks and loose earth from the canyon walls, drowning the quick chop of Hank's ax, and the end of the hawser, now streaming astern in the Salamander's path, flicked over the low rail.

"Full ahead, Peter!" Annie ordered in the wheelhouse, and the big tug shook with the sudden acceleration of speed, while Annie again rushed out to see if her stratagem had worked.

For a tense few moments she was not sure, for the Salamander still rushed on. Then, as Annie watched, the pursuing tug lost way, her propeller inextricably caught and tangled in the deadly coils of the submerged hawser. Presently, her bows swinging crazily, she stopped altogether and drifted on the uneasy tide, while from her whistle valve came a frenzied, staccato tooting for assistance, that was like sweetest music to Annie's rugged ears.

She listened, charmed; then with a wide grin she went back to the wheelhouse. "Honky-donkey," she told Peter jubilantly. "The weather's holdin' good, so he won't come to no harm in there, 'cept he might run ashore an' knock a teentsy-weentsy hole in his hull—I hope!"

"Oh, brother!" chortled Peter. "Can ya picture that ugly puss o' his right now?"

"Yeah," said Annie with relish. "I kin. An' time he gits through pickin' that hawser outta his teeth we'll be through wid Ghost Island an' safe home again."

It was nearly dark, the afterglow only a faint pink wash across the sky, when Ghost Island appeared ahead—a flat, forlorn three hundred acres of sand and brush which served as dumping ground for all the mainland debris that could not be thrown into the sound or would cost too much to haul out to sea. Slowly the Narcissus came alongside the spindly wharf; and as Annie stepped ashore the owner, Sven Larsen, left his shanty to greet her—a skinny, goatlike character in faded, tattered denims, with a mop of hair that once was a gale-tossed flaxen, and a bulbous, red-veined nose.

"Hi, An-nie," he piped, and waved his clawlike hand toward the depressing expanse of rubbish from which he managed to salvage a precarious living. "Looking fer nice place to retire, ven yeu bury de enchor?"

"No, Sven. But mebbe ye kin gimme some inflammation."

"Sure." He held out a tin of snuff. "Haf some snoose?"

"Unh-unh." And while he tucked a pinch behind his lip and listened, Annie briefly explained her mission.

"Sure t'ing," said Sven, whom nothing could surprise. He indicated a ramshackle jalopy—one of his more valuable salvages. "Git in. Ay drife you ofer."

It was a bumpy few hundred yards over a scattered waste of indescribable trash; and then, topping a small rise, the brakeless car rolled to a stop and Sven pointed.

"Dat's dem?" he asked.

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Annie stared somberly out into the fast-growing darkness, over a grim desolation of unwanted junk; and scattered amid the expanse were hundreds of objects, all alike, and almost indistinguishable amid the surrounding litter of abandoned debris.

"That's them," said Annie dismally, her search over. "How many is there—seven hundred?"

Sven nodded. "Yust about. Dat's vat iss in de inwentory—und nobody's touched dem since dey vas dumped here eight years ago."

"How much ye want fer 'em?"

For once the old man was astonished. Then, significantly, he tapped his head. "Yeu got somet'ing wrong up here, An-nie?" he asked.

"I'll give ye a dollar apiece—seven hundred dollars—payable by a demand note on Alec Severn, me boss."

He stared at her, then clucked sympathetically, wagging his head. "Iss yeur funeral," he said. "Come back to cabin. Ay make yeu out bill uf sale."

It was nearly midnight, and the Narcissus had been back home for hours when Annie, restlessly pacing her cabin, heard the familiar chug-chug and, peering from her window, saw the Salamander make fast across the slip.

Forcing herself to sit quietly in a chair, Annie waited; and presently there came—as she knew they must—the heavy clumps of footsteps along the wharf, followed by an angry banging on her cabin door.

"Come in!" she said; and it opened to reveal the glowering, red-flushed face of Mr. Bullwinkle.

"Of all the dirty, lowdown tricks ——" he began; but Annie cut him short.

"Quit the dribble!" she said curtly. "If you'd ha' thunk of it, ye'd pin a medal right on the end o' yer big fat nose. What ye want?"

"Ya know damn well what I want!" he rasped; and skimming his cap onto her bunk he plopped wearily into a chair and stared at her with owlish distaste. But since she did not speak he was forced, at length, to bring up the issue. "Ya bought 'em, I s'pose?" he asked resentfully.

Annie nodded.

He waited, studying her big, impassive face. Then, abruptly: "How much do ya want?" he demanded.

"Thirty-seven hundred slappers."

Mr. Bullwinkle threw back his head and laughed; but his small, burning little shoebutton eyes did not share the mirth.

"Go ahead an' laugh, ye jackass," said Annie equably. "You'll pay it."

Mr. Bullwinkle got up. "Good night," he said.

"Good night."

Mr. Bullwinkle sat abruptly down again. "Now listen, ya old dugong ——"

"Thirty-seven hundred," said Annie tonelessly. "I'd gouge ye fer more, but since ye muscled Mr. Prance outta the deal that's prob'ly all ye're good fer."

"Listen!" he raged. "What if I don't? It was yer boss's money that bought them anchors, and it'll sure as hell cost ya your job if I don't ——"

"He come back from Bellingham tonight," Annie interrupted, "an' I telled him what I done. He's firin' me all right, 'less I come through. But you need the anchors more'n I need me job. So make out that check!"

In the silence they stared at each other, Mr. Bullwinkle's corded neck thickly suffused against his collar. "O.K., O.K.!" he conceded finally, burning. "But ——"

"I'll transfer the bill o' sale to ye. But ye'll hand me yer check fust."

Annie gave him a counter check to make out and sign; and when it was in her hand, and thoroughly scrutinized, she handed over to him Sven Larsen's bill of sale.

Barely glancing at it, swollen with triumph, Mr. Bullwinkle thrust it into his wallet and settled back to enjoy himself. "Ya know, Annie," he said, "I like you. Why? Because it's stupid people that folks like me gets rich on."

"Fer instants?" asked Annie mildly.

"Well, take them seven hundred old anchors what ya just sold me fer a lousy thirty-seven hundred bucks," said Mr. Bullwinkle with relish. "They was for wartime Victory ships. But after the war they was surplus—unwanted and forgotten. Still, there's always a market for heavy scrap metals; and—know what they weigh, each, Annie?"

"Vict'ry-ship ground tackle? Sure. Five ton each."

"Right! And seven hundred of 'em is thirty-five hundred tons! They cost you seven hundred dollars; me, thirty-seven hundred. Right? But Steed, because he has a buyer, was prepared to pay ten dollars a ton, or thirty-five thousand dollars, in order to sell 'em at the current market price o' twenty-six dollars a ton—ninety-one thousand dollars, that is!—leavin' him a clear profit, less shippin' expenses, of —— Are ya listenin', Annie?"

"I'm listenin'."

"—— of fifty-six thousand dollars! But I own 'em now, not Steed!" continued Mr. Bullwinkle, beside himself with triumph. "Having," he added delicately, "bought 'em from Sucker Annie for just over a dollar a ton."

"Yeah," said Annie impassively. "What about the little guy?"

"Steed? Oh, I'll cut him in on it, since he has the buyer. At a reasonable profit, o' course—if he pays the shippin' costs."

"S'pose he don't want no part of it now?" Annie asked.

"Don't be silly! It's that or nothing, so he'll jump at it!"

"It'll be quite a jump," she said mildly.

"Quite a jump?" Mr. Bullwinkle looked perplexed.

"Fairly long," said Annie. "Ye see, he's on the Sunrise Limited, on his way home to Kansas City."

"Wha-at?" Mr. Bullwinkle shot straight up from his chair.

"Yeah," said Annie regretfully. "Ye see, the pore little feller was still waitin' fer ye when I come back tonight. I felt reel sorry fer him, figgerin' how you—not knowin' no better yerself, yet!—was gonna try an' rook him, an' all. An' ——"

"What do ya mean—me not knowin' no better yet?"

"I'll come to that. Well, anyways, when I explained what a bad deal I'd saved him from, and showed him Sven's bill o' sale to prove it, he was so grateful he give me a check fer a thousand bucks an' took the Sunrise Limited home. But don't feel bad, Horatio," she added solicitously. "I don't think he's gonna miss ye much."

"B-bad deal? What did ya tell him?" asked Mr. Bullwinkle, his innards a knot of frozen apprehension.

"Nothin' much," disclaimed Annie nonchalantly. "Knowin' nothin' about salt chuck, he thought all anchors was the same. Was all ground tackle, what hooks in the bottom to keep a ship from driftin'. But when I telled him what sea anchors was—jest a fifty-foot hoop o' metal around a deep canvas cone, what they throws over the bow to keep a vessel's head to wind an' sea ——"

"'Sea' anchors?" Mr. Bullwinkle yelled, his glaring face a study in pallid green. "What they got to do wi' ——"

"It's on the bill o' sale ye paid me fer," said Annie mildly. "Didn't ye read it yet? 'Seven hundred sea anchors,' it says. An' ye should ha' saw 'em! Them ones back at Ghost Island. Tck-tck!" she continued, scandalized, while Mr. Bullwinkle frantically yanked out the bill of sale and even more frantically perused it. "The iron hoops was rusted to nothin', practically, an' the canvas was rotted till ye couldn't hardly see it no more. Why, Horatio"—and Annie's vast stomach rumbled with mirth—"what you jest paid me thirty-seven hundred slimoleons fer ain't wuth the cost o' hirin' a barge an' dumpin' 'em out at sea!"

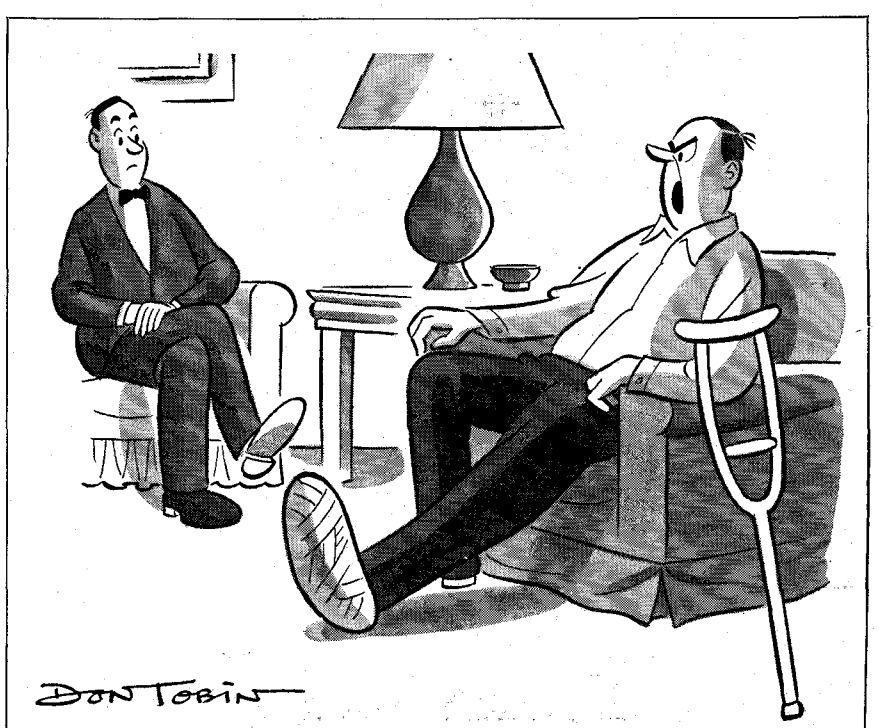
"Ya can't get away wi' this!" Mr. Bullwinkle stormed. "I'll stop my check! I'll ——"

"Try it!" said Annie promptly. "I got that fust, afore you had a chance to ketch on! So I got a check, you got a bill o' sale. Ye kin try that out fer size in any court! What?"—she picked up his cap from the bunk and forced it into his palsied hand—"Ye goin' already?" She flung open the door and thrust him out.

But on the deck, swept by the cold night wind, Mr. Bullwinkle paused, portentous, rage-shaken finger raised.

"Annie," he intoned furiously, "as sure as there's a God in heaven ——"

"Yeah, I know," said Annie quietly. "I'm talkin' to Him tonight. An' I'm sure gonna put in a extra word fer a nice little guy what didn't know a anchor from the hole in his head!" THE END



"Some good came of it—she's giving up bowling."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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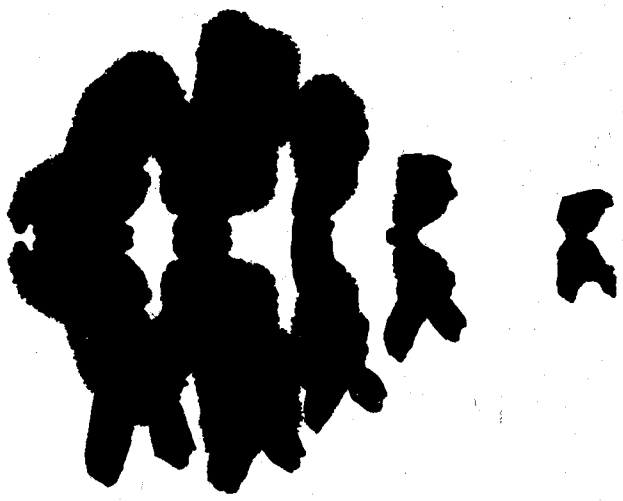
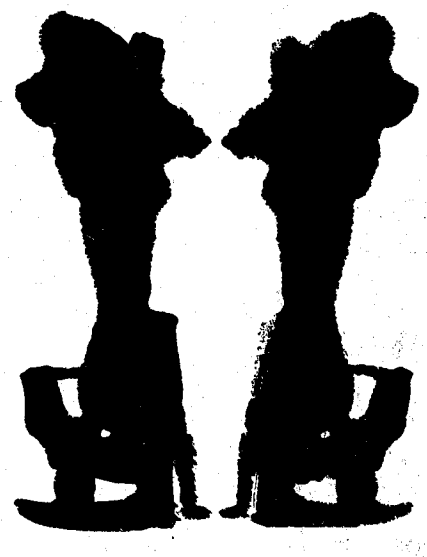
Have some fun with these "ink blot" tests

You've probably read a lot about "ink blot" tests. The idea is to see what each picture means to you. Just for fun we've made up four of them. Why not look them over and see if they mean the same things to you that they mean to us?



This is a family of four, plus dog, sitting on the curb. Away on a trip, they've just driven sixty miles out of their way to surprise some out-of-town friends. Nobody home. Next time they'll telephone ahead. But right now things look pretty black.



Here are two grandparents, talking about their son Bill and their grandchildren... and wishing they didn't live quite so far away. The picture will get brighter soon. Grandmother's about to suggest they telephone the children. Good idea. And it costs so little.

This young fellow is away on a business trip. That's his suitcase on the right. He's been away for two days and hasn't called home yet. This afternoon he bought presents to give his wife and two daughters when he gets home. That's nice. But right now they'd just like to hear his voice by telephone.

This young lady with the new hair-do is very, very happy. Her best beau, who has a new job in a distant city, has just called to tell her that he'll see her on Friday. Isn't it wonderful what a world of difference a telephone call can make? Isn't there someone out of town you'd like to talk to—right now?

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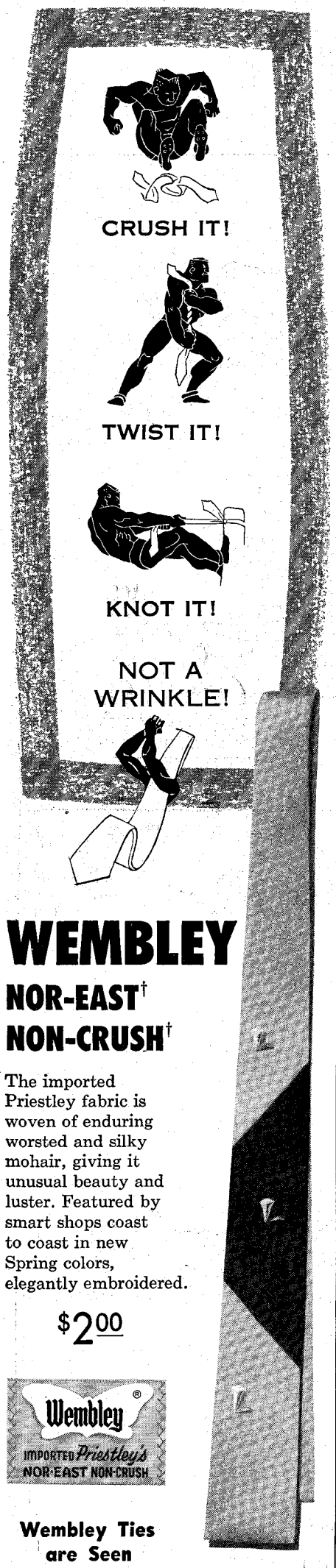

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Trouble at Coley Falls (Continued from Page 29)

something about the man's heavy jaw and pale blue stare that awoke a chord of memory in Steve—he had it then. Matt Gould, of course. Matt had been a rookie cop when Steve had left Coley Falls for the Army thirteen years ago. The shield said that Matt was chief now; the tricky eyes said that he was still what he used to be—a mean, vengeful man.

"What's the trouble here, Matt?" Steve asked curtly, and saw a trace of surprise cross the other's face for a moment. Then that passed and Steve knew that the recognition was mutual.

"So you've come back," Gould grunted in a heavy, sarcastic voice. "Nobody told me that a guy named Stevenson was headin' this junket, but I guess I hadn't ought to be surprised none. Bad pennies always turn up, huh?"

That needled Steve a little, but he let it go. He'd already decided that he'd play this cagey and wait to see how the land actually lay before he committed himself too much.

"I'm Captain Stevenson, U. S. Army," he said evenly, but he raised his voice a little to make a record with the three cops behind Gould—they were strangers to him. "I'm commanding Battery D, Umpteenth AAA Guided Missile Battalion, moving under competent orders to occupy the Nike site the other side of Coley Falls. That ought to be enough to answer any questions any of you have got."

Matt Gould grinned mirthlessly and with a meaty hand caressed the gun belt that he wore—even when he'd been a rookie cop the man had affected that showy gun in a Western-type holster, Steve remembered. Matt had taken on weight now so that the gun belt sagged beneath the slight bulge of his belly.

"I ain't interested in any answers you got, Stevenson," Gould said heavily. "All I'm interested in is seein' that you don't take them trucks through Coley Falls."

"Just why don't I take those trucks through the Falls, Matt?" Steve asked, his voice going flat.

Gould's face began to get red and Steve knew that the man was working himself into a rage—as he had done in the police station on that night thirteen years ago. Then one of the other officers said something in a low voice that Steve didn't catch, and Gould controlled himself again with an effort.

"I don't know why I should give a reason," he snapped angrily. "But here it is. That stuff back there is too heavy for our streets, so we don't want it there. Understand?"

Steve's mouth flattened out. "Think up a better reason, Matt," he said tightly. "You've got heavier stuff rolling through every hour of the twenty-four. We're on a U. S. highway and our vehicles are all below maximum-load limits. So get your cars out of the way. We're going through."

The red deepened in Gould's face. "So the Army thinks it can run things in Coley Falls, does it?" he asked nastily. "You're going to find out different, Stevenson. Take the dirt road."

Steve shook his head and his mouth got hard. This was a planned showdown, he knew; knew, too, that if Matt Gould got away with this, it would only make things worse in the future.

"You forget that I grew up around here, Matt," he said in an even voice. "I know that road. I don't intend to take a million dollars' worth of expensive equipment over it when I've got a paved highway to use. Now get your cars out of my way or I'll run right over the top of them."

A red convertible, its top down, had come from the direction of the Falls and had stopped on the shoulder beyond the roadblock, Steve noted. A man in a sport shirt sat at the wheel and the dark, arrogant stamp of his features named him—Stanton Coley, old Dan Coley's grandson. A girl sat beside him with a scarf bound around her dark hair. Both watched as Steve moved his attention swiftly back to Matt Gould standing close in front of him.

The man's temper was riding him hard now, and Steve wondered if Matt would be so much of a fool as to pull his gun. He didn't miss the worried look which flashed across the face of one of the other officers behind Matt, and the man's words carried now, "Take it easy, Matt. There's ways to handle this."

Gould turned his head angrily, but his hand dropped away from his gun. "You don't need to tell me how to handle this bum," he said hoarsely. "I already know."

"No," Steve told him almost gently now. "Maybe you knew how to handle me once, Matt, but you don't know how now. Either you get those cars out of my way or I'll tip them into the ditch."

●

By the time most of us realize that money isn't everything, we're broke.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

●

"You're under arrest, damn you!" Gould said violently. "For resisting an officer! . . . Andy, put the cuffs on him!"

Steve moved closer to Matt Gould.

"Under arrest for taking an Army convoy over a public road under competent orders? Don't make me laugh, Matt! And I'll tell you something else. If you want more trouble than you're ever likely to be able to digest, you just keep on standing there, brother."

Out of the corners of his eyes Steve saw Stanton Coley stir behind the wheel of the convertible then. "Matt!" Coley said and, when Gould turned reluctantly to look, Coley shook his head in an almost imperceptible gesture.

So old Dan Coley was behind this, all right, Steve thought. He'd sent Matt Gould out here to try this bluff, but Dan wasn't going to back his hand up—not today. Well, old Dan and Stan Coley and that girl with the scarf and Matt Gould and all the rest could try some other day if they wanted to. But it'd do them little good. Maybe, in their minds, they had chased Luke Stevenson out of Coley Falls once; they wouldn't do it a second time.

He turned away and swung his arm in a signal to the drivers. Herbie Rawls straightened in the jeep and Steve waved him up to stop behind him; thrust an arm up, swung it down to command "forward," and stood watching as the big vehicles crawled out onto the concrete again.

Then he turned back to Matt Gould, but the police cars were already moving—heading back toward Coley Falls. The red convertible was alone there on the shoulder, Stan Coley leaning brown arms across the wheel and the girl motionless beside him as the two of them watched. For a moment Steve was tempted to go over there—give them a message for old Dan Coley saying that his bluff had been called. Then he thought better of that and stood impassive as he watched the column roll by, gathering speed as it went.

First Lieutenant Ramspeck's pale, triangular face stared discontentedly straight ahead, ignoring Steve, as he passed in the cab of the leading truck. He was going to have to do a little missionary work on Hal, Steve thought as the truck went by. Ramspeck was the battery exec and had been in command of D at Weston before the "package" of officers and technicians, who had trained separately at Fort Bliss, had arrived and Steve had taken over. Hal had resented that, and showed no pains to conceal the fact.

Much the same went for 1st Sgt. Mike Desbrow, Steve knew, as the latter rode by in one of the following vehicles. Desbrow wasn't one of the package either, and he was a queer duck who'd bear watching. Steve already knew that Desbrow played favorites in the outfit—a thing he wouldn't have—and he suspected that the first sergeant was running a racket of some sort on the side.

He caught a glimpse of Sgt. Jeff Quigley's red, hatchet-sharp face as the last of the radar vans went by. Jeff was grinning, as though he'd seen something hugely funny in Matt Gould's attempted roadblock, and he lifted a hand to make an "O" with a thumb and forefinger at Steve as he passed. Jeff had been in Steve's outfit during those bad days in Korea; had been with Steve, too, in Camp Three up near the Yalu. A good man to have around.

The last truck passed and Steve slid into the jeep's front seat and said sharply to Herbie, "Get back to the head of the column, son. The show's over."

In the instant before Herbie got the jeep rolling, Steve was aware that the girl in the convertible was watching him with a thoughtful frown, and he gave her his full attention for a moment. She was prettier than he had thought at first—a prettiness with a force of character behind it—and he wondered who she was, because none of his memories of Coley Falls seemed to fit her. She saw his look and her frown deepened as Steve lifted his hand in an impersonal salute as the jeep went by.

Herbie jammed his foot down on the throttle, speeding to get back to the head of the column. "You suppose everybody in this town's like that cop, sir?" he asked above the rush of the wind.

"Not everybody," Steve told him absently. "Just a few. It's a hard town to get to know, Herbie."

"You been here before, sir?"

"Yes," Steve answered. "I've been here before."

Lived in Coley Falls and hated it for six years, Steve reflected as they swung in to form the van of the convoy again. He'd come here when an automobile accident had orphaned him at twelve. Escaped when the Army had given him his chance just after he'd turned eighteen. That was back in 1943—seemed like a long time ago now.

Well, he couldn't gripe. The Army had treated him all right. He'd got his first stripes two weeks before his outfit had hit the beaches of Normandy; then, after they'd crossed the Rhine, the Army had replaced his stripes with the gold bars of a battlefield commission. Later he'd taken the wound which had bought him a Purple Heart, plus the Silver Star as well, and the war had ended while he was still in hospital. College under the GI Bill after that, and then back to the Army and the bleak hills of Korea and the heartbreak road which had led finally to the prison camps beneath the Yalu.

It was in Korea that he had got to know Bill Diamond—Lieutenant Colonel Diamond now, commanding the Umpteenth AAA Guided Missile Battalion—and Bill (Continued on Page 69)

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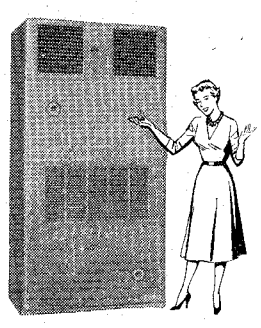

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(*Continued from page 66*) Diamond was the one who had completed the circle which brought Luke Stevenson back here to Coley Falls after thirteen years. Not an assignment that he had wanted, but you didn't pick your assignments in the Army. They picked you.

Bill Diamond had said that to him a week ago, just after Steve had reported in as a part of the package from Bliss. "You used to live in Coley Falls when you were a kid, didn't you, Steve?" Bill had asked abruptly as they sat over a drink on the porch of the colonel's quarters.

"For six years. Why?"

"What kind of a town is it?"

"The same as any other, I guess," Steve had answered. "I didn't like it very much, but maybe that wasn't all the town's fault."

"How do you mean?"

Steve had shrugged and taken a pull at his drink. "I went there when I was twelve to live with an uncle after my folks had been killed. Any town can be hard on a strange kid and the Falls is more clannish than most. My uncle and I didn't get along very well and that made things worse. I suppose I blamed that on the town too. Anyway, I took off when I was eighteen and was glad to go. Coley Falls had nothing that I wanted."

No need to tell Bill, Steve had reflected wryly, about what had happened that night just before he'd enlisted. He'd been going with a girl that Matt Gould had wanted, but couldn't get, and that night Matt and a couple of his pals had arrested him on a trumped-up charge of assault and had taken him to the police station and worked him over. That hadn't been his reason for leaving Coley Falls, but it had given him his final distasteful memories of the place.

He guessed that Bill Diamond sensed something of that, though, because Bill had set his glass carefully down and had scowled out into the August sunshine for a moment without speaking.

"I've given you a nasty job, Steve," Bill had said finally. "It's a job that somebody has to handle and you're elected. It's just unlucky that I saw you work in Korea, I guess."

"You make it sound rough," Steve had murmured, not much concerned then. "Spell it out, Bill."

"In Korea," Diamond answered thoughtfully, "you could shoot the people who didn't like you and who took pot shots at you out of the bushes. You're going to get sniped at here, and you're going to have to turn the other cheek instead. I'm talking about Coley Falls."

"It's something a man can learn, I guess," Steve had said dryly. "I haven't had a lot of practice so far. I've heard the rumors. What really gives with the town, Bill? I've gathered that they don't like us. Don't want us there."

"I've got a file of newspaper clippings that'll spell out the thing you're going up against," Diamond said. "Does your uncle still live there?"

Steve shook his head. "He died while I was in Korea."

"Too bad. He might have helped soften up the town for you, Steve. You could use that."

Steve had laughed shortly. "My uncle? He'd have been leading the wolf pack. What's really back of the opposition to us occupying the Nike site there, Bill?"

"A part of it lies on our own doorstep, I guess," Diamond said. "The only site where we could get the unobstructed radar sweep we've got to have lies on land that belonged to the Coley people; it's a part of old Dan Coley's estate east of town. Old Dan didn't want to give up the acreage we had to have."

"So we took it anyway?"

"It adds up to that. When our real-estate people tried to persuade him to sell, he kicked them out. That was over a year ago. Old Dan is a pretty crusty character, it seems. After that we put through condemnation proceedings and took the land anyway. Dan Coley didn't like it, and so he declared war. And war it is right now."

"The Coleys aren't accustomed to losing," Steve had said thoughtfully. "Still, I wouldn't think that old Dan's spleen would be enough to turn the whole town against us. The Coleys have always thought that they owned the Falls, but there are a lot of other good people there besides the Coley clan."

"There are other things that haven't helped," Diamond had admitted. "You can charge a part of the bad feeling to the fact that when all of this started, the Nike project was a lot more hush-hush than it is now. You can guess what happened when people there demanded to be told just why we had to have that particular land."

Steve had grinned sardonically. "You told them that that was top secret," he grunted. "And that they weren't permitted to know. I'll bet they loved that like a dose of castor oil."

"Worse," Diamond said ruefully. "It was about then that the newspaper took it up—the Gazette. Dan Coley owns it, I understand. Well, he imported a new editor. A guy named Mitchum who writes like his pen was dipped in rattlesnake poison. For the last six months Mitchum's been playing up all the angles."

"Such as?"

"Such as that Coley Falls is a decent, respectable town about to be put at the mercy of a horde of licentious soldiery. You know the line. No good woman will be safe. Coley Falls youth will be corrupted. A pretty stale bunch of tripe, but you'd be surprised how people lap it up. Then the story came out that the Nikes could be fitted with atomic warheads, and that gave Brother Mitchum some new ammunition. Coley Falls would be in imminent danger of being blown right off the map if it permitted the Army to store atomic bombs in its back yard."

"Anybody seriously believe that rot?"

Diamond had shrugged again. "If you repeat anything long enough and loud enough some people will start to believe it."

"So we go down there and sit on the powder keg," Steve had murmured, finishing his drink. He grinned wryly. "You always were a bighearted louse, Bill. A green battery and a town that hates our guts. Got anything else in the way of trouble to toss in?"

"I hear there's a hurricane down in the Caribbean somewhere," Diamond said cheerfully. "Maybe I could get that for you. Seriously, Steve, you're going back to Coley Falls because I figure you're the only officer I've got who can handle the job. You can have that if it's any consolation to you."

"It's lucky I console easy," Steve had grunted. "O.K., Bill. How soon are we cleared to move out?"

"By Monday, I think. Better take the battery down in convoy." Diamond had stopped and scowled thoughtfully out into the sunshine for a moment before he added, "I'll back you up all I can from this end, but you'd better know. Your neck is way out from the start, Steve, and there's not much I can do about it."

Well, Steve was thinking as Herbie Rawls took the jeep back to the head of the column, it looked as though he'd put his neck all the way out now, because old Dan Coley wasn't going to take his momentary defeat lying down. Well, the hell with it. He meant to chop and the chips could damned well fall where they would.

The highway came to the edge of town and became River Street, and suddenly everything seemed as familiar to Steve as though he'd never been away. This was Milltown down here, as differentiated from The Hill across the river, where the Coleys and the McIntyres and the Duprees had their big homes. Those who worked the mills lived in Milltown and the business section of the town was here; it had been in Milltown that Steve had spent his six years.

Little knots of people were gathered on street corners here and there, watching as the column passed, for word of what had happened west of town had preceded the battery. The stares were curious, but Steve could sense the latent hostility which lay behind them. That hostility was passive now, but he knew that the next few days could be explosive if he allowed

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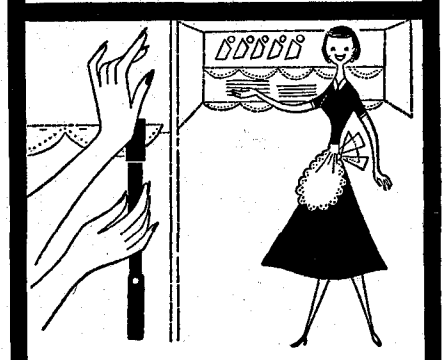

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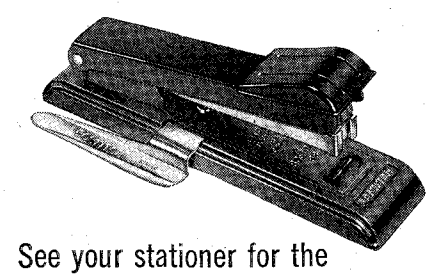

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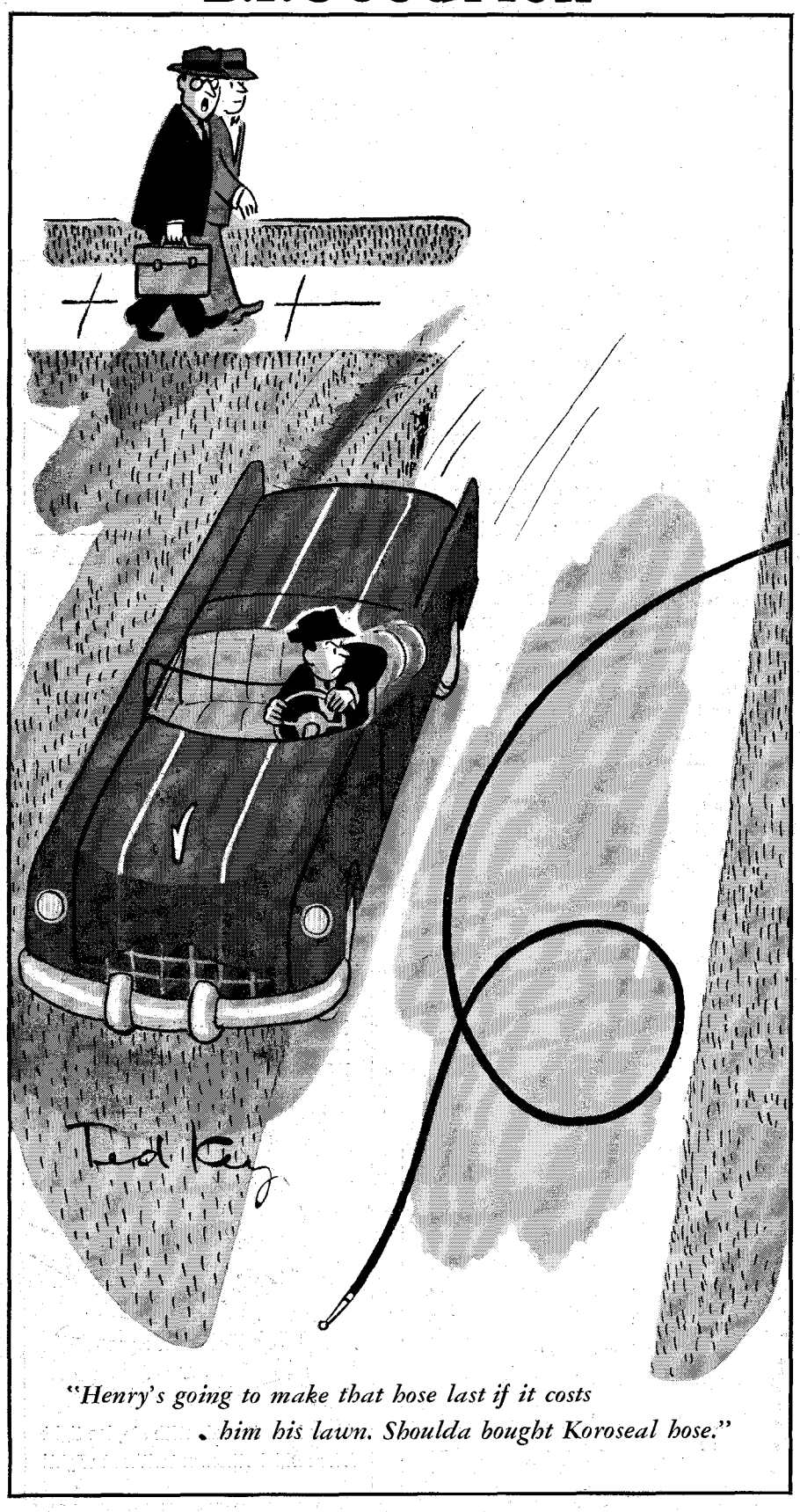

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GARDEN HOSE

that. He didn't mean to. Battery D would keep to its own premises—the Nike site—until Coley Falls had become a little accustomed to its new neighbors.

The dingy and ancient red brickwork of the mills hemmed River Street in as they neared the farther exit of the town. Here the Coleyran started its run for the Gap, partially checked by the dam and the powerhouse with its spillway. The spillway gates were closed, Steve noted idly as the jeep went by; the thin flow, which was all that the summer heat had left of the Coleyran, was diverted through the powerhouse penstocks. . . .

Back in the cab of one of the trucks, 1st Sgt. Mike Desbrow rode stolidly, paying no attention to the town. He was thinking of Capt. Luke Stevenson, and he didn't much like what his thoughts added up to. Lieutenant Ramspeck had been in command of D Battery until the captain had come from Bliss last week, and Mike Desbrow considered Lieutenant Ramspeck to be a reasonable man—he kept to the officers' side of the street and didn't encroach on Mike Desbrow's side. Desbrow's hunch told him that this new captain wasn't going to do that, and he didn't like it.

"Wonder if they got any good-looking dames in this burg?" Joe Shanks, the driver, asked. "I ain't seen any yet."

Desbrow said heavily, "Never mind the dames. Just attend to your driving," but Joe's question reminded him of something else, so that he added heavily after a moment, "Day after tomorrow's payday. I'll be lookin' for that twenty-five that you owe me as soon as you get away from the pay table."

"You and your Shylock loans," Shanks grunted, suddenly irritated. "What'd you do if I just told you to go jump in the creek after your twenty-five bucks?"

"Plenty," Desbrow grunted, and lapsed into morose silence.

That was one of the things that he had a hunch the new captain wasn't going to be reasonable about. Hang it, if a man saved his money—didn't throw it around on women and liquor and poker games—he had a right to put it out at a little interest, he was thinking sourly. Just as it was O.K. to do a man a little favor—like moving his name back on the duty roster or being a little liberal with passes—when a man did a favor back. No reasonable man could see harm in that.

Farther back in the column, Sgt. Jeff Quigley rode in the cab with Pvt. Alfred Hoskins. Nice-looking burg, Jeff was thinking as they rolled along River Street. Too bad that the town was so burned about D Battery coming, but they'd get over it in time. Everybody got over everything in time.

Private Hoskins was thinking about what had happened at the roadblock. "That Captain Stevenson looks to me like a tough cooky," he said thoughtfully. "Wouldn't you say so, sergeant?"

Jeff Quigley grunted and gave Private Hoskins a sardonic glance. "Sonny," he said, "I once seen Luke Stevenson back a Chink interrogator by the name of Soong into a corner and damn near kill him. The Chinks chucked Steve into the Hole for six months for that." He fell silent for a moment, brooding on the things that he had seen in those camps up by the Yalu. Then he added shortly, "Yeah, I would say that the captain was a tough cooky." . . .

The tail of the column pulled clear of the edge of the town and Steve felt his spirits rise a little as they climbed back to the high ground. The country opened up here, with the river bearing away to the south, and, as the jeep topped a little rise, he saw the Nike installation ahead.

Wire enclosed the sites, each a few acres in extent and dotted with low buildings bright in new paint. The nearer of the sites was the control area, and here was the heart of the battery—offices, barracks, recreation building, mess hall. On the flank were the concrete platforms where the radar antennas would be mounted and the footings for the instrument vans.

Some two miles farther away, across the gently rolling land, more wire enclosed the launching area—the spot from which the Nikes would take off on their lethal missions, should the necessity for that ever come. Men would maintain their watch around the clock there, because you were allowed only one try when the signal for "Condition Red" flashed onto the boards. That was gospel. If hostile planes ever started their run-in with the seeds of thermonuclear destruction carried in their bellies, there must be no failure here.

That defined his task from now on, Steve was thinking as he rode. He must make D Battery into a precise, sure instrument which would not fail. And if Coley Falls meant to make that task harder, it was just too bad. Somebody would get hurt before it was over because the job was one that had to be done.

> Often, the chief trouble with children is that parents have short memories.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

The battery would be fully operational by tonight, Steve knew as he drove the jeep from the launcher site the next afternoon. They'd worked through most of the night, started again at daybreak this morning, and now there remained only loose ends to catch up here and there. Tonight they'd settle into their regular routine, and he'd already asked battalion to give them a practice alert for a final check. He remembered that tomorrow was payday; decided that the mess fund ought to be able to finance a few kegs of beer to christen their new home. That would be better than turning men loose in Coley Falls with money unspent in their pockets. He'd speak to Hal Ramspeck about that.

Ordered activity still went on in the control area, he saw as he neared the gate. The radar antennas were mounted on their concrete stands, with the acquisition unit—the antenna of the search radar which would pick up anything out there in the blue and pass it on to the tracking unit—already turning in its tireless scanning of the sky. The sight of that increased Steve's satisfaction as he drove through the gate. This was the work that he knew and liked best; to labor with soldiers and guns—even if now the guns were those sleek, finned missiles in their underground stowage behind him.

He stopped the jeep in the shade by the orderly room and went in, scowling a little at the disorder there. Delong, the battery clerk, was reading a comic book at the first sergeant's desk, and oblivious of what went on around him. Records and files were still piled about in disorder, and Steve's eyes narrowed. This was Hal Ramspeck's bailiwick, and that of 1st Sgt. Mike Desbrow, but it was apparent that neither had been working at it.

"Figure you've done enough for one day, Delong?" Steve asked gently, and the battery clerk's face was startled as he looked up.

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"I don't know what the captain means," Delong said then, and got reluctantly to his feet and glanced at an alarm clock perched on top of a filing cabinet. "It's after four o'clock, sir. We always used to knock off at four when we were at Weston."

"Beginning now, Delong, we knock off after there's nothing else that needs to be done," Steve told him, still gently. "Would you say that nothing more needs to be done in here?"

No point in climbing all over this soldier—the fault lay with Ramspeck and Desbrow. That didn't work. Delong mistook the soft tone for indecision on Steve's part, and the sulky look deepened in his face as he lounged by the desk.

"Sir, the lieutenant said there wasn't no hurry ——"

"Stand up, soldier," Steve said, and now his voice jabbed Delong into a startled attention. "Where's Sergeant Desbrow?"

Delong shrugged. "I don't know, sir. I think he went to town. Him and Lieutenant Ramspeck."

An angry attention came into Steve's eyes. This morning he'd issued orders that no one would go into Coley Falls without his specific permission. Now it looked as though two key people in the outfit had already disobeyed those orders.

"You know what a battery clerk's duties are, do you, Delong?" he asked curtly.

Delong avoided Steve's eyes. "Yes, sir," he mumbled.

"Then get rid of that comic book and get this pigsty into some sort of shape! I'll inspect it after supper, and God help you if I find so much as a pencil out of place! When Lieutenant Ramspeck and the first sergeant come back, tell them to report to me immediately. Have you got that?"

Steve wheeled and went out again, not waiting for his answer and feeling Delong's resentful stare following him. He'd been away from troops too much since he'd come back from Korea, he thought dourly. He'd heard the stories of the slackness that had crept into peacetime soldiering, but hadn't paid much attention. Now it looked as if the stories hadn't been exaggerated. Well, D Battery was going to soldier or else; those who had to have the kid-glove treatment could damned well find another home. Or, he added wryly to himself as he crossed the gravel to the mess hall, Capt. Luke Stevenson could find another home. That he didn't intend to do.

The mess hall showed the same disorder that had marked the orderly room. Supplies and mess equipment were scattered about; chairs were piled on dirty tables. The same leisurely "take it easy, boys" attitude here, Steve noted, and his eyes got hard. This morning the battery had eaten a hasty breakfast out of mess kits; it had had sandwiches at noon. That possibly could be excused because there were more important tasks to be done, but he had told Ramspeck to see that there was a hot meal for supper, and he saw no signs of its preparation now as Caldara, the mess sergeant, came to meet him.

"We're getting shook down pretty good," the latter said cautiously. "In a couple of more days, we'll have this place really in shape, sir."

"What are you serving for supper, Caldara?" Steve asked curtly, ignoring the mess sergeant's optimistic prediction. "If you've got something cooking, I can't smell it."

The mess sergeant's beefy face looked suddenly cautious. "The cooks are making up corned-beef sandwiches, sir," Caldara answered, trying to make his voice hearty. "You see, we been pretty busy, so I asked Desbrow and he said ——"

"Sergeant," Steve asked softly, "did you serve in Korea?"

The mess sergeant shook his head. "No, sir. I ——"

"Overseas in World War Two?"

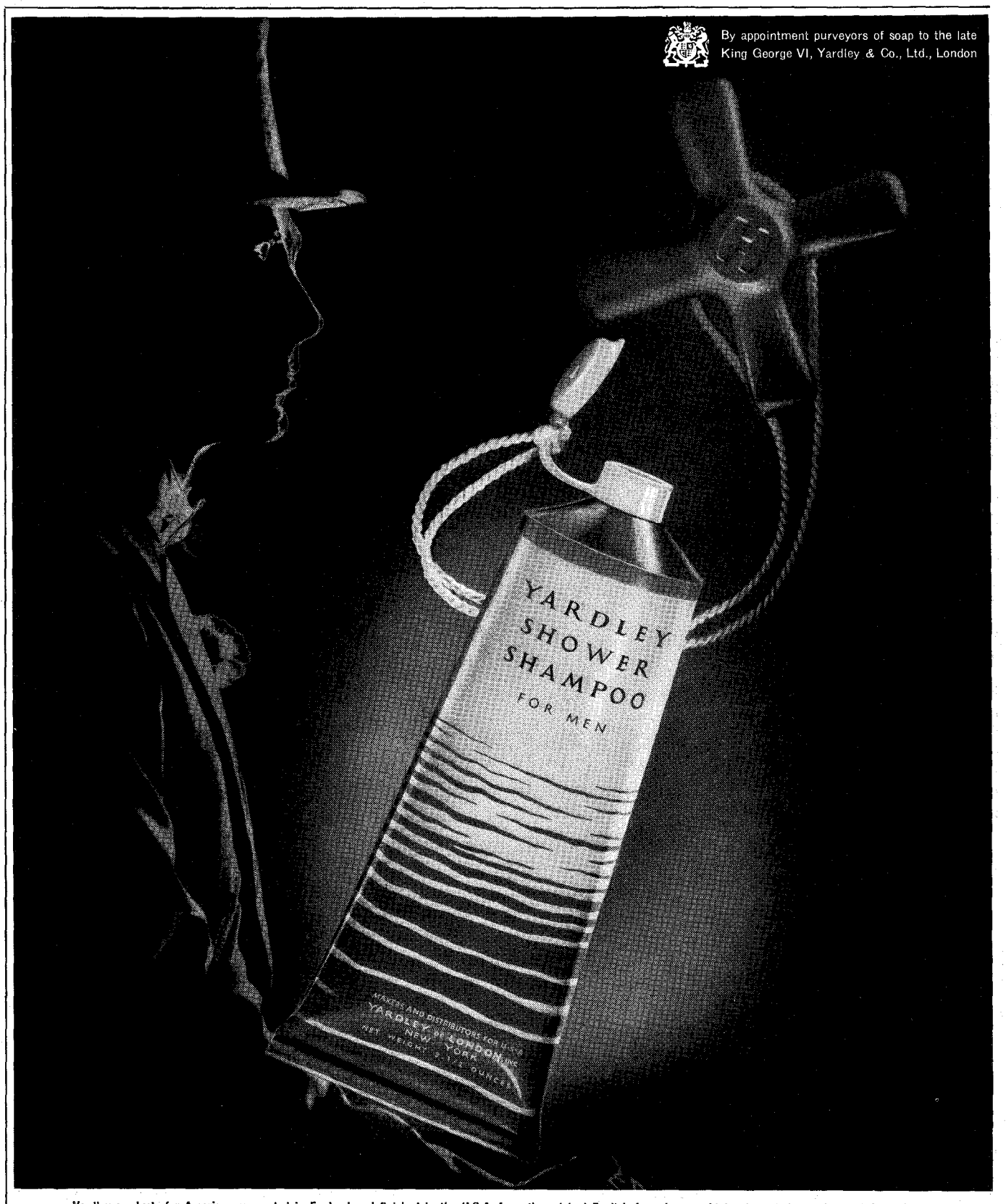
"No, sir. They kept me at ——"

"Sergeant," Steve said, and there was a steely note behind the softness now, "I'm going to tell you something, and I don't want you to forget it. This battery is in battle position from now on. That means you, too, and your cooks and kitchen police. Beginning as of now, you're going to serve three hot meals a day, come hell or high water, and you're going to serve them on time. Got it? And you're going to have a man on watch twenty-four hours a day with coffee and sandwiches for the men standing the radar watches. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," Caldara said, really scared now. "Does the captain mean—beginning with supper tonight?"

"I mean just that," Steve told him grimly. "And supper had better not be corned-beef sandwiches either!"

Temper rode Steve as he left the mess hall and went with impatient strides toward the recreation room beyond the instrument vans. The administrative setup of D Battery was worse than he'd guessed, he concluded, and he'd have to grab a broom and start sweeping there. When Ramspeck and Desbrow got back from Coley Falls, they'd think that a safe had fallen on them. That was for sure. He yanked the screen door open and went into the long room which eventually would be the battery's recreation hall, but which Jock Ballard, platoon leader



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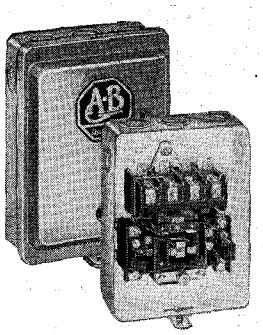
Year after year, surveys have shown that design engineers, plant electricians, motor repair shops, and electrical contractors prefer Allen-Bradley controls. For instance, at the National Machine Tool Show held last Fall in Chicago, more Allen-Bradley starters, relays, timing relays, and disconnect switches were used to operate the exhibited machines than any other make.

Here is the reason for such popularity: Allen-Bradley solenoid starters have only *one* moving part. This simplicity of design means less chance for trouble, less time out for "service," and longer life . . . actually millions of trouble free operations.

For motor control you can install and forget, insist upon Allen-Bradley —the preferred line.



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Bulletin 709 across-the-line solenoid starter. The compact switch allows plenty of wiring space.

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QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

of the fire-control platoon, was using now for his maps and charts.

The afternoon had turned hot and muggy. A storm was on its way, Steve thought, as he paused inside the door for a moment. There'd been something about a hurricane over the radio.

Jock Ballard was a chunky Scot with a red, good-humored face and an easy grin. He looked up from the litter of papers spread over the table in front of him and then tipped his chair back as Steve came up. The two of them had been at Bliss together, and he had a good man here in Jock Ballard, Steve knew.

"Hello, skipper," Jock said. "Hot out, huh? What else is new?"

Steve nodded, putting his irritation away as he fished a cigarette out of a crumpled package and lighted it; he sat on the edge of the table swinging a long leg. He gestured at the papers scattered in front of his control officer.

"How's it coming, Jock?"

"We're in business," Ballard told him. "Pete checked in from the launching site a little while ago. The computer's been zeroed, the radar antennas sighted in. Bring us on a target, Steve. We're ready for it."

Ballard's cheerful assurance brought back some of the glow that Steve had felt earlier. In Jock and Pete Zerner, leading the launching platoon, he had two dependable officers, he knew. They, like himself, were comparative strangers to most of the rest of the battery, but that could be an asset rather than a hindrance. They'd new-broom with him where it was necessary.

"This battery's got to be shaken up, Jock," he murmured, thinking of that. He paused for a moment, looking at the tip of his cigarette, and then asked, "Did you know that Ramspeck and Desbrow have gone to town?"

Jock Ballard shrugged. "My mamma told me never to tell a lie," he answered cheerfully. "I saw them start out and told Hal he was breeding a bump on his neck, but he's the headstrong kind. He didn't pay me no mind, I do believe."

Steve scowled thoughtfully. "What did Hal go into Coley Falls for, Jock? Did he say?"

"He mumbled something about he wanted to check up on public relations," Ballard grunted. "It didn't make much sense. I got an idea Hal's a guy who likes to mind other people's business better than his own. And he's dropped a hint or two that he kind of fancied himself as battery commander before you showed up."

"He knew well enough that he'd be relieved of temporary command as soon as the cadre arrived from Bliss," Steve said indifferently. "And public relations are my responsibility, not his. I wonder why Desbrow went with him?"

Ballard shrugged. "Maybe he wanted to find a bank. That guy carries a roll around that would choke a cow. I should have joined the Army as a first sergeant. It pays better."

"I think Desbrow's running a usury racket in the battery, Jock," Steve said soberly. "I won't have that."

"I know he's running one, skipper," Ballard said, looking obliquely at Steve. "Private Shanks came to me about it before we left Weston. I told Shanks to see you. Didn't he?"

Steve's mouth hardened. "He didn't, but I'll see him. Now. If that's the story, Desbrow's through. And Hal had better keep his nose out of Coley Falls for the time being too."

"I don't think Coley Falls likes us much, skipper."

"Don't let yesterday ride you, Jock," Steve said shortly. "That was just a small-town cop throwing his weight around. I used to live in Coley Falls—you probably know that. Well, you'll find that nice people live there too."

Ballard's face got quizzical as he reached back to pick up a newspaper from the window sill. "Like this Pat Mitchum, maybe?" he asked. "Have you seen today's Gazette, skipper?"

He tossed the paper onto the table and Steve picked it up. It was folded to show two columns displayed under the caption: COLEY FALLS WANTS NO COSSACKS! It carried Pat Mitchum's by-line, and Steve began to read, keeping his face wooden. Mitchum had written:

The Army came to Coley Falls yesterday. Battery D, Umpteenth AAA Missile Battalion, Capt. Luther Stevenson commanding, rolled into town (*Continued on Page 74*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wonder what he gave them."

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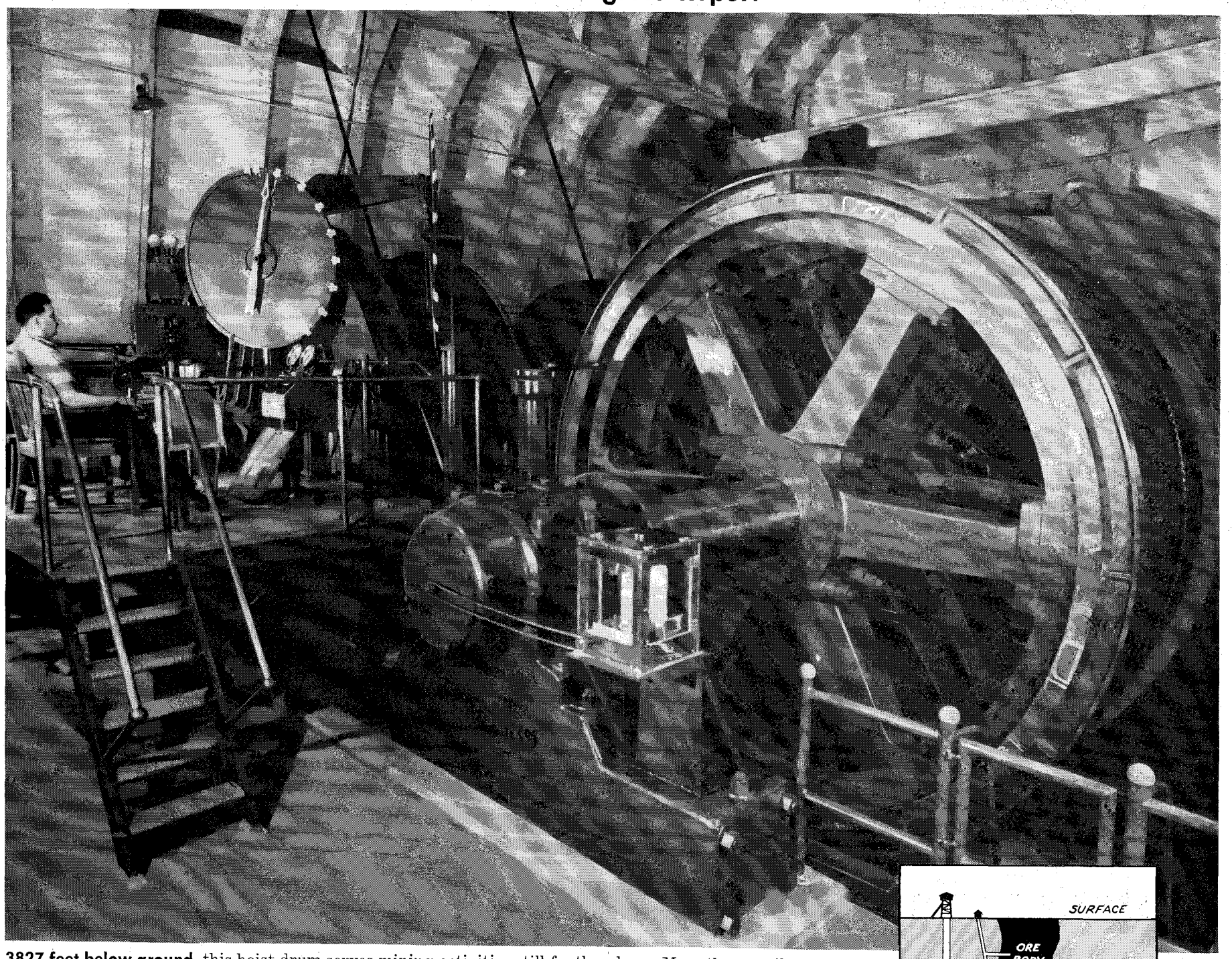

3827 feet below ground, this hoist drum serves mining activities still further down. More than a mile, in fact!

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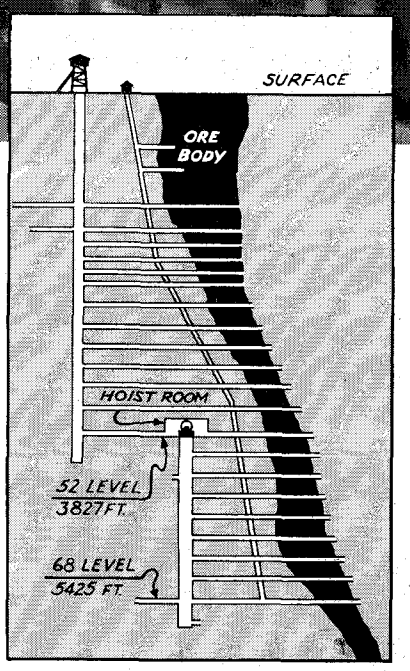

See where the hoist room is: 3827 feet below ground. Then see how much deeper this Inco mine within a mine goes: *down below the mile level!* Color film, "Mining for Nickel," is loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 91e, New York 5, N. Y.

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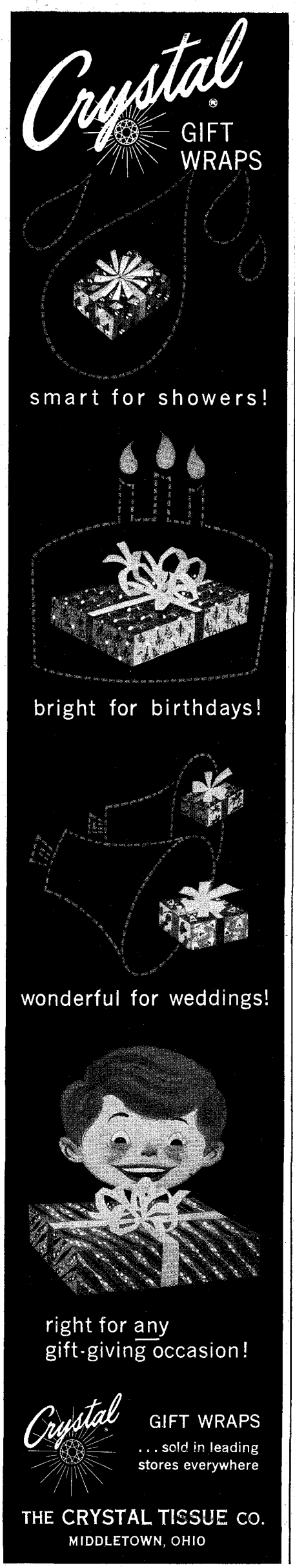

(*Continued from Page 72*) with all of the arrogance which has characterized the military's actions ever since Coley Falls was so unlucky as to be selected as the site for a guided-missile installation. An installation, we are constrained to add, that Coley Falls wants and needs about as much as a hole in the head. . . .

"Bill Diamond told me that this Mitchum writes with a poison pen," Steve said, grinning wryly. "I see what he meant."

"You got to the 'dictator in Red Square' part yet?" Ballard asked sourly. "That's a hell of a thing to say."

"It's a free country and a free press," Steve grunted and read on. The comparison of Battery D with arrogant legions parading through a captured city was pretty raw, he thought.

. . . Captain Stevenson and his men may have carried no knouts. Nevertheless, we had the feeling that the Cossack spirit was there and needed only a word to send a cloud of vindictive horsemen whirling across the steppes of Coley Falls. . . .

Steve scowled and read on. The story of the meeting with Matt Gould was there. The arrogant military, it seemed, had ruthlessly overridden the protests of a loyal and efficient police officer who had been trying to do his duty. Captain Stevenson (*I'm growing horns by the minute*, Luke thought sourly) had even gone so far as to threaten violence to Chief Matt Gould should the latter persist in his efforts to save the taxpayers of Coley Falls the expense and indignity of having their streets broken up by the lumbering Army vans.

There was more of it, written in a vein which pretended to be half humorous, but which carried stinging venom just the same. This Mitchum could write, Steve thought as he glanced up for a moment, his forehead a little lined. Too bad the guy wasn't writing for Battery D instead of the other way round.

"If you haven't finished it, read on, skipper," Jock Ballard said roughly. "The best part is at the end."

Steve nodded and dropped his gaze back to the paper.

We have no doubt but that Capt. Luther Stevenson is a very estimable officer. In fact, we might whisper (just a very small whisper) that we understand that Captain Stevenson once made his home in Coley Falls—at least there is something to that effect on an old police blotter, so Chief Gould informs us. Well, we won't go so far as to say that we're happy to have you back, Capt. Luther Stevenson, but we will make a bargain with you.

You and Battery D stay on your side of the street. The rest of us will stay on ours. That way nobody will get hurt and, if there's any more high-handed actions such as we witnessed yesterday, somebody is going to get hurt, Capt. Luther Stevenson. And we don't think that it will be Coley Falls, either.

"I'd like to punch the louse in the nose," Ballard growled as Steve put the paper down. "That's hitting low, if I ever saw it."

Steve tamped his cigarette out and stood up. "What good would it do, Jock? That'd just prove his fiction about the Cossacks. Forget it. We've got an alert tonight."

It was not until he was outside again that Steve remembered that his eye had caught something else in the Gazette. That hurricane, named Fauna, that Bill Diamond had jokingly mentioned a week ago, was now hovering off the Virginia capes. Not much danger here, but he'd better check with battalion tonight. He'd been in Pennsylvania when the Diane storm had caught everybody flat-footed last year.

Then thoughts of the last paragraphs of Pat Mitchum's column came back to him as he went toward the radar vans, and his face darkened. Jock Ballard was right—that was hitting below the belt and in a way that gave him no chance to hit back.

For a moment he allowed his mind to return to that evening just before he'd gone into the Army. He'd been coming out of the movie with the girl who'd laughed at Matt Gould and, in the crowd, he'd accidentally jostled Matt. The latter, arrogant with his new authority as a rookie cop, had used insulting language, so that Steve's temper—never too far from the surface in those days—had spilled over. He'd slugged Matt and landed in the police station. Matt and his pals had given him a bad time there, but no charges had been pressed; Matt had had sense enough to know that too many people had seen how the thing had started. So that was a lie about Luke Stevenson's name being on a Coley Falls police blotter, but Matt had told the story to this fellow, Mitchum, and the latter had used it for his own purposes. Hitting below the belt, all right. . . .

Steve was in one of the instrument vans, making a last-minute check with Warrant Officer Gillman, when Jock Ballard put his head through the door. Jock had a funny look on his face as he squinted at Steve with a wry expression and jerked his head.

"Somebody out here to see you, skipper."

Steve looked up absently from the notes he was making on the pad in his hand. "Who?" he asked.

"Name of Pat Mitchum, I'm told."

For a moment silence fell between the three of them in the van and Jock Ballard's chunky face still wore that slightly dazed expression. Steve thrust the pad into his pocket and reached for his helmet liner as he squeezed by WO Gillman.

"You look like you'd seen a ghost, Jock," he grunted. "You haven't slugged this Mitchum on his chin already, have you?"

"It ain't his, skipper," Jock said hollowly. "It's hers. Pat Mitchum is a she—and a damn pretty she, at that!"

That jarred Steve for a moment; then he said glumly, "The trouble I get into," and went on out.

The afternoon had melted into evening now and a red sunset flared in the west as he moved around the van. The heat pressed down on the baked earth like a weighted blanket.

"She's over by the gate!" Jock Ballard called, and Steve nodded and went on, suddenly conscious of his sweat-stained uniform and dusty boots. Not that that mattered, he guessed.

As he neared the battery office the tag end of a radio newscast drifted to his ears. ". . . expected that Hurricane Fauna will cross the coast north of Norfolk about midnight. Please stay tuned to this station for further details."

For a short instant that caught at Steve's mind and he considered the things to be done if that blow did show up; then his thoughts went on to touch against Ramspeck and Sergeant Desbrow for a brief moment. Pvt. Joe Shanks had confirmed the fact that Desbrow was lending money, and that finished Desbrow. . . . So Pat Mitchum was a girl, was she? That made everything just dandy!

He came into the walk that led from the battery office to the gate, and he saw her then. Sitting alone in the red convertible that had been out there at the crossroads yesterday when Matt Gould had made his grandstand play. Well, it looked as though Pat Mitchum had got her story at firsthand, Steve thought sourly. Because she was the girl who had sat beside Stanton Coley, wearing a scarf tied over her dark hair.

TO BE CONTINUED

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Old fisherman Ned paid no attention when landowner Black announced there'd be no more fishing in the river that flowed through his property. The river was navigable for rowboats, and Ned continued to use it frequently. So Black hauled him into court.

"That river is a public thoroughfare, just like a highway," Ned contended. "The best fish lie right where it runs past Black's place, and I aim to keep on catching them."

"Row past if you must," Black's lawyer replied, "but Mr. Black owns the bed of the river where it flows over his property and all the fish there are legally his. Catch another and we'll really make you pay."

If you were the judge, would you order Ned to haul in his lines?

• •

Ned won. The court said that ownership of the fish didn't go along with ownership of the river bed, and that the fish were state property which anyone was welcome to catch anywhere along the river.

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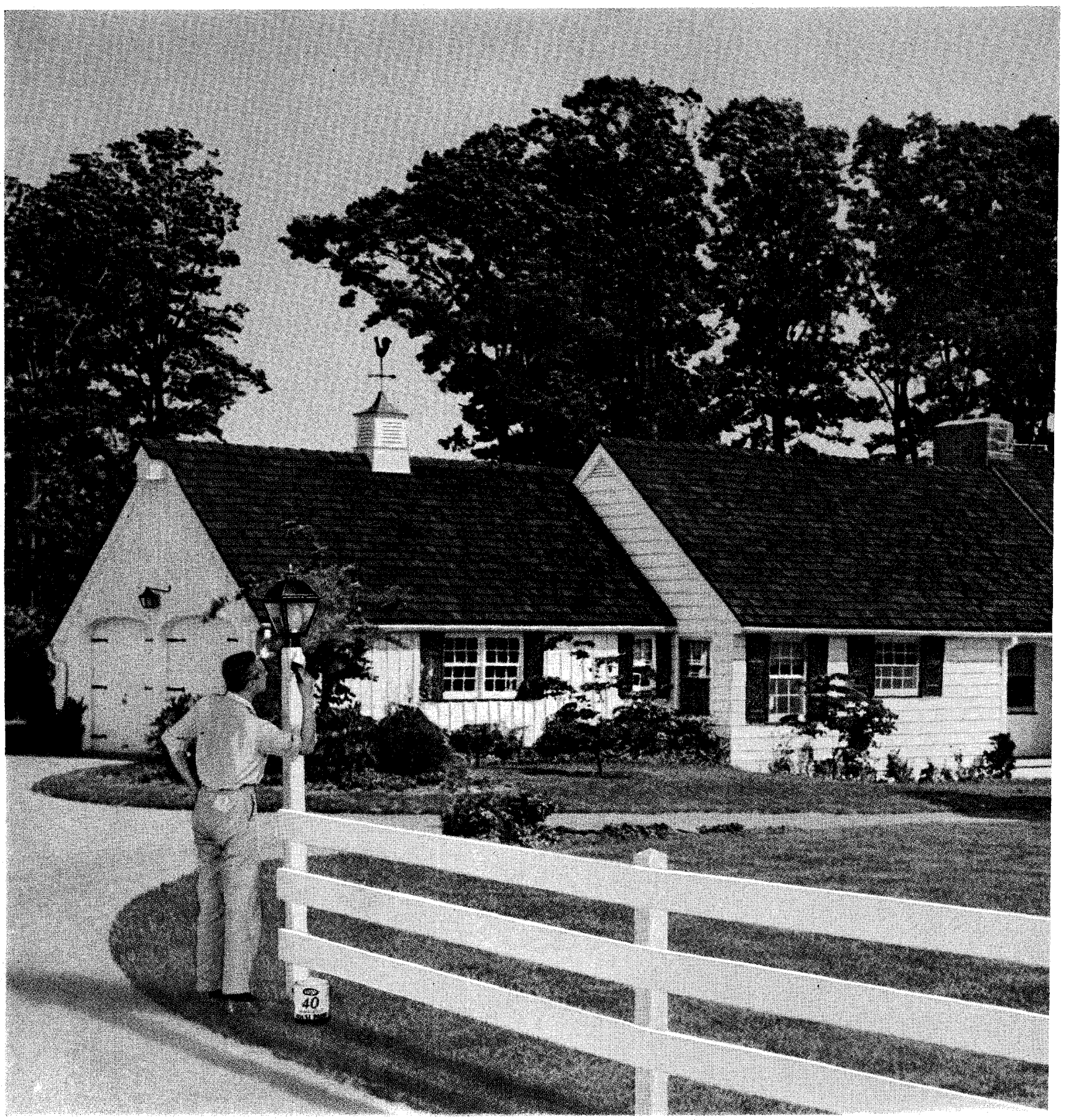

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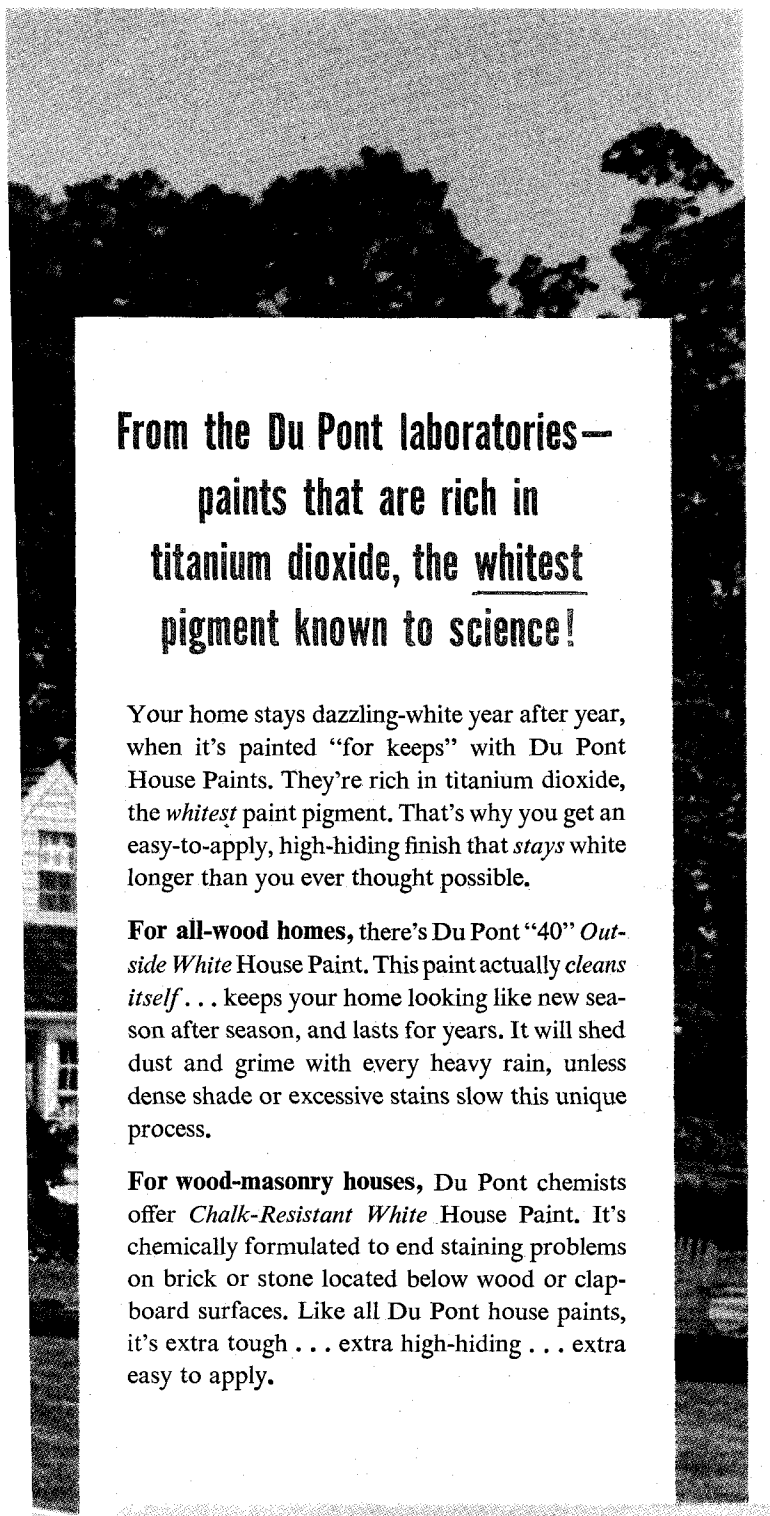
Chemistry



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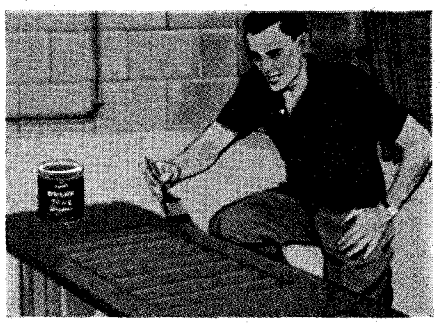

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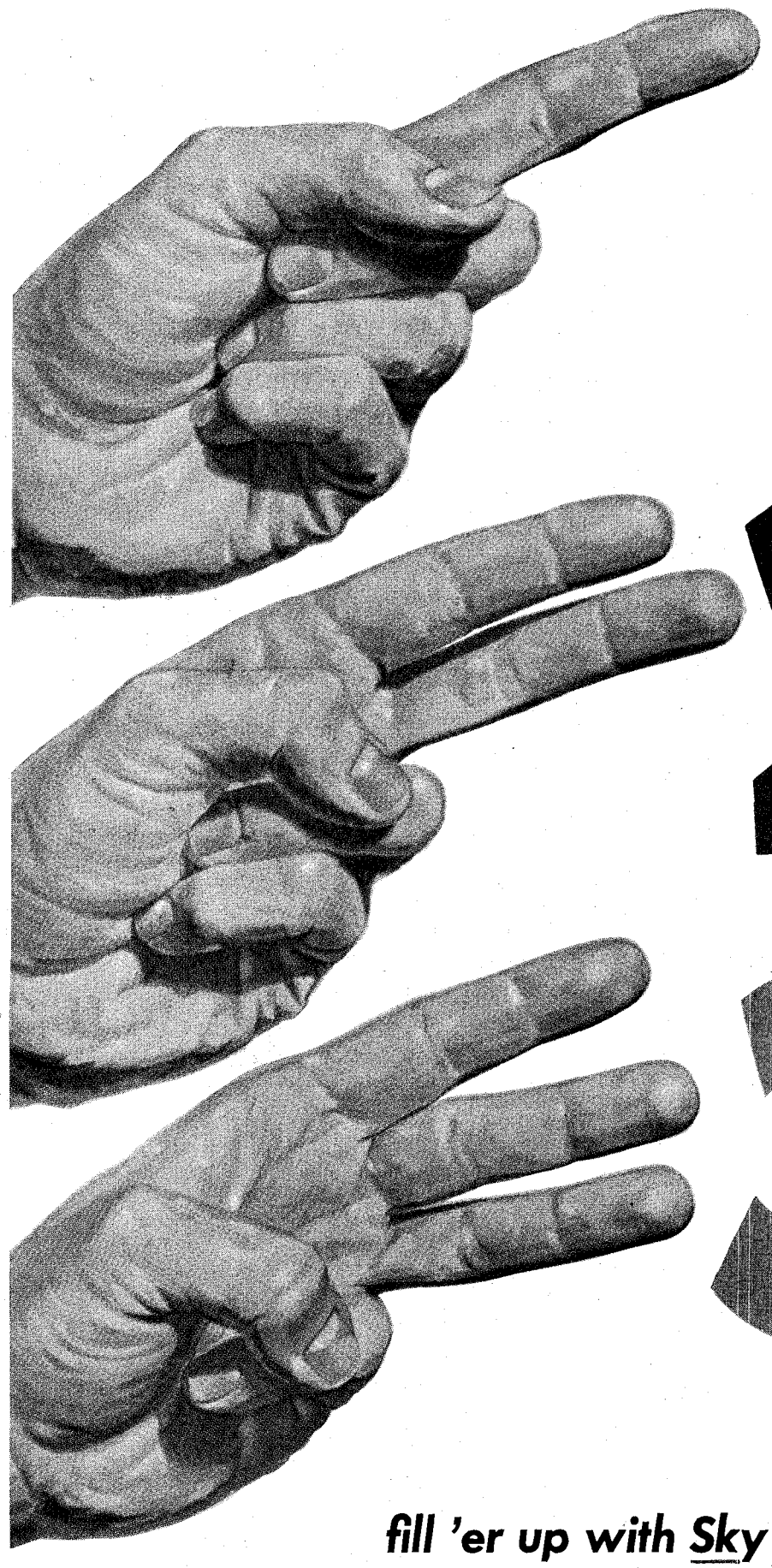

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My Life in Bellevue (Continued from Page 44)

are left for a while to their own resources. They sit withdrawn on benches that line the main corridor, or huddle against the wall, or wander back and forth with jerky movements, some weeping silently, others holding forth in high-pitched voices. On a bench sit two young women, leaning toward each other. Their foreheads are pressed together, their eyes are downcast, seeing nothing. If left to themselves, they will maintain this rigid pose for hours on end. They are victims of catatonia, one of the phases of schizophrenia.

From the other end of the corridor come the tinny notes of an old piano. A lovely blond girl in her late teens is playing decisively, staring straight ahead. She has been admitted with a temporary diagnosis of paranoid personality, which means that she suffers from feelings of persecution and perhaps is a victim of hallucinations.

About 10 per cent of the people admitted to Bellevue Psychiatric have made their way to New York from outlying districts. Many psychotics are under what might be called a travel compulsion. New Yorkers who develop mental illness often head for Florida or California. Of course, no state wants the expense of keeping another state's mental patients. New York sends out-of-town psychotics on their way whenever there are enough to fill a couple of Pullman cars. In California the problem is solved by making up a special train twice a year. Into its cars are shepherded all the non-residents who have been committed to California mental hospitals during the preceding six months. The "porters" are trained attendants, the "conductors" are psychiatric nurses. The strange caravan speeds across the country, stopping at cities along the way to deliver passengers to waiting ambulances. New York is sometimes the last stop. Other times, the train will travel on to New England.

Bellevue's psychiatric staff at present comprises eighteen senior psychiatrists, all faculty members of the New York University Medical College, and eighteen junior psychiatrists. Every patient is examined jointly by a senior doctor teamed with a junior. If treatment in a mental hospital is indicated and family funds are low, they arrange for the patient's commitment to a state institution. Applications for certification are heard by a judge of the State Supreme Court. This court has been sitting twice a week at Bellevue since 1934. Prior to that time, patients were taken out of the hospital, often in strait jackets, to appear in the courthouse.

Not long ago, the court heard evidence in the case of a young man who had presented himself at the psychiatric admitting office, asking to be treated. He said that he had hacked up his mother in the apartment they shared in midtown Manhattan, and disposed of her remains in a public rest room at Grand Central Terminal.

The young man was admitted for observation and the police were notified. They checked at the man's address and found that his mother had not been seen for several days. Finding no trace of her, the police had sections of the plumbing dug up at Grand Central. Nothing was found, but the man stuck to his story. Such delusions are not uncommon among the mentally ill—still, the mother had vanished.

Police had no material evidence and no witnesses, so the young man could not be brought to trial. He was definitely psychotic, though, so he was sent to a state mental hospital. Meanwhile, the police still carry the "crime" on their books.

There are three prison wards in Bellevue's Psychiatric Pavilion, two for men and one for women. Here, behind a series of iron-barred gates, the patients are guarded by a deputy warden, four captains, forty-seven male officers and four female officers. There are no cells, but there is a "strong room" with an iron door for patients who are violent. But we rarely use it these days. With the new drug, chlorpromazine, which quiets many disturbed patients, and the judicious use of "camisoles"—our word for strait jackets—the strong room has become virtually obsolete.

In sharp contrast to prison wards are the psychiatric wards for children. Bellevue Psychiatric admits about 1000 children a year. About 400 are between one and twelve years old and the rest are adolescents up to sixteen years of age. Many of them are suffering from emotional disturbances that can be traced to factors in their environment, such as gross deprivation of love. A large group suffers from schizophrenia; suspected cases of this disorder are found in boys and girls as young as three years.

The manifestations of illness of our young mental patients cover as broad a range as seen in adults—including murder, attempted suicide, prostitution and hallucination. More typical reasons for which children are referred to our psychiatric service are: "Plays hooky, strays away from home"; "Unmanageable, steals, fights"; "Destructive, aggressive at school"; "Talks to self, fights with children"; "Has tics, is disobedient." A great many of these children are marked by severe anxiety, withdrawal, depression and confusion about their parents.

Bellevue's trend of thought on child mental patients has been guided for more than two decades by Dr. Lauretta Bender, of the Children's Psychiatric Service. She believes that the first five years of life, especially the first eighteen months, often determine a person's future mental balance. The more starved emotionally a child is during this formative period, the greater are his chances for becoming psychopathic.

As an example, there is the case of a five-and-a-half-year-old whom I'll call Robert. The oldest of three children, Robert was referred to the Psychiatric Pavilion by a welfare agency. His symptoms included aggressiveness, destructiveness and hypermotility (excessive motion). Robert was two and a half years old when he first saw his newly born baby brother. He threw the baby to the floor. Then he reverted to bedwetting. The baby was sent to the hospital after this episode; Robert stopped wetting, but he began again as soon as his brother came home. He also threw his food around and refused to eat. Another child was born, a girl. Robert, three and a half by now, began scratching her and his brother. He cut off their hair, refused to sleep, and made several attempts to kill himself by running in front of cars.

At the time his sister was born, Robert's parents had placed him for several days with a welfare agency. There he threw chairs at the (*Continued on Page 82*)

Some long-winded after-dinner speakers give you the impression that they're after breakfast too.

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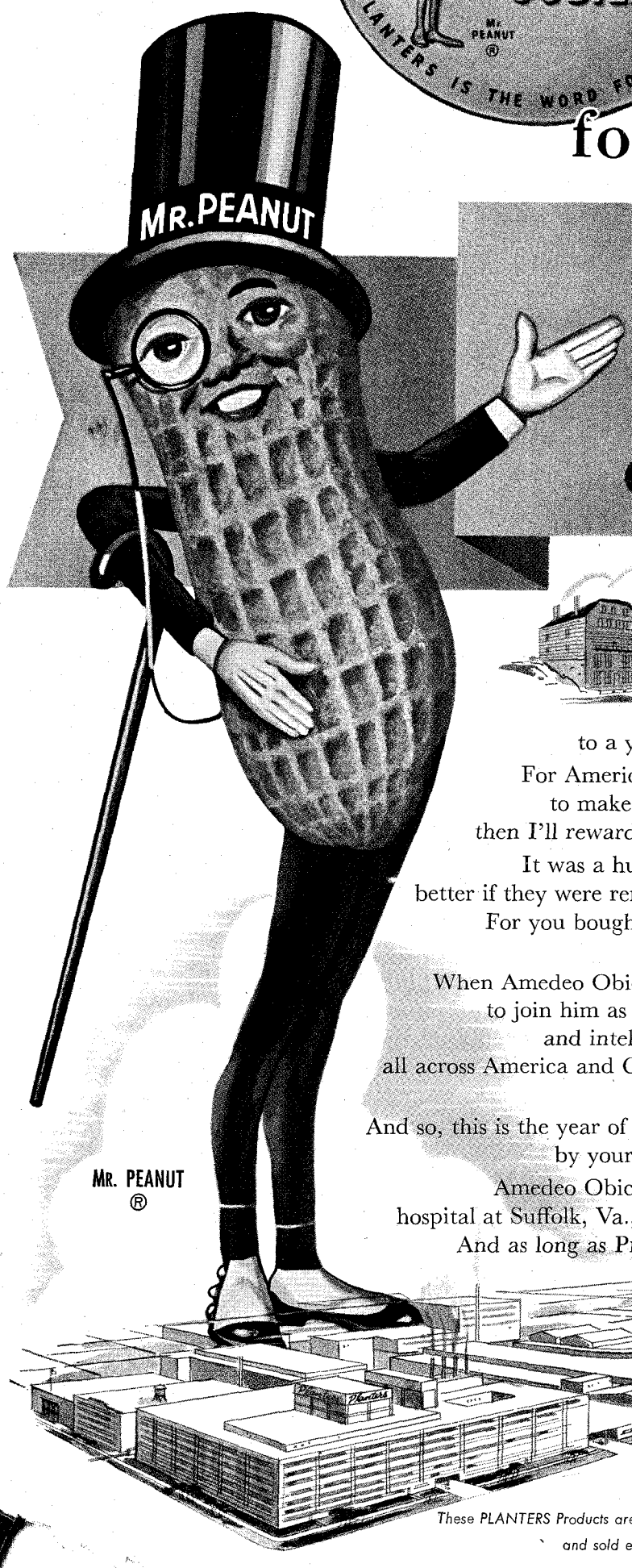

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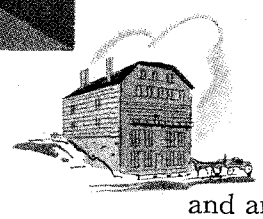


Fifty years ago this month, in an old ramshackle building in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a great dream was born. It was born of vision and ambition—courage and honesty—of the opportunity that America offered to a young immigrant, who believed in America's promise.

For America said, "If you can dream great dreams, and have the honesty and courage to make them come true—if you can give me something I need and want—then I'll reward you even beyond your dreams."

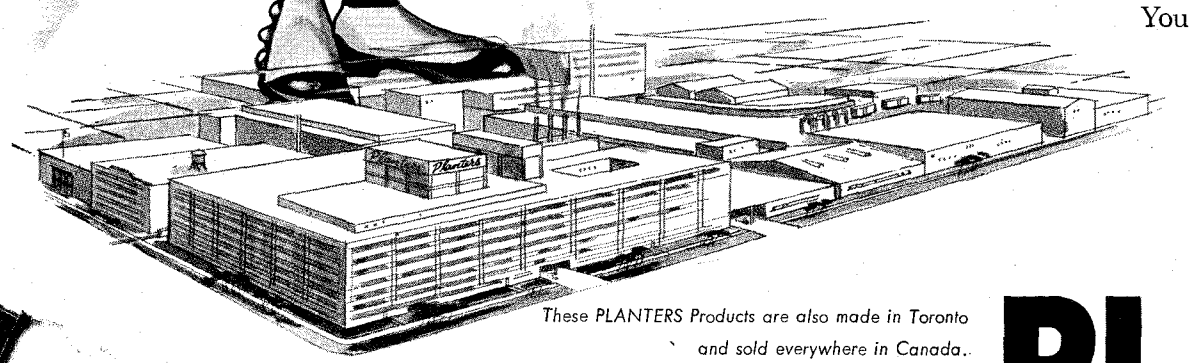
It was a humble beginning—just a young man's idea that you might like peanuts better if they were removed from their shells and husks, blanched and salted. And how right he was! For you bought them in ever-increasing numbers, until today PLANTERS PEANUTS are known and loved around the world.

When Amedeo Obici and Mario Peruzzi, another young Italian like himself whom he persuaded to join him as partner, started their business, almost their only assets were faith and courage and intelligence. But today, that humble beginning has grown into great plants all across America and Canada. The name of PLANTERS PEANUTS is known 'round the world. Dozens of fine products are manufactured.

And so, this is the year of PLANTERS' GOLDEN JUBILEE—the year you made possible, America, by your Free Enterprise system—by the way you kept your promise.

Amedeo Obici did not live to see His Golden Year, but his name lives on in the great hospital at Suffolk, Va., which he gave to the foster country he loved so well, to show his gratitude. And as long as PLANTERS exists, a part of its annual profits will continue to support that hospital.

You made it possible, America. The success of PLANTERS PEANUTS is your success. PLANTERS GOLDEN JUBILEE is your JUBILEE, too.



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Foot, Leg Pains Often Due To Weak Arch

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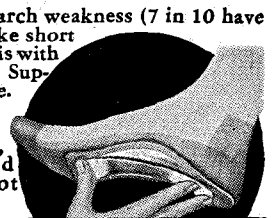

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

(*Continued from Page 79*) nurses and told them he had a devil inside him. The welfare agency found that Robert's father was a thief by profession; the mother was believed to have a psychopathic personality.

With the parents' consent, the agency placed Robert in a foster home, where they hoped he could adjust. He bit other children in the home. He took a canary from its cage and squeezed it to death. He broke windows; he tried to burn his clothes; he jumped from a second-story window.

When he was first seen at Bellevue, he had a tendency to whirl, which in young children is sometimes an indication of schizophrenia. Tests showed his intelligence was above average. He was alert, bright-eyed and articulate for his age.

During several weeks on the ward, Robert behaved like a well-adjusted child. If watched, he played busily with toys. When he thought he was unobserved, he attempted to attack other children on the ward.

The psychiatrists studied Robert through such media as play therapy, in which a child is given meaningful toys, including dolls representing family members. If a child rips off the head of a father doll or runs over the doll with a toy truck, it can suggest the existence of buried hostilities and frustrations. By playing out his problems, the child provides the doctor with clues to his problems, and often benefits from the release of hostile impulses. For this purpose the doctors keep on hand such objects as toy bathtubs, toilets, chairs, tables, doll dishes, trucks, boats and airplanes.

Robert was tentatively diagnosed as schizophrenic. It is believed that the child schizophrenic has a fair chance of some improvement. A number can be adjusted far enough to attend school, live in the community and even marry and have children. For others, the best that can be hoped is that they will not get worse.

Children who are definitely thought to be schizophrenic are sometimes treated with shock therapy, which in some cases seems to be effective. As an example, I will describe Steven, age nine, as he appeared at one of the periodic meetings held by staff psychiatrists. Steven was prone to sustained crying spells, and talked constantly about seeing eyes all around the room. He had had twenty shock treatments. Here are some of the questions put to him, with his answers:

"Steven, are you feeling differently now than you did when you came here?"

"Yes. I feel more like myself."

"What was the trouble when you came in, Steven?"

"When I came in I was seeing eyes."

"You were upset yesterday morning, Steven. You were crying all morning. What were you crying about?"

"I don't know. They put some kind of stuff on around and it smelled." (The boy was referring to the application of a kind of jelly, that was used in electro-shock treatment.)

"How did the shock feel?"

"I feel better since I got the shock."

The doctors were hopeful that Steven would improve with continued treatment. They felt, however, that he would require a long period of hospital care before he could adjust in his home situation.

In many cases, the child's chances for recovery are hampered by the fact that he has a poor home environment awaiting him. Take the case of eight-year-old Billy, transferred to Bellevue from another hospital, where he had been treated for severe burns of his right hand. His mother had held his hand in the flame of a gas stove to punish him for stealing and smoking.

Billy's home life was extremely bad. His father had a history of five arrests, for such offenses as car theft and disorderly conduct. He was serving a jail sentence for burglary when Billy came to Bellevue. Both parents drank heavily and often came to blows. They lived in a filthy four-room apartment with Billy, another child, aged four, and an older boy, aged thirteen.

Billy was transferred to Bellevue because the other hospital quickly discovered he was a behavior problem. He was hostile, and threatened nurses—he threw knives at them twice. Probation officers told Bellevue psychiatrists that Billy's mother disliked him. He was frequently beaten by both the mother and the father.

On his admission to the psychiatric ward, Billy was filled with anxiety, which he tried to handle with an air of bravado. He was reluctant to discuss his problems. He wanted to see his mother, saying that he loved her. He insisted that his mother burned his hand because he was bad. Billy was then told the doctor did not believe he was bad.

"Well, I am too. Me and my brother used to take money from my mother's purse, and even on the same day when my hand was burned we did that."

Did his brother get his hand burned?

"No."

Why not?

"Well, just because. He is always better. I am bad."

Who said so?

"I say so. My mother says so."

After studying Billy's case for some time, the doctors felt that if Billy was to improve he would first have to face some painful truths. It would have to be conveyed to him that while everyone likes to think he has a good mother and a good father, everyone has to recognize that parents are ordinary people who have problems.

Part of Billy's therapy would consist of teaching him to live with the unpleasant truth about his parents, and then trying to give him, by means of psychotherapy, substitute "parents," perhaps public heroes, whom he could admire and identify with. Following such therapy, it was recommended that he be placed in a cottage-type institution for normal boys. There, as one among a group of youngsters, he could look up to his cottage "parents." Eight-year-old Billy's case was not hopeless, for no indication of schizophrenia or organic abnormality was found—only a normal reaction to a hideous environment.

A New York state law provides for schooling of all children in hospitals, even the children in psychiatric wards. So we have Public School 618 on the seventh and eighth floors of the Psychiatric Pavilion, operating behind locked doors. Most of the pupils of P.S. 618 have been unhappy in normal school situations, because of learning disabilities and behavior problems.

Total enrollment fluctuates between 100 and 126. There is a staff of eleven classroom teachers and two health-education teachers under the supervision of a principal. The principal of P.S. 618, Mrs. Wanda Wright, is a warm, motherly woman. With the younger children, of whom many have been emotionally starved, she is especially tender.

The teachers at P.S. 618 are chosen with care. All have had at least five years' teaching experience, and have taken courses in intelligence testing, behavior problems and remedial reading. They are trained to remain emotionally detached without being cold. The children are encouraged to talk about their maladjustments, and after a few days at P.S. 618 they begin to respond freely when asked by a teacher, "Why did you come to the hospital?" A solemn girl of twelve may answer, "I couldn't get along with my mother at home," or a nine-year-old boy with shrewd, suspicious eyes may say, "Because I got into trouble at school. I couldn't read."

Occasionally, a teacher has to break up fights in the classroom. When one school bully leaves, another automatically takes his place. The reigning bully is known throughout the school as "The King," or "The Kingfish," or "The Number One Man." The teachers always spot this type and try to divert his hostilities into harmless channels.

The children in P.S. 618 are given unusual freedom to pursue arts and crafts. No emphasis is placed upon academic achievement until the child has started to relax and has felt a sense of accomplishment through pursuing some interest, such as painting or modeling in clay.

In the case of a very withdrawn youngster, the teacher may just watch him quietly, waiting to discover what will attract his interest among the classroom materials—phonograph records, paints, clay, puppets, tropical fish, metal-craft tools, sewing kits, (*Continued on Page 84*)

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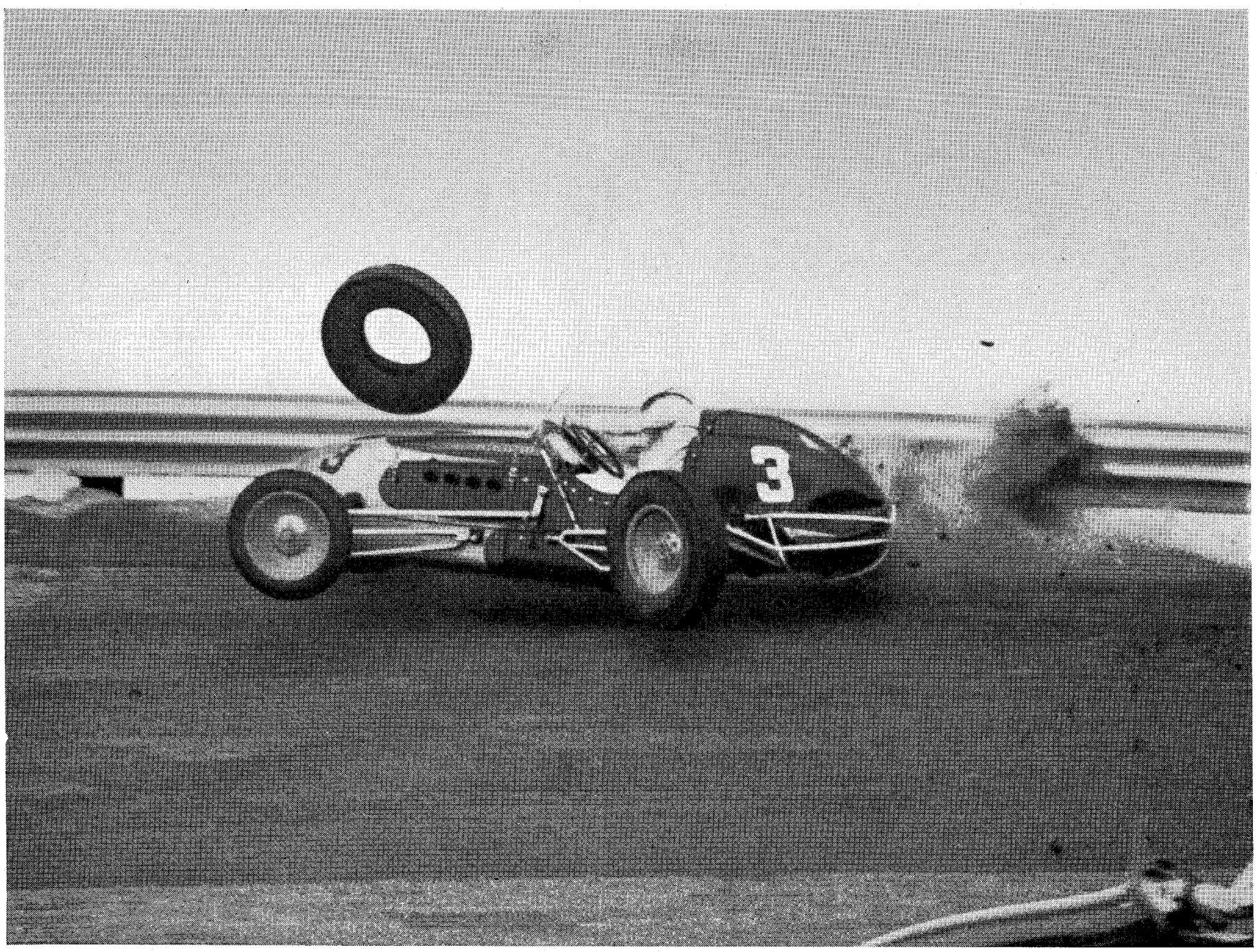

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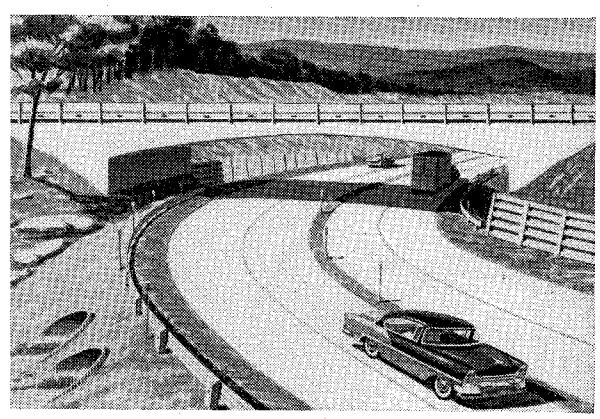

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"This unique extra 'bump-measurer' valve allows Genuine Ford Shock Absorbers to adjust *automatically* to changing road conditions," says Clark Tea, Ford Car Suspension Engineer. "As the road gets rougher, this vent can open to ease the extra pressure in the shock absorber. As the road gets smoother again, it closes, giving you a smooth, balanced ride . . . better traction . . . and thus better control at all times."

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May is National Safety Month — Be sure you can see, steer, stop safely

Keep your Ford all Ford

(*Continued from Page 82*) ceramics, tape recordings, strip films or other things. When she sees that the child has become absorbed in a particular occupation, she approaches him quietly and gradually draws him into the group.

The walls of all the classrooms are lined with samples of the children's artwork, a public display that builds up the child's confidence in his abilities. The drawings and paintings are also studied by the doctors for help in diagnosis and treatment. Art is never taught at P.S. 618, for it has to express freely the children's personalities. Many of the pictures depict acts of violence—murder, suicide, fires, collisions. The colors are often garish and the subjects weirdly distorted.

The children are fond of music too. Some teachers can play the piano, and the pupils are frequently organized into rhythm bands. Some are given cymbals, others get drums, bells and tambourines. They beat time while the teacher sings, and join in the singing. An outsider might shudder at the din, but playing in the band gives the children a chance to work off aggressive feelings. The band also provides a means for children to work together in a group. Any situation which makes for socialization in a harmonious fashion helps develop desirable behavior patterns. In addition, music offers some kind of special help to withdrawn, schizophrenic children, who respond to it in an uncanny way.

One of the school's most important jobs is its remedial-reading program. In many cases, a child who is intellectually capable of learning to read has been prevented from doing so by his emotional maladjustment. The failure to learn, which makes him feel conspicuous and rejected, increases the emotional maladjustment. Hence, learning to read often becomes a step toward overcoming feelings of inadequacy and rejection.

P.S. 618 uses teaching materials that differ radically from those used in ordinary schools. The schizophrenic child, for example, lives largely in his own phantasy world. A primer describing normal children and their simple, everyday activities has little or no meaning for him. Failing to capture his interest, the primer fails in teaching him to recognize words. So Bellevue uses "phantasy booklets" to win the schizophrenic child's interest.

The first step in creating a phantasy booklet is taken when the child describes to the teacher the bizarre subjects of his own paintings. The teacher types these words on the edge of the painting. After the child has admired this effect, the teacher retypes the words in a booklet. The action is repeated with a series of paintings, until the child has a completed phantasy booklet. This booklet is used as a primer in teaching him to read. After reading the descriptions of his own highly interesting paintings, the child gradually develops a reading-at-sight vocabulary. With this new-found ability, he is eventually able to pass on to standard textbooks.

The adolescent schizophrenic can't be helped by paintings, since his art work is more restricted than the young child's. Instead, his interest is aroused by having him tell the teacher the five words he would most like to be able to read. After learning to recognize these words, he dictates another list to the teacher. When he has learned a substantial number of words of his own choosing, he, too, makes a phantasy booklet by dictating his own story to the teacher. She types a few sentences on each page, and this booklet is used as a reader. Being the child's own creation, it holds his attention.

Some of the word lists are indications of the child's inner thoughts. Here are three sample lists, recently written in the remedial-reading clinic:

"Dracula; Frankenstein; bloodsucker; bat; Superman."

"Girl; stupid; institution; electricity; interplanetary."

"Wolfman; zombie; wife; weight-lifting; Atlas."

The nonschizophrenic child whose difficulty stems from organic causes is approached differently, because he lacks the ability to concentrate. What the organic child needs is individual attention in a calm atmosphere, until he has acquired some reading skill and developed confidence in his ability.

Sometimes this type of easily distracted child is helped by making the reading process a physical activity, requiring concentration of body as well as mind. For example, the child may learn a new word by writing it with an orange stick on clay; then he writes the same word in oil paint, chalk, crayon and pencil. After such training he, too, may graduate to a standard reader.

Every so often, Mrs. Wright and her staff have the pleasure of seeing their pupils respond with enthusiasm to an important school event. A fourteen-year-old girl, sent to Bellevue after she had attempted suicide, was found recently to be ready for graduation from elementary school. The girl had been deeply depressed since her mother had been sent to prison for a criminal offense. To make her graduation memorable, Mrs. Wright arranged a ceremony in the playground at the rear of the Psychiatric Pavilion.

A holiday was declared, so all the pupils of P.S. 618 could attend. The girl received gifts from nurses and attendants, and the director of the Psychiatric Hospital handed her the diploma. Then there was lunch in the yard for 126 pupils, and outdoor games, and singing to the music of the school's rhythm band. And for once, the "Number One Man" minded his manners.

This is the fourth of five articles. The concluding article will appear next week.—The Editors.

A Professor Goes Fishing

By Carolyn Ellis

He sat all day
In blessed ease
From class routine,
Entranced with these—

The sky's haze,
The meadow's greening,
A redbird's whistle,
A willow's leaning.

He thought on the sun,
The wind and thunder,
The mirroring stream,
The fish down under.

Love and hate,
Heaven, perdition,
Antibiotics,
Atomic fission. . . .

Until, his holiday
Now terminated,
He picked up his pole,
Hook still unbaited.

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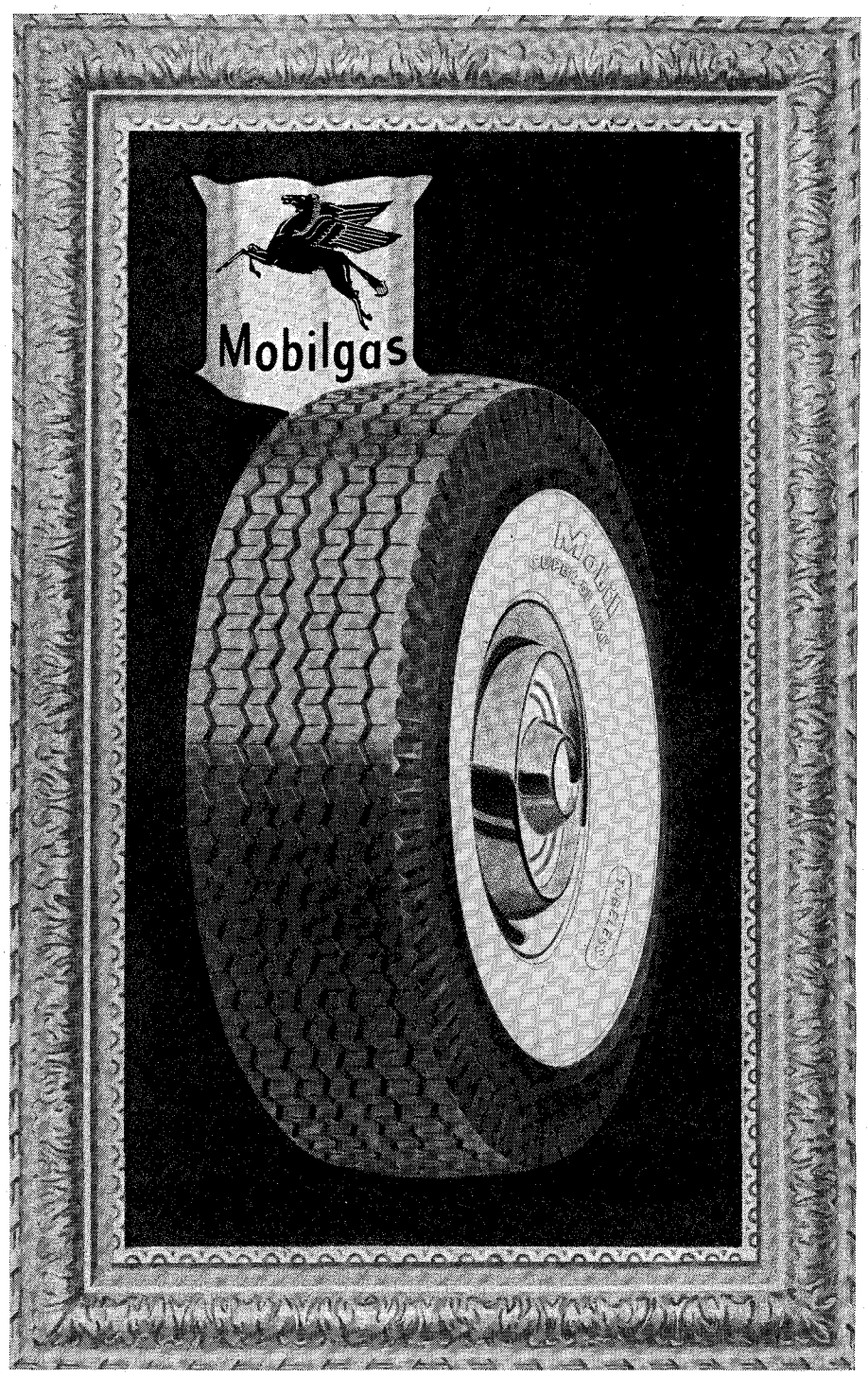

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When a President Needs a Friend . . .

(Continued from Page 31)

is in incessant demand at Washington's vast cocktail parties and evening routs, he avoids them when he can. When he must attend he quips and chuckles his way along with the best of them. But at an early hour he may be seen tiptoeing away via a side entrance, furtively mopping his brow.

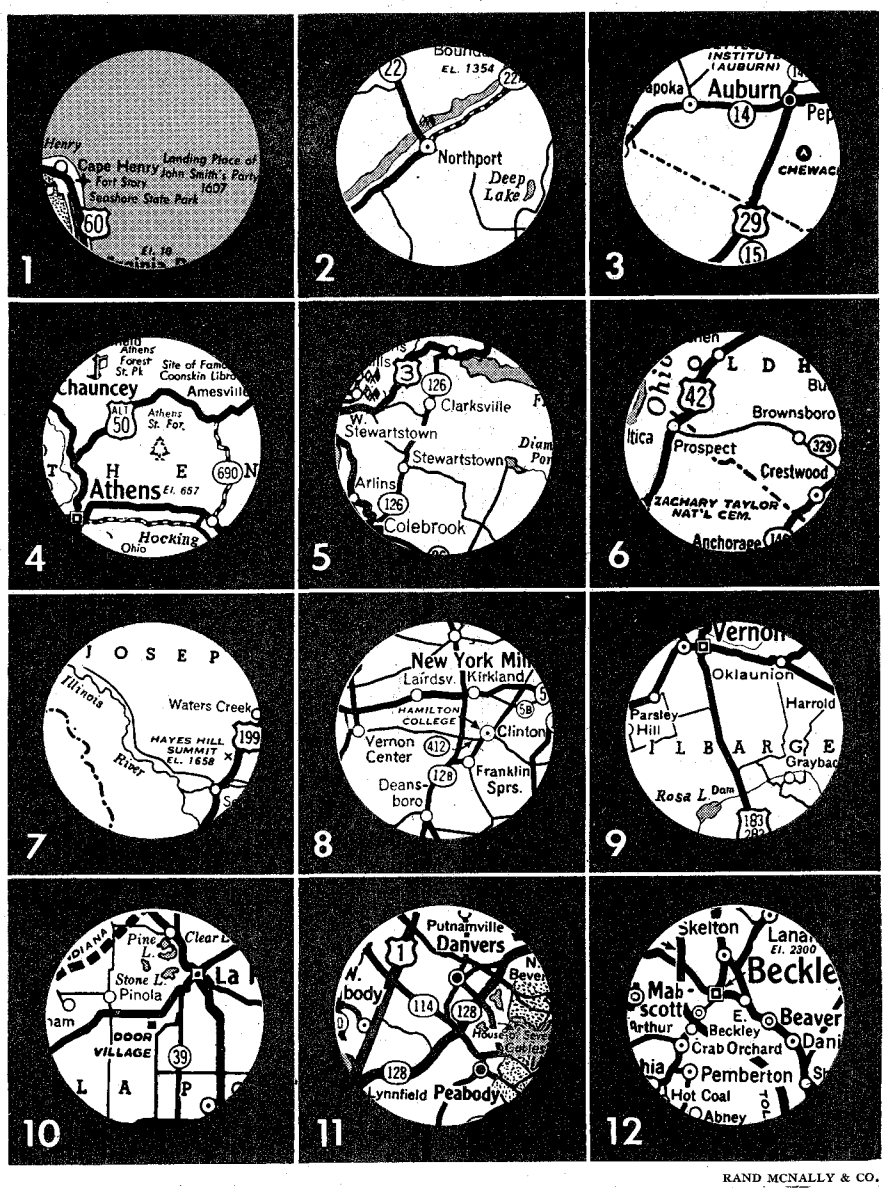
My guess is that Allen's acute perceptions, which focus so delicately among a few friends, are jarred, blurred and fatigued by the kaleidoscopic silliness of a jamboree.

Even the more modest and civilized parties do not hold him for long. On one such occasion he disappeared. He was located an hour later, upstairs, talking and playing checkers with his host's entranced eight-year-old son. George was managing to lose by a narrow margin.

George Allen was born sixty years ago (February 29, 1896) in the little town of Booneville, Mississippi. According to his elder sister, Mrs. Armiger Jagoe, "George was the cutest little rascal you ever saw, and spoiled." But not rotten-spoiled: he knew his parents loved him; he also knew well the limits of parental tolerance. Even as a small boy, he had "an astonishing ability to get along well with everybody"—white and colored, old and young, rich and poor. He still has it. It extends not only to Presidents but to bellhops and bishops, shoeshine boys and senators, taxi drivers and tycoons. More importantly, it extends to his wife, Mary, to whom he has been happily married for twenty-five years. This charming lady has a sense of fun which matches, and a quickness of wit which often surpasses, his own.

During his Mississippi boyhood, Allen claims, he never even saw a Republican until he was twelve years old. He remains a stanch Democrat. The only time he ever split his ticket was to vote for Eisenhower in 1952. But he never gets into bitter political arguments or lets politics interfere with his personal relationships. Since the early 1930's he has had almost as many friends among the Republican leaders of the House and Senate as among the Democrats.

As in the top levels of politics, so in the top levels of business. For years Allen has maintained cordial friendships with leading financiers and industrialists all over the country—from New York to California, from the Great Lakes to Texas. He is on the (*Continued on Page 88*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on page 88*)

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When your pharmacist hands you a small bottle of one of the "new" medicines and tells you the cost, it may seem like a high price to pay for a prescription.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) boards of directors of no fewer than thirty-one corporations engaged in a vast variety of businesses.

In 1955, Allen, who describes himself as "inherently lazy," traveled about 88,000 miles in attending these various business interests and directors' meetings. In the last ten years he has accumulated upwards of $2,000,000.

Back in the mid-'30's, when Allen was serving as commissioner of the District of Columbia, his wealth was not only nil but minus. He was carrying so heavy a burden of debt, incurred after the 1929 crash, that his bank advised him to go through bankruptcy. He declined. He continued to pay off his debts through the years, slowly while he was in public service, more rapidly after he was back in private business in 1940. He cleared up the last of his debts in 1946. Since then he has gone on to make a tidy fortune.

This rise from minus zero to affluence raises a natural question: Did Allen achieve it through any improper use of his powerful political connections and friendships? I don't know, but I can say this: if he did, I haven't been able to find any evidence of it. If he did, he has managed to fool three Presidents who have known him well; the leaders of Congress since 1933; and the reporters who specialize in exposing public scandals. This seems unlikely, especially in Washington, a city short on secrecy and long on envy.

The Senate has four times confirmed Allen for appointment to public office. He got the most thorough going over in the hearing that followed his appointment as a director of the RFC in 1946. Senators Taft and Millikin, two of the best minds in the Republican Party, questioned him exhaustively about his political connections and business interests, which even then included a flock of directorships. They continued to argue that he did not have enough banking experience for the job, but they found no flaw in his integrity.

Allen was dead serious at the start, but as the hearing wore on his humor began to disrupt the gravity of the proceedings until even Taft and Millikin were laughing. On page 92 of the transcript there is the following colloquy:

MILLIKIN: If you get this job . . . will you continue in your lifetime course of winning friends and not making enemies?

ALLEN: I can assure you I will do my best.

MILLIKIN: Well, you are much more personable than many others who do that.

ALLEN: That is very nice of you, Senator. Very nice. In fact, this is very good, because this is about the first enthusiasm that I have found for me for this job. (Laughter.)

During his year as RFC director, Allen was sharply criticized only once, and in that case his judgment was later vindicated. It was during the housing shortage. Allen was under heavy pressure, from the liberal newspapers, members of Congress and influential figures in the Administration, to approve a big loan to a company (Lustron) which promised to mass-produce low-priced prefabricated houses as fast as pretzels. Allen refused. He did not believe the company had the assets, plant or know-how to swing the job. After he resigned from the RFC, Lustron obtained Government loans of more than $35,000,000. Even with this help the company could produce only a small trickle of the promised houses, and staggered into insolvency.

As I say, my own detective work has disclosed nothing unethical in Allen's career. But since I am not much of an investigator, I consulted a man of some eminence in that field, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI.

"George Allen," said Mr. Hoover, "is not only an honest but an honorable man. I have known him well for twenty-five years, and I don't believe there is a grain of larceny in his soul." The director is usually a man of rather stern mien. But as he went on to talk about Allen his severity—as I have noted in other busy men—relaxed into an affectionate warmth. "The wonderful thing about George's wit," he said, "is that it is never unkind. And underneath all his humor there is a solid foundation of good judgment—a keen appraisal of men and situations. He has never been a name-dropper, even when he first began to know the big fellows. And, long and well as I have known him, he has never gossiped to me about a President. If he saw the President yesterday, or is going to see him tomorrow, I don't hear about it from George.

"But there is one thing I've got against Allen," the director continued more gravely, and I listened expectantly. "There is one serious gap in his judgment. He doesn't understand horses. He always gives me losers at the race track. I am a two-dollar better, but it adds up. He arrives at the track loaded down with racing forms and tipster sheets, and starts to figure. Soon he has not only himself but everybody around him hopelessly confused."

Clark Clifford, the lawyer, former special counsel to President Truman, recalls a summer afternoon in 1945 when he went to the track at Laurel with Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. Allen assured his guests he had the hot inside dope, "straight from Joe." After Joe's sure-fire tips had gone astray in four successive races, Clifford became impatient.

"Who is this Joe?" he demanded.

"He's a big shot," whispered Allen. "Used to own a whole chain of drugstores."

"Does he own them now?" asked Clifford.

"Well, not now," said Allen evasively.

"What does he do now?" pursued Clifford.

"He's a clerk at the two-dollar window," said Allen. Clifford still doesn't know whether Joe was a real person or a pleasantry contrived by Allen to enliven the afternoon.

Here I must qualify my statement about finding no improprieties in Allen's career. Mr. Clifford told me about an outrageous chicanery practiced by Allen against a President of the United States. Clifford's testimony is subject to discount because he was an accomplice, and further because, as he talked, he several times covered his face with his hands, while his shoulders shook. The incident could be called Operation Leadbelly, or the Miracle of the Fishes.

It occurred several years ago when President Truman and his entourage were vacationing in Bermuda. One day a fishing cruise was organized. The party was

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 86

1. Va.	2. Wash.	3. Ala.
4. Ohio	5. N. H.	6. Ky.
7. Ore.	8. N. Y.	9. Tex.
10. Ind.	11. Mass.	12. W. Va.

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divided among two boats, one captained by the President, the other by co-captains Allen and Clifford. Bets were made on which boat would catch the greater poundage of fish.

Shortly before the boats returned to harbor, they passed close enough for each side to hold up its string of fish. Obviously Mr. Truman's boat had the larger catch. Allen, chagrined, sat for some moments in gloomy thought. Then he brightened. "Clifford," he said, "didn't I see a hamper of lead slugs in the back of this boat?" To think was to act. Allen lugged forward the slugs, Clifford held open the fishes' mouths, Allen dropped in the slugs.

Back on the dock, the President was jubilant. His boat's string of fish was weighed first—134 pounds. Then the apparently smaller Allen-Clifford catch was lifted toward the scales. The derisive laughter of the opposition was silenced when the astounding weight was revealed: 141 pounds. The President himself was obviously crestfallen and puzzled. The two conspirators were beginning to wonder whether the joke hadn't gone far enough, when suddenly the matter was taken out of their hands. As their catch was dropped back on the wharf, a lead slug popped from the mouth of one overstuffed fish. Mr. Truman spotted it at once, leaned over and pointed his finger grimly at the slug.

"Allen!" he thundered. "What's that?"

"What's what?" said Allen innocently. But the game was up. The aroused President, summoning his powers as Commander in Chief, gave orders to make the punishment fit the crime. He stood over Allen and Clifford until they shook or squeezed every last slug out of every fish—a much longer and scalier task than putting them in. The Allen-Clifford catch, thus unballasted, weighed only 110 pounds.

"And now," said the President affably, "we can settle those bets. After you fellows wash up, that is."

George Allen has extensive business connections. Some purists argue that no President should have, as the companion of his leisure hours, a man with such private interests. Improper influence might be brought to bear. If this argument is explored, it is hard to think where a proper friend could be found. A military man might press for his own branch of the service; a doctor might be for or against socialized medicine; and so on. Maybe an Official Friend should be chosen by the Supreme Court, let's say a retired minister of the gospel—nondenominational—with a fixed pension and no fixed ideas. But wait! The reverend, worried about the effect of inflation on his fixed income, might subtly influence a President—if he could ever catch him—against adequate defense expenditures. That would never do. If the American people entrust a man with the Presidency, I guess they will have to trust him to pick his own companions.

One cynical friend of mine raises another question: "How could Allen possibly make a couple of millions, unless he traded on his political friendships and contacts? I don't say it was dishonest. It just looks funny, that's all." It might look funny, I agree, except for one little-known and unpublicized fact: George Allen, starting from nowhere in 1919, made nearly $2,000,000 before he was thirty-four years old, and before he had enough political influence to fix a parking ticket.

Let's glance back at this younger, pre-political George Allen. He came of what are called "good people." The Allens were a large, able and humorous tribe, lawyers, teachers, farmers, merchants, soldiers. George's father, who died when the boy was eight years old, was a light-hearted, leisurely small-town lawyer, who claimed that his profession was fishing, with law as a side line. George's mother, a musically talented graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory, was active in church and community work, and much loved by the young people of the town, among whom she organized bands, orchestras and amateur theatricals.

There was one politician in the family, Uncle John—famed as "Private John Allen" because of his almost unique insistence that he had never risen above that rank in the Confederate Army. He served eight terms (1885-1901) in Congress. He, too, was renowned for his humor, but later warned his nephew against it, pointing out that it was responsible for his one defeat. In a race for the Senate, Private John made jesting reference to his opponent's custom of eating peas with a knife. It turned out that the voters who balanced peas on the knife held the balance of political power.

Much has been made of George's resemblance to his Uncle John. Uncle Henry has been overlooked. Henry Allen, returning from the war in 1865, was so shocked by the poverty of his family that he swore he would make $1,000,000. Eventually he made that and more in the cotton business. Outwardly George may be like Uncle John, but inside he seems to have Uncle Henry's business knack.

While Allen makes light of his education, he got a firm grounding in Greek, Latin, English and mathematics at a school headed by his first cousin, James Robins, now emeritus professor of Latin at Vanderbilt (*Continued on Page 91*)

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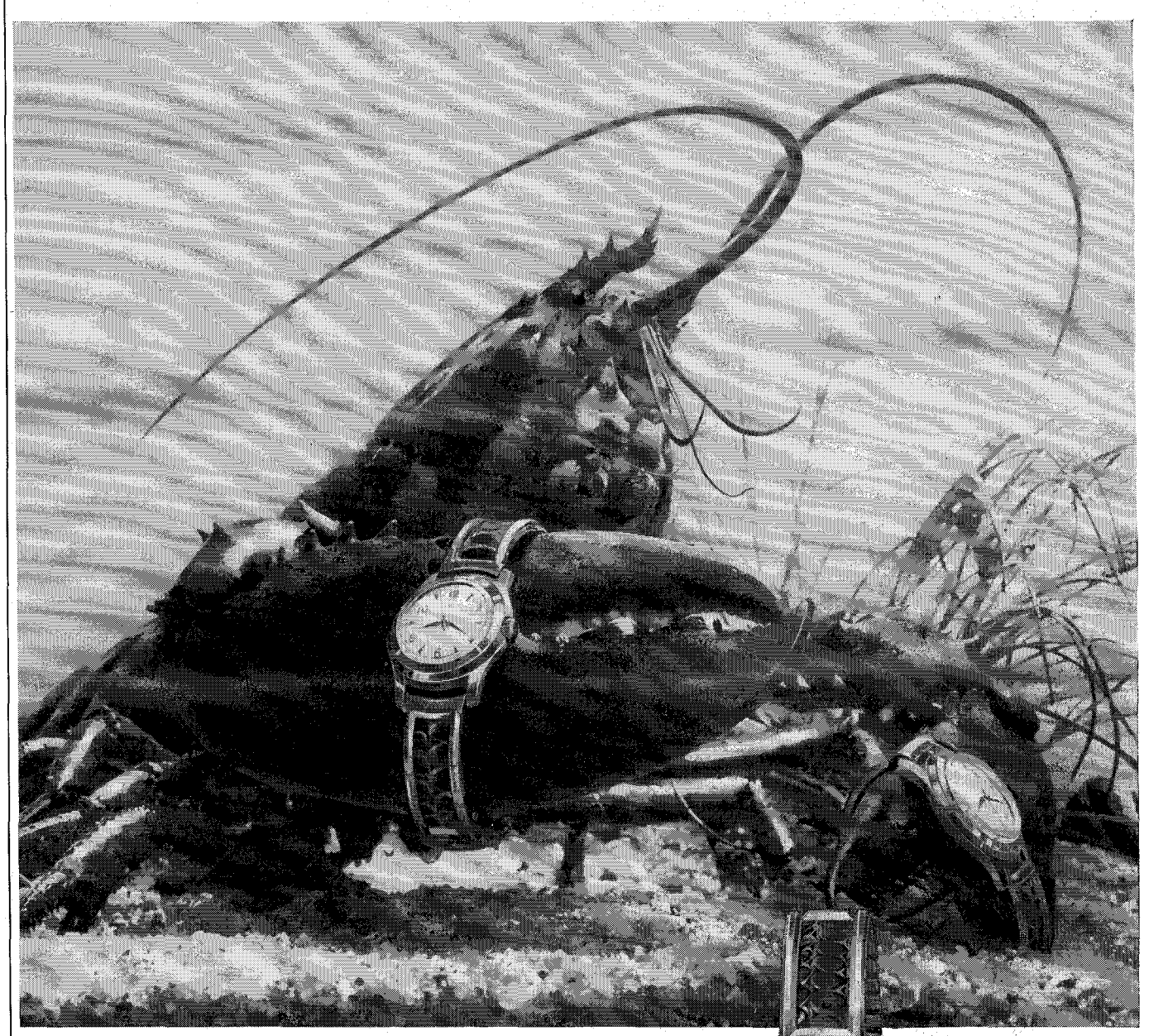

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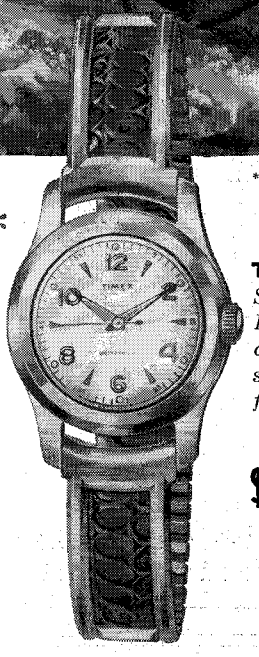

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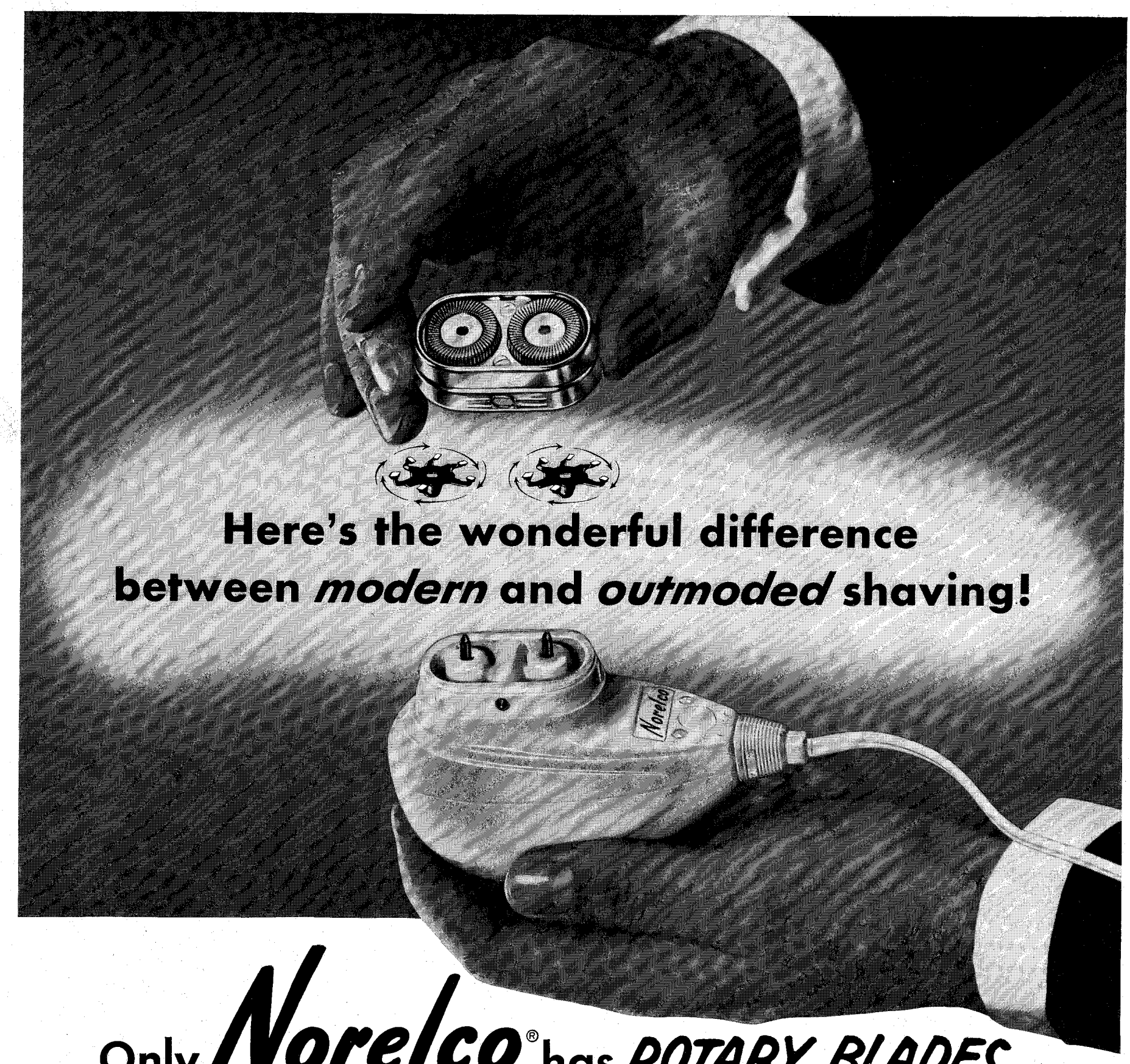

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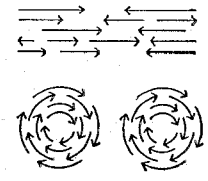

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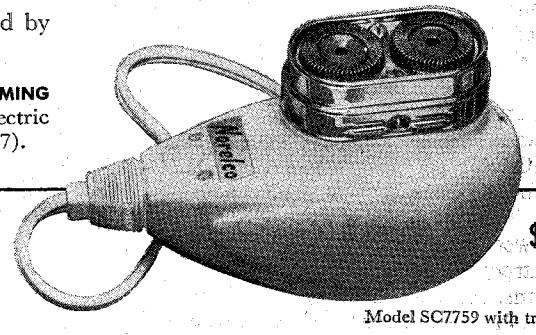

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(*Continued from Page 89*) University. "Robins," says Allen, "is a great, great man and teacher. He taught values. I'm less of a scholar than anything you know, but for my outlook on things, or for what may be described as my character, I owe everything to Professor Robins."

Allen loafed his way through law school so effectively that he was a member of the bar, practicing in the small town of Okolona, Mississippi, by the time he was twenty-one. That was in 1917. He enlisted and served in France as a lieutenant in a machine-gun outfit, but hastens to add that he was no hero: never even heard a shot fired in anger. When he got back to Mississippi, Okolona looked much smaller than before. At the invitation of a friend he went to Greensburg, Indiana. He lived in a room at the Y.M.C.A. at two dollars a week and scratched around for a practice. One day Allen was arguing a dry-as-dust interstate-rate case. The head of the Indiana Chamber of Commerce was so enthralled by the persuasive humor with which Allen handled his dull material that he offered him a fat salary to make speeches for the chamber. Allen accepted. By that, I think, a formidable jury lawyer was lost to the courts.

Allen soon showed that he could cast a similar spell over those groups who decide where a federation, association or fraternal order will hold its next convention. He became a "convention lurer." It was asserted that he could persuade a society of Sunday-school superintendents to convene in hell. Within two years hotels, resorts and cities were competing for his services. He was traveling around on expense accounts, saving most of his large salary.

Having lured a convention, Allen felt a duty to make the guests comfortable. This led him into a study of the hotel business, which fascinated him. He felt the hotel boom coming, and invested in hotel equities. He became an adviser on management, taking part of his compensation in apparently valueless hotel common stocks. He took over the management of hotels in the red, put them in the black and began to get rich.

Allen's personality and gift for friendship played its part in all this. Important businessmen were attracted by his shrewdness as well as by his humor. He became associated with such figures as Hugh McLennon, the Chicago real-estate and hotel operator; with the Lane brothers, who had hotels in Iowa and Missouri; and with Harold L. Stuart, head of the great investment-banking firm of Halsey, Stuart.

By early 1929 Allen, now thirty-three years old, was operating manager, director and part owner of a score of hotels in half a dozen states. At that time he could have sold out for between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000, net. It was in 1929 that Harold Stuart, who had put $13,000,000 in the Wardman properties in the District of Columbia—hotels and apartment houses—sent Allen to Washington to infuse new life into the investment. The infusion was interrupted by the great Wall Street crash of October, after which hotel rooms began to empty all over the land. During the next three years Allen continued to hold his high-salaried job, but his equities shriveled and notes fell due.

Soon after his arrival in Washington, Allen had renewed a prior slight acquaintance with Sen. Pat Harrison, of Mississippi. The two became fast and congenial friends. The senator was best man at Allen's wedding in 1930. It was Harrison who introduced Allen to politics and politicians. He could have had no better sponsor. Pat's wit and integrity had made him one of the most respected men on Capitol Hill.

In 1932 Harrison took Allen along with him to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, where the two shared a room at the Congress Hotel. Roosevelt led on the early ballots, then faltered. At a critical moment Harrison held the Mississippi delegation in line for Roosevelt. Then he helped arrange the secret conference of the Roosevelt and Garner chieftains, in his and Allen's hotel room, where the agreement was made that assured F.D.R. of the nomination. The wide-eyed Allen, like Kilroy, was there.

In 1933 there was a place open as commissioner of the District of Columbia. Allen told Harrison he did not want the job, but jokingly suggested it would be nice publicity if he were "mentioned" for it. Harrison passed the word to reporters, who played Allen up as a dark horse. Whereupon a strange thing happened, says Allen. "I was completely taken in by my own publicity. I assured myself that public duty was summoning me to the supreme sacrifice." Allen was not only appointed but twice reappointed, serving for six years before finally resigning. Robert Buck, dean of Washington municipal reporters, says Allen was one of the best commissioners the city ever had.

During those years, at Roosevelt's request, Allen also held down, without pay, the tough job of relief administrator of the district. It was, he recalls, a "terrifying and heartbreaking experience." We tend to forget, now, how desperate was the plight of the unemployed in those days. They found in George Allen a doughty and ingenious champion. Whatever his scruples about "influence," he did not hesitate to use his wiles on Congress, Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins to pry loose adequate appropriations for the forlorn men and women in his care.

In 1934, Allen, dressed in shabby clothes, made a two-week tour of Midwestern cities at his own expense. He slept in flophouses, stood in relief lines, talked with hundreds of the unemployed. On his return he wrote a report. He had found, he said, that more than 90 per cent of the unemployed wanted jobs—any sort of work—rather than a dole. Among other criticisms, he suggested that relief officials "stop acting like God Almighty." When Roosevelt announced his $4,800,000,000 work-relief plan in 1935, he told reporters that many of the ideas in it had come from George Allen.

Curiously, humor was no great bond between President Roosevelt and Allen. The former did not think the latter's jokes were very funny, and vice versa. Allen liked and admired F.D.R. most in serious mood; the President, though he did not appreciate George's humor, liked his good humor and his conversation. He entrusted Allen with a leading role in many unofficial projects close to his heart, such as the March of Dimes campaign, the Warm Springs Foundation and the Red Cross.

The Red Cross work led to his friendship with General Eisenhower. In the spring of 1942 Allen was sent to neutral Ireland, ostensibly to check on that country's need of Red Cross supplies, actually to exercise his talents to insure that Ireland, if it must be neutral, would at least be "neutral on our side." After spreading the Allen good will among leaders of church and state in Eire, he went to London before returning home. At a dinner given by Ambassador Winant, the talk turned to who might be the new American commander in the European Theater. Allen remembered reading that an officer named Eisenhower had distinguished himself in some maneuvers in Louisiana.

The very next day the embassy got the news of Eisenhower's appointment. Allen's phone began to buzz with excited calls from his fellow diners. Why, they demanded, hadn't Allen told them straight out that Ike was the man? Allen denied any foreknowledge—truthfully, but perhaps too blandly. Rumors spread that Allen was the general's old friend, his sponsor, his advance agent. This was all very well, until word came that the general was arriving in England. Then it became embarrassing. Although Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Allen were friends, Allen himself could not recall whether he had ever met the general or even what he looked like.

Introduced to the general on his arrival, Allen immediately confided his difficulty. He was, he explained, in a terrible spot—he was supposed to be an old friend of the general's. Eisenhower, highly amused, co-operated by inviting Allen to lunch, along with Generals Mark Clark and T. J. Davis, in the public dining room at Claridge's. The general was so pleased with Allen's company that they soon became friends in fact—a friendship which has continued and grown closer with the years.

President Eisenhower, I understand—and not from Allen—has passed more of his leisure hours with Allen than with any other friend outside his immediate family. Usually their conversation is on the light and casual side, but the President, in the months following his illness, talked with Allen frequently and at length about the grave decision for or against a second term. In these talks Allen's part was primarily that of a listener, helping the President to argue the question out in his own mind. When Allen did enter the debate, it was usually to present the arguments *against* running again, partly as a matter of balance against the arguments of the President's other friends, who were almost unanimous in favoring another term.

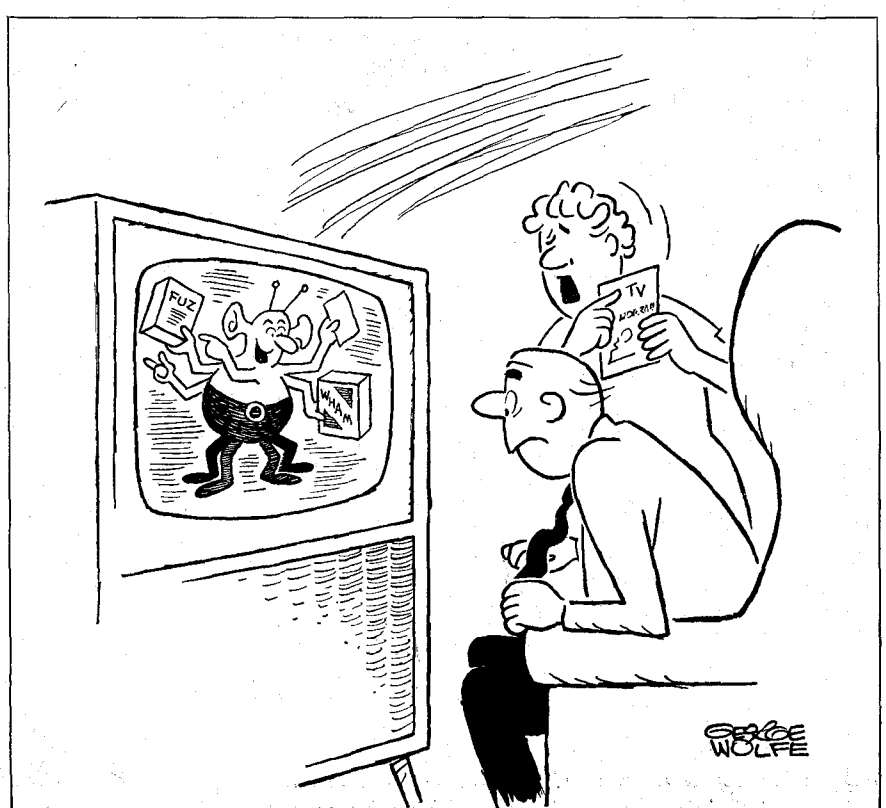
The President and Allen are neighbors at Gettysburg. Allen bought a farm there in the summer of 1950. General Eisenhower, visiting Allen's place, was so pleased with the country that he bought a farm nearby. For a time the two men owned livestock and farm equipment in common, but this partnership was dissolved when Eisenhower was elected President.

In 1944 Allen was one of a small group who (a) persuaded Roosevelt to drop Henry Wallace as his running mate; and (b) at the Democratic convention persuaded Harry Truman—who felt himself committed to Jimmy Byrnes—to run for the vice-presidential nomination. At that time Truman and Allen were hardly more than casual acquaintances. Then luck intervened. Allen, summoned reluctantly from a vacation at Atlantic City, was asked by the Democratic National Committee to accompany and advise Senator Truman on his campaign travels. It was during this trip that the two men became firm friends.

After Eisenhower was nominated for the presidency in 1952, Allen told President Truman, not without apprehension, that he intended to vote for the general. Truman smiled, and told Allen not to worry about that; he himself, in Missouri, had once voted for a Republican, an old friend who had served in his outfit in the A.E.F. Allen did not take an active part in the campaign. After the election, Eisenhower expressed surprise when he learned that Allen had voted for him.

A President, during his working day, must see a long succession of important visitors. Almost all of them want something, or bring advice, or tell their troubles, or explain that the world is going to pot unless the President takes quick, firm action. Allen doesn't want anything. He doesn't give advice unless he is asked for it; even then, he is more likely to brighten the problem with a fresh perspective than to suggest solutions. If he has troubles, he doesn't tell them to the President. As for the world going to pot, the very presence of Allen seems to suggest that this prospect is remote.

The majesty of the office affects almost everybody who sees the President. His callers become tense, pompous, stuffy or nervous, and this has its reaction on the President. Not Allen. He is, observers agree, "always the same old George." He is not lacking in respect, but awe seems to have been left out of his make-up. He brings with him an atmosphere of relaxed optimism, of easy good cheer, of the happy, normal, everyday world from which the man in the White House is, in a sense, an exile. THE END



"I looked it up—there's no such channel!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Norman Rockwell

Why do you always start shaving on that side first, he asks you. And you really don't know. Just part of orderly habits you've set up to make getting dressed easier. You do it automatically. In bigger things, too, orderly habits make life easier. Like reviewing your plans for your children's education . . . your own retirement . . . a steady income for your family to live on.

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I Drive the Turnpikes . . . and Survive

(Continued from Page 49)

only four states had toll roads; today twenty-six have them in operation, under construction or on the planning boards. When the Indiana Turnpike is finished in a few more months, you will drive from New York City clear through to Chicago without a traffic light. And from Maine and New Hampshire to Texas and Oklahoma, toll pikes are unfolding their alluring invitation to the ultramodern multiple crackup.

As a tourist who has racked up a good many hundred thousand miles through every state in the Union and every Canadian province during all four seasons, I think I've seen pretty nearly everything in the way of road problems—and made most of the mistakes any motorist can make except the final one. Unlike most of my city-bound friends, I've done quite a bit of driving in the Far West, where you can see as far down the road as the human eye will reach, picking out a cluster of houses twenty miles away on the horizon without the suggestion of a curve between you and them. It is no play on words to call these roads "deadly monotonous." Every state which has them, with the exception of Texas, has a fatality rate substantially higher than the national average.

Notwithstanding this, those people are much better equipped for expressway driving than are urban dwellers who rarely can drive at sixty mph for more than five or ten minutes at a time. And yet even the boys from the wide-open spaces find the new turnpikes tricky for a reason they are not likely to comprehend any quicker than the city slickers.

On those long, straight ribbons in Wyoming, Nevada or New Mexico, you can look in your rear-view mirror every ten minutes and see about everything you need to see. But on these new superhighways you can look in the glass every ten seconds and still get trapped into a rear-end collision with a car that "came from nowhere!"

The explanation lies in the "fluid contour" which engineers carefully build into these modern turnpikes to relieve the monotony of those undeviating roads of the plains—the constant gentle curves which keep the driver driving all the time. The longest straight stretch on the New Jersey Turnpike is 3½ miles; on the Ohio, about five.

On the Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey turnpikes, as well as on the New York Thruway, the minimum clear-sight distance from any point on any curve is 900 to 1000 feet. Part-way around one of these roundhouse curves at sixty mph you glance in your rear-view mirror and see nothing behind you. Yet ten seconds later, when you pull out to pass a slower-moving truck, you get clipped in the rear by the car that "came from nowhere!"

The explanation is simple enough. When you looked ten seconds ago, the car behind hadn't come into your clear-sight range. But he was overtaking you at an illegal eighty mph, as so many do, hence he was covering almost 1200 feet to your 880. When you looked the second time, he was then in your left-rear blind spot—where the cops like to ride!—and you still couldn't see him. So you pull out to pass the truck and—whammo!

I've been startled so often by this car that creeps up from nowhere that I've learned the lesson without any bloodshed. But the fact that many expressway drivers haven't grasped it yet is evident from the records showing that of 1508 car-to-car collisions on the Pennsylvania Turnpike in two years, 50.3 per cent were rear-enders.

Having driven on all of the superhighways that are open at this writing, I am convinced that your rear-view mirror is one of the most vital, yet most ignored, accessories on the car for this new kind of driving.

In fact, I would go further and say that a side-view mirror in addition is an absolute must for superhighway conditions. Despite wrap-around rear windows, the typical inside mirror gives you only about a sixty-six-degree range of vision behind, and this spells terrific blind spots in left and right rear areas. Even with side-view mirrors, it's impossible to eliminate all blind spots.

I verified this once on Connecticut's Merritt Parkway by driving in the slow lane at the legal fifty-five-mph limit and timing the interval required for the image of an overtaking car to pass from the inside to the outside mirror. Depending upon the other fellow's speed, this ranged from four to six seconds. At modern driving speeds, an awful lot can happen in that time.

My own private rules for expressway driving, therefore, are:

1. To try to check the rear-view mirrors every five seconds;
2. To check them at least once midway between every two curves;
3. Never to make any deviation from a straight line or a constant speed without glancing at the mirrors;
4. Always to keep the left-front window partly open, so that I may at least hear a car that I can't see.

But let's not overdo the importance of the car behind to the exclusion of the car ahead. One driver's negligence with his mirrors may explain another man's ramming him when the first pulls out abruptly, but it doesn't account for the inordinate number of rear-end collisions on expressways between cars going in the same direction in the same lane.

It costs $2,000,000, more or less, to build a mile of modern toll road. For this kind of money we reduce to a remote possibility the head-on collision—18.6 per cent of all rural fatal collisions between cars—by the use of median dividing strips ranging from a twenty-foot minimum width on the New York Thruway to a forty-foot minimum on the Ohio Turnpike. We also eliminate the intersection and its cross traffic—which accounts for 20 per cent of all motor-vehicle collisions on rural roads; 43 per cent in cities—thus largely confining car-to-car crack-ups to vehicles going in the same direction. So what do we smart motorists do? Why, we discover that we can compensate for these engineering precautions by putting a heavy foot on the gas pedal and keeping it there. Thus we can not only overtake the car ahead with our new 300-plus-horsepower engine—we can climb right into his back seat.

I'm not being funny; these are sober facts. Not long ago on the Jersey Turnpike a trooper was idling along at fifty in the slow lane when an overtaking motorist hit him so hard in the rear that the police car was virtually demolished. Miraculously, the trooper escaped with only minor bruises, and arrested the harebrain, who actually contended that the patrol car must have backed into him.

The point of all this is that the same-lane, rear-end collision is an even more frequent hazard on the modern superhighway than the multiple-car pile-up. In the Jersey Turnpike's maiden year, no less than 33 per cent of the fatal smashups and 50 per cent of the total deaths were attributed to this cause—two thirds of them in broad daylight.

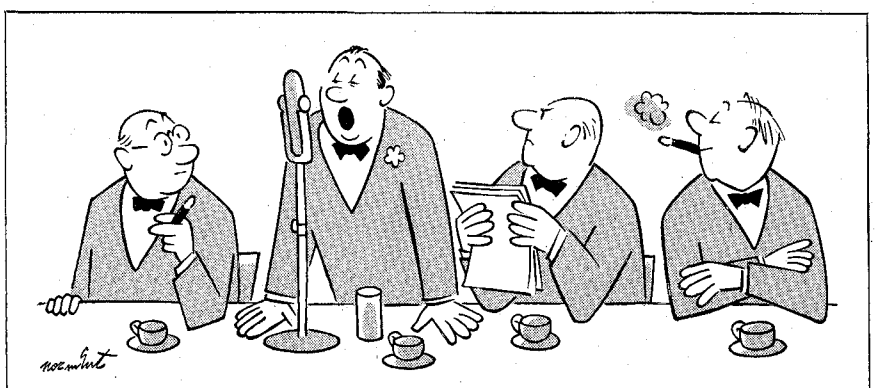
Allowing for an undetermined number of drivers who are dozing or asleep, the remainder must be charged off to either inattention or poor depth perception. But whatever the real reason or combination of reasons, the cold statistics again point up the fact that the average motorist is still not tuned to hour after hour of travel at from eighty-eight to 120 feet per second. It is this new disease called "highway hypnosis" which enables even a normal individual to look at a thing, see it, yet still not comprehend it.

Just what part subnormal depth perception plays in these smackups is difficult to determine, because only eighteen states make any effort to check on this vital aspect of high-speed-driving vision—and those tests are made with the applicant sitting in a stationary chair with nothing else to think about. In fact, all of our visual tests for drivers, thorough or otherwise, are made with the subject sitting still, which isn't in the same league with seeing at sixty, seventy or eighty mph. As a consequence, only God knows how many accidents occur not because the driver was going sixty-five mph, but because his eyes were functioning at only a thirty-five-mph rate.

What can you do about this? Well, if your passengers tell you that you often get uncomfortably close to the car ahead without meaning to, see a competent eye specialist and find out if you really have adequate mile-a-minute vision. If you do it intentionally, then consult either a psychiatrist or an undertaker.

But with or without good driving vision—which includes much more than just a 20/20 rating—the big bugaboo of the superhighway is getting drowsy and foolishly trying to fight it off. Truckers, who know the maximum penalty for this, often take a whiff of smelling salts to snap themselves awake until they find a safe place to stop and nap.

On most roads this could be anywhere that gets you ten feet or more off the pavement, but this does not apply to



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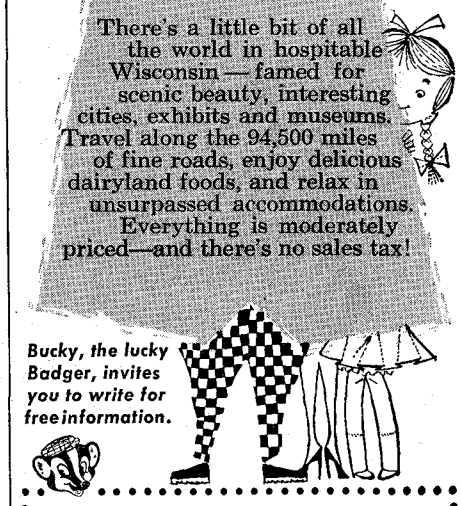

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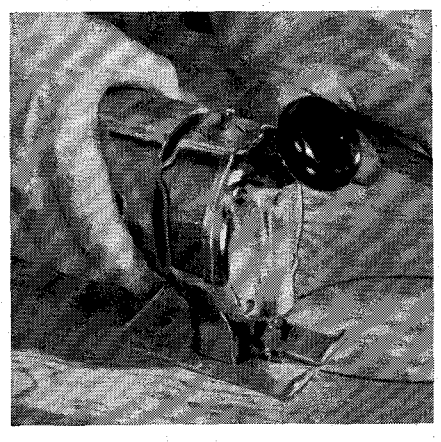

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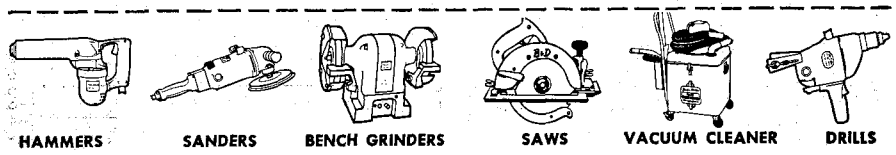

expressways, which generally prohibit stopping for anything but mechanical breakdown. The reason for this ban is simply that the motorist coming back into the traffic flow without benefit of a "speed-change lane" is taking his life in his hands. Thus the smelling-salts expedient is a good one to keep you going until you reach the next service or rest area, where even a five- or ten-minute snooze in the car will revive you. After that, get out and walk around for a few minutes to stir up your circulation.

While it can't be followed to the minute on an expressway, my own personal system, based on years of transcontinental trips without a relief driver, is to stop for five minutes about every hour after the third hour.

Fortunately for me, I've ridden the pikes enough to know the price of dozing off at the wheel. The worst example I recall was the famous case of the five marines, just home safely from Korea, who rammed a big ten-wheeler so hard on the Jersey Turnpike that they shoved its entire rear-wheel assembly halfway up the body of the trailer. Their car went right under the tail gate of the truck. And the total absence of the slightest skid mark on the pavement convinced the troopers that the driver was sound asleep when he crashed.

To be sure, some of this business of stopping more often is going to be taken care of by the unaccustomed need for refueling frequently. This brings up the broad point that, in expressway driving, you must learn to watch all your instrument dials as closely as an airlines pilot does. Not many of us do this normally—and it isn't so vital in ordinary commuter driving as it is at sustained high speeds—and the result is that troopers on the Jersey Turnpike have to lend aid to about 4000 broken-down motorists in an average month. And this is a highway you can cover in two hours.

Many of these failures could have been anticipated in time by a constant check of the ammeter, oil gauge and thermometer. And certainly the 1000 or more who run out of gas each month could benefit from an occasional glance at the fuel indicator.

The trouble is that people forget that sustained high-speed driving wolfs up a lot more gas than ordinary commuter travel. The most economical speed for fuel consumption is between twenty-five and thirty mph, although on the expressways this fact becomes important only when you suddenly find the gas needle perilously close to Empty. The nearest gas station may be twenty miles away, but if you hold your speed to thirty, the extra mileage you get may save you a long wait for the passing trooper, not to mention a two-to-three-dollar fee for gas brought you by an emergency truck.

If you should be absent-minded enough to run completely dry before getting off the pavement, you can usually make the safety of the shoulder by leaving the clutch in and keeping your foot or finger on the starter button. This won't improve the starter, but it may save your life. About 10 per cent of the fatalities on the Pennsylvania and New Jersey pikes have involved one car which was standing still.

Once off the pavement, leave the hood up or tie a white rag or handkerchief to the left-front-door handle—the standard distress signal on expressways—and stay with the car until a trooper arrives. He will radio for aid. Under no circumstances should you attempt to walk or hitchhike to a gas station.

Of the 4000 or more turnpikers who suffer from that letdown feeling each month, about 900 have flats—which brings up another standard precaution that is doubly important on the superhighway. That is, never fail to check your tire pressures before starting out. This is pretty obvious too; yet underinflation is such a common failing that tire men say we throw away the equivalent of one tire in each set of five because of it.

Nothing murders a tire quicker than heat. And since running on a soft tire allows the side walls to flex, this action quickly builds up excessive temperatures inside the shoe, gradually weakening the structure and leading to fabric breaks, slow leaks or even blowouts.

The surest way to aggravate flexing and pressure build-up is to start out with soft tires. The only way to minimize it is to start with your tires about two pounds over the recommended pressures, thus reducing the flex. Since a normally inflated passenger-car tire will seldom build up more than five pounds—and since a tire in good condition can withstand around 200 pounds internal pressure—nominal build-up, *per se*, is nothing to worry about.

This, again, is just another commonplace driving precaution whose importance is magnified by expressway conditions. Similarly, it is excellent practice anywhere to signal your intention to make a turn, pull out of line, slow down, and so on. But on the superhighway, where the "hypnosis" threat is always present, it is also very, very prudent to make sure that the drivers to whom you sent the signal have actually received it.

Housebroken: Anyone buying a home at current prices.

FRANCES RODMAN

By the same token, overdriving your headlights is bad medicine on any road. Yet I am constantly amazed by the number of people who do it on the expressways, where they apparently feel secure from the menace of pedestrians and cross traffic, but forget all about the potential stalled car or the truck with the feeble taillights.

The trouble with all the new toll roads I've been on is that they are sadly lacking in the kind of median-strip planting or landscaping that eliminates headlight glare. Perhaps this is a flaw which will be remedied in time, as it has been on much of Connecticut's parkway system. But meanwhile we have the fast-road problem of drivers getting tired of constantly dimming their lights for oncoming cars and driving on low beam without "dimming" their speeds accordingly. The official limits of sixty, sixty-five and seventy mph on the New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania pikes presume that you are using your lights on high beam. To do this safely in the Pennsylvania Turnpike's extensive seventy-mph zones means that your lights must clearly illuminate the road at least 350 feet ahead, not just reflect from the cat's-eye markers. This is about twenty-two car lengths—the absolute minimum stopping distance from that speed if all conditions of pavement, tires and brakes are ideal. On that basis, a clear visibility of 500 feet is no bargain at seventy mph, and expecting that from a headlight on low beam is crazy.

This crucial matter of stopping distances is also significant in the common sin of "tailgating" on fast roads—that is, driving too close to the car ahead. Quite apart from the bad manners, it is a subtle way to invite the undertaker. The New York Thruway's little manual recommends that you "stay at least six car

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lengths behind the car in front. When the weather is bad, double it."

This is good advice which more drivers could well heed. Six car lengths is about 100 feet, and at high speeds that's no prodigal waste of space. Unfortunately, most drivers who think about it at all figure that "the guy in front isn't going to be able to stop any quicker than I can." This is probably true if his reactions, brakes and tires are no better than yours. But suppose the thing that stops him is that jackknifed trailer truck straddling both lanes which we mentioned earlier? What then?

Tailgating is the unhealthy practice which breeds the multiple-car pile-up peculiar to our fast roads. And it stems from the fact that not one driver in ten has any idea of how long it will take him to stop from any given speed in an emergency braking operation which must be predicated on a rather nebulous factor—the immediate comprehension of the emergency.

There's little use in telling people that with perfect brakes, tires and road conditions, you can't stop in less than 264 feet from sixty mph, 346 feet from seventy mph, 440 feet from eighty mph, because few people, including me, can remember such figures. What I've done is cut a one-inch figure 5 from an old calendar, pasting it just under the 70 mark on my speedometer dial. Whenever I go over sixty mph, I mentally multiply the speedometer reading by that figure 5, and the result is my approximate stopping distance in feet. This mute symbol serves to alert me to conditions in general while I'm in that particular speed range. And one condition I make a special point of observing when traffic thickens is: Which side shall I duck to if something goes wrong up ahead? Unlike the average road, the superhighway generally gives you a choice.

As a rule, tailgating is a diversion confined to the hot-pants breed of driver, of whom there are quite a few. However, I've noticed that a good many otherwise sensible drivers make two common mistakes on the expressways which are especially dangerous there. One is cutting back too soon after passing another car. This has been done to me so often that I wonder why my fenders don't wither—and mostly it is done by responsible-looking individuals who are not the hot-rod type. Obviously, they don't know that, except in an emergency, you should never come back in line after a pass until you can see the left headlamp of the car behind in your rear-view mirror.

The second popular error involves leaving or entering the traffic lane at a service area or interchange. Too many supercautious motorists slow down in the traffic lane before pulling into the access strip or "speed-change lane." Or, when coming onto the turnpike, they creep in at what is intended to be a careful speed of thirty-five or forty, just begging some guy with "highway hypnosis" to belt them into the Kingdom Come.

This traditional method of entering or leaving an old-fashioned road is not the proper technique for an expressway. On these superhighways you will find an additional "speed-change lane" running for 1000 to 1200 feet to each point of egress or entry to the traffic flow. When you're going off, you shouldn't start slowing down until you are over in that extra right-hand lane. When coming on, you should pick your chance before entering the access lane, and then be going fifty mph or better by the time you come onto the highway.

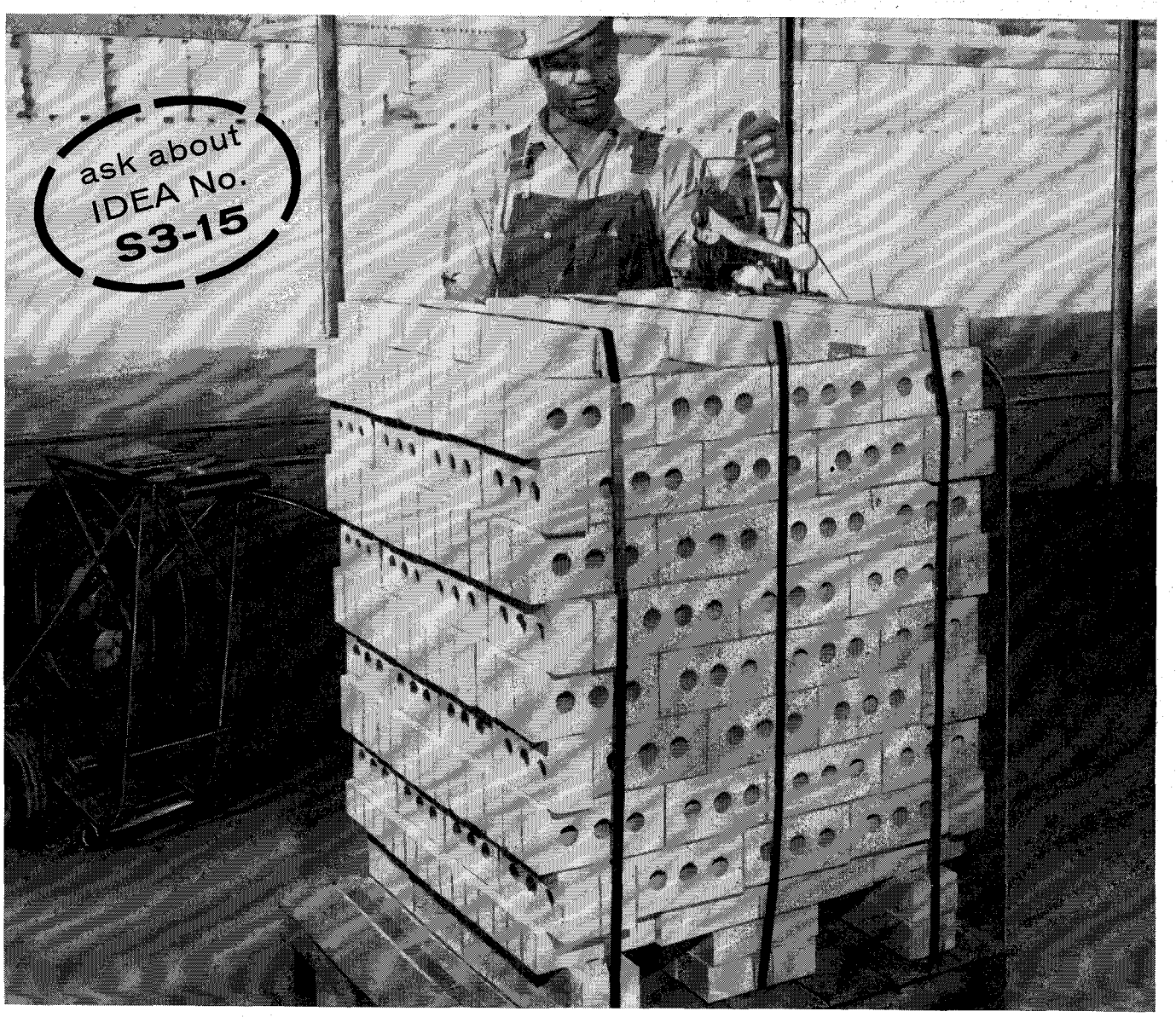
Perhaps to the hypersensitive, all these admonitions in one dose may make the superhighway seem superdangerous, but that would be an utterly false conclusion. Last October, New Jersey's Garden State Parkway completed its first fifteen months of operation with a record of only nine traffic fatalities. This averages only six tenths of a death per month, the lowest mark ever set by any major highway carrying a comparable traffic volume. Compare this to thirty-six deaths in one year on a twenty-eight-mile stretch of Route 20 in Indiana—or an average of twenty-five accidents per mile per year on a fifty-mile stretch of U.S. 130 in New Jersey—and you get the idea.

As a matter of fact, in the Jersey Turnpike's first year, when editorial writers were viewing the accident situation with alarm, the pike's "startling" record of 6.1 fatalities per 100,000,000 vehicle-miles was lower than the national average of 7.3—and exactly half of South Carolina's average. Since then the turnpike's fatality rate has dropped to 2.47, lower than that of any state in the Union.

Probably the most graphic proof of expressway safety was provided by a leading trucking concern which ran a comparative test on 100 of its trucks using the turnpike as against an equal number using parallel U. S. 130 for the same interval of time. The final score showed sixty-two accidents on U. S. 130 versus two rather minor mishaps on the turnpike—for an average of 1,368,675 miles per accident.

This is quite illuminating because the same caliber of drivers traveled both roads under identical weather conditions. The differential was the character of the roads themselves. Which simply means that when you recognize expressway driving as somewhat different, and master its simple techniques, today's fast superhighway is the safest highway we have ever seen.

THE END



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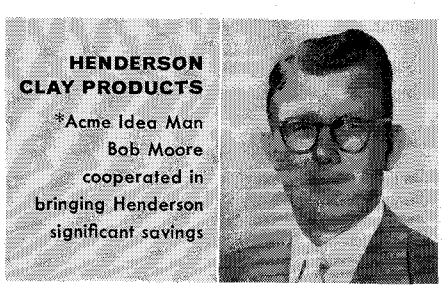

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The Dead World (Continued from Page 33)

reality. Naturally enough, too little sleep had ruined his chances of a pleasant trip up.

When the big plane cleared the field at Willow Run Airport, he stayed awake only long enough to watch the lights of his town slide by. Then he hunched sideways in the seat and went back to sleep immediately. He woke up in full daylight. His forehead was still numb, but the throbbing in his temples had gone. He stopped the pretty stewardess as she came down the aisle.

"Oh, miss! Are we past Chicago yet?"

"No." She smiled at him. "Don't worry. We won't let you oversleep your stop." She glanced quickly and expertly at the clipboard she carried. "You'd have to really oversleep, Mr. Avery. Going all the way to Seattle."

"That's just the beginning." He tried to return her smile. "I'm going all the way up to Fairbanks to do a little hunting."

"Oh, how nice!" she said, with obvious amused disbelief.

The first sight of the mountains of the Pacific Northwest started a wild excitement singing within him. He had gone deer hunting in Michigan's own Porcupine Mountains once, but compared with these immense mounds of earth and rock, those were nothing more than brush-covered hills. Still, he soon discovered that from the window of a high-flying plane all scenic country looks exactly like the newsreels and travelogues. He dozed off again before the flight touched down in Seattle. Somehow, he'd missed connections. So he had a long, dull wait and a night flight up. By then, he had grown travel-tired and he no longer cared.

In the early-morning light, the streets of Fairbanks looked far too much like the streets of Flint or Grand Rapids to be real. *It's just because I got out of bed without enough sleep and flew up here in a daze,* he thought. *If I'd driven up, all those miles over all that country, it would seem like another world to me.*

The office of the All-Alaskan Flying and Outfitting Service was another surprise. He had expected to find racks of rifles and a few bear hides spread on the floor. Instead, he gave his name to an attractive young receptionist, waited a few minutes and was then greeted by a clean-shaven man dressed in a suit, a white shirt and a tie. This man made only a few short inquiries as to how John felt and what sort of trip up he'd had. Then he opened a cardboard folder, glanced at it a moment and got down to business.

"You wanted to try for white and brown bear both, huh? O.K. We'll see if we can get you a polar bear first. Now, Ted Langley's back and wants another charter. We'll ——"

John Avery cleared his throat. "Uh—why don't I try for a big brownie first? I mean, make sure of getting one good trophy and then ——"

The man shook his head. "If you want to go after white bear at all this year, you'll have to leave right away. The ice won't hold up too much longer."

"Oh." He nodded. "All right."

The man made a call, talked for a few minutes, then lowered the phone. "You haven't checked into a hotel here, have you?"

"No."

"Good. You'll go north today. Spend the night up on the coast. Ted's one of the best. If the ice and the weather hold up, who knows? You might even have your bear by this time tomorrow."

From then on, things happened quickly. Ted Langley picked him up at the office and drove him across town to a supply room above a large sporting-goods store. Langley was a young man, tall and thin and bony, whose wind-burned skin looked like reddish-colored leather.

"You ever shoot one of these cannons?"

"No. Nothing bigger than a thirty-thirty."

"Knock your shoulder halfway off," Langley said cheerfully. "But when you've got a bear in your sights, you won't even notice it." He staggered back down the stairs under a load of fur clothing.

The plane was a small, lightweight job. It had been refueled and a mechanic was hurriedly checking the engine when they drove up to the field. Langley did everything in a rush.

"We can loaf tonight in Kotzebue," he explained, holding one of the heavy parkas out for John. "But we'd be smart to get there before sundown."

In a very few minutes they were sliding slowly across the iced runway, turning at the end of the field, then picking up speed as they started back. The little plane bucked roughly in the wind for a few seconds. Then their skis were suddenly free and they were sailing up and circling away from the buildings.

When they touched down on the sea-ice airstrip at Kotzebue, it was very cold. Langley tied the ship down and they went into the hotel. John Avery didn't do any sight-seeing that evening. He was introduced to the hotel owner, a veteran of dog-sled days, and they talked for a short time. But he went to his room very quickly.

Ever since the alarm had roused him from sleep, it seemed, he'd lived in a daze of numbness, he'd moved like an automaton. People had made his decisions for him, ushered him about—first airline clerks and stewardesses, then the man at All-Alaskan, then Langley. Very suddenly, he realized how tired he was.

It was a strange thing, he thought as he was undressing. The desire to go hunting was probably our only inheritance from the countless centuries when man had been an absolutely independent, self-sufficient creature. And yet a hunting trip like this was a perfect example of what specialists we had become.

For years he had saved a portion of what society was willing to pay him for what specialized knowledge he possessed and the use to which he put it. Now this accumulation would go to countless individuals in return for their specialized knowledge and abilities. Once, all men had been hunters, and only hunters. Now, even on a hunting trip, one leaned heavily on the shoulders of thousands and thousands of other men. It was amazing.

He put out his cigarette and climbed into bed. *In the morning I'm going to shoot a polar bear,* he told himself.

Langley knocked on the door at seven-thirty. John dressed quickly and hurried down for breakfast. The change that ten hours of sleep in a good bed had brought about was unbelievable. He felt wide-awake, full of life, and starved. All the old excitement had come back.

They took off at about nine and flew north. Langley weaved the ship back and forth, scouting the ice for some sign of movement. John Avery stared in surprise at the strange world beneath him.

Mile after mile, in all directions, the sunlit ice pack stretched forever. Even with the dark glasses Langley had given him, the glare burned into his eyes. The barren wasteland beneath was made up of ridges of buckled ice, fields of gleaming snow and open leads of water—as different from anything he'd ever seen as the surface of another planet would be. They were at least fifty miles out of Kotzebue before he said anything.

"That glare could blind you!" he shouted above the roar of the engine.

Langley nodded. "Without it, though, we couldn't hunt. It'd be impossible to land out here. We wouldn't know if we were five hundred feet up or fifty."

They thundered on, swinging back and forth a thousand feet above the surface of that white world. They were within ten miles of Point Hope when Langley looked to the left a second, then banked and headed out over the frozen ocean.

"There's a bear!"

"Where?" John stared intently, blinking his eyes against the brightness. But he saw nothing.

"Straight ahead!" Langley slanted down and leveled off at little more than a hundred feet. "Watch closely. He's ducked behind that pressure ridge. We'll buzz him out."

The plane banked slightly to the right on a wide turn. And then John saw the polar bear. It was a great white creature with a long neck, a small head and a black mouth. Its yellow-stained hide blended in perfectly with the sunlit white. That Langley could have spotted it from a thousand feet up seemed unbelievable.

As the plane swooped down on it, the polar bear broke into a clumsy run, its snakelike neck twisting as it looked back.

"We'll set down just ahead!" Langley shouted. "He'll run right into us!"

Above a wide, clear stretch of snow-covered ice, Langley dropped the flaps, cut the throttle and touched down.

The ski-equipped plane finally coasted to a stop. John reached back, grabbed the rifle with one hand and pulled at the door handle with the other. Suddenly the whole plane began shuddering. John turned and looked at the guide. Langley's face was twisted with terror.

He choked out two words: "New ice!"

Then there was a cracking sound as loud and sharp as rifle fire, followed by a dull crunching. Everything seemed to drop out from beneath them. Black water, burning with cold, swirled up around their legs and over the seats. They'd gone through. They were under the ice.

John felt the water come over his shoulders and keep on rising, but he couldn't move. The cruel, terrible cold froze every nerve in his body, every organ within, and stabbed completely through him. He was only vaguely aware of what Langley was doing when the guide ducked under the water, smashed the door open, braced himself and shoved. John pitched through the opening and went sinking on down.

But when the ice water closed over his head, reason came back to him. He began to fight for his own life a little, stroking hard with his arms. Each of his movements had to be forced over a bitter aching. His strength seemed frozen, fast becoming merely another part of the bottomless cold. Then his head was back in air and sunlight, his flailing arms smashing on chunks of broken ice. He swam ahead blindly until his hands struck something solid. Then, with the desperation of an animal, he clawed and fought his way out and rolled over on the good firm ice.

Dazed and sick with shock, he turned his head slowly back to look at the plane. It was resting on its wings now, its cabin almost completely beneath the water. Then the ice on the far side gave way and the left wing dipped down. Suddenly and silently, the right wing slid on into the hole and the dark, bubbling water closed over its tip. It was then that John Avery felt a terrible new fear, hollow-sick inside him.

"Langley?" he called softly.

"Langley!" he shouted, and forced himself up to look at the ice behind him. Clear to the horizon, the barren white world stretched out, ridge after ridge.

"Langley!" he screamed, again and again. He looked in all directions, but there was no movement, no sign of a man, no sign of anything created by man.

He was alone—alone on the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean.

After a long time, John Avery pushed himself slowly to his feet. The fifteen-below cold, backed by a wind that shrieked (*Continued on Page 98*)

"You know perfectly well which Edith!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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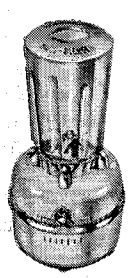

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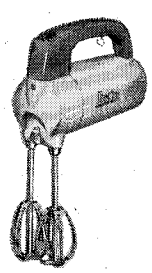

New Mixette now in pink, yellow, turquoise, white, or chrome! New 3-speed control on handle. New longer beaters. Flat back rest. **$19.50** in colors; **$21.50** chrome.

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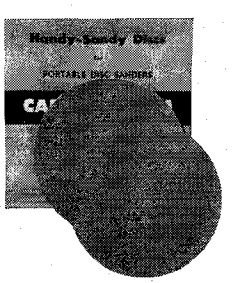

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(*Continued from Page 96*) across the flat wasteland, stabbed completely through his body and slashed and scraped at his face.

He tried to think, but the absolute hopelessness of the situation numbed his mind just as the bitter cold was numbing his body. His tortured muscles rebelled against standing still any longer and he began moving across the ice fields with no thought of direction. His clothes were freezing. They crackled and snapped as he walked. Strangely enough, this eased the intense pain of the cold. When he first sensed this, John Avery was certain he was freezing to death. He speeded up his walking and beat his arms against his sides. After a while he realized that his clothes were merely stopping the wind better now. The frost fell away from the wolverine fur on his parka hood as he walked.

All at once he noticed that he was out of the wind. He looked up and found that he'd wandered into the shelter of a pressure ridge. Folding his arms across his waist, he settled down on the ice, brought his knees up tight and rested.

His mind was beginning to clear. For the first time since he'd climbed up out of the water, he stopped thinking of himself as being alone in a nightmare world. He remembered that somewhere on the other side of the frost haze that clouded the horizon there were other men and shelter and warmth.

Point Hope, he told himself. *He said we were ten miles away. Then we flew out maybe two miles. Point Hope is north and east. Mostly north.*

His watch was crusted with ice, but still running. It said eleven-thirty. He knew he had a waterproof container full of matches in an inside pocket. But there'd be nothing for a fire on the ice pack. He had to concentrate on just one thing now—getting ashore.

The cold had soaked through him once more and he had to get back to his feet and start walking. For a long time he moved in tight little circles, staying in the shelter of the ridge. Then he got his nerve up, put the noonday sun directly behind him and set out across a wide field of snow-covered ice.

He had gone only a few hundred yards when he felt the ice give slightly beneath him. There was no cracking or crunching, merely a sinking, rubbery feeling. He whirled about and scrambled back in his tracks. He remembered vaguely that he'd once read something about sea ice being far more elastic than fresh-water ice. But he had no desire to test it. For a full half hour he worked around the outskirts of the old ice, trying to find a way to continue going north. Finally he realized that the firm surface under him was a sort of peninsula, bounded by a vast sea of rubbery new ice, a sea studded with heavier, islandlike floes.

Am I on an island? he wondered in despair. There was no way of telling except by testing every bit of the ice. The blowing snow made all of the white flatness look the same. His sunglasses had been lost in the escape from the sinking plane and his eyes were blinking constantly now, smarting painfully in the brilliant glare. It did not seem possible that such brightness could exist without bringing warmth, but it did. He stood still at the farthest northern point of the firm-ice peninsula and tried to think. Almost immediately, the vicious pain of the cold forced him to start walking again.

He circled back around the rubbery ice and worked his way to the east, attempting to head directly toward the mainland. He was certain the shore could be no more than three or four miles off, but he could see nothing that looked like solid land. He climbed to the top of a pressure ridge, shaded his eyes with his iced mitten and looked for a way through. The labyrinth of twisting, broken ice ridges, snow-covered flats and open leads reached on and on and finally blurred into the frost haze. From this distance, it appeared that there were several ways to get past the open water. He chose the curving avenue of ice that seemed the widest and started walking once more.

He had almost reached the next pressure ridge when his legs suddenly went limp beneath him and he crumpled up in the snow. Surprised, he lay still for a few seconds before attempting to get back to his feet. Except for the constant pain from the bitter wind, there seemed to be nothing wrong with his legs. He felt drowsy and he knew then that the cold was draining his strength much faster than he'd thought possible. He'd have to take a chance and rest in the shelter of the ridge ahead. Otherwise, he'd be running the risk of falling out in the open where the full force of the arctic wind could reach him.

He climbed slowly over the jagged, broken wall of ice, slid down the other side, doubled up tightly and lay still. The drowsiness returned. His eyes were heavy from facing the glare and they wanted to close.

The edge of the arctic ice pack was a noisy place, he realized as he lay there. The constant wind shrieked across the snow flats and whistled through the pressure ridges, carrying a swirling mist of snow. Every few seconds sounds like thunder could be heard farther out to sea, where the bergs and floes were steadily changing and shifting, breaking free or refreezing. The ridge that sheltered him now, he knew, had been formed when his floe had buckled under pressure. His thoughts were dropping further and further away from reality. His awareness was dimming. He was considering this world in which he'd found himself as impersonally and abstractly as though he were merely reading about it in a book once more.

"The men of the north had a far different concept of hell from that of Dante's Inferno," he'd lectured his classes once. "Our religion comes from a desert people whose idea of punishment was extreme heat—molten rock and flaming gases. But most of our own ancestors visualized hell as endless fields of snow and ice. Niflheim. The land of cold and darkness."

He woke up suddenly and scrambled to his feet with the terror of a wild creature flushed from cover. His chest and thighs were throbbing with pain, but there was no feeling at all in his hands or his feet. He caught the tips of his mittens between his knees, pulled his hands out and rubbed them together, very much relieved to find out he could still move his fingers. When enough life had come back into his hands so that they were once more sensitive to the cold, he tried to remove his boots and massage his feet, but his weak fingers could do nothing with the ice-encrusted laces.

He started eastward again, forcing himself to concentrate on finding a way ashore, ignoring the sensation that he was walking on the stumps of his ankles. By the time he reached the next ridge, a little feeling had come back to his feet.

I can't do that again, he told himself. *If the numbness had spread a little farther, the cold might not have snapped me out of it. I can't lie down again, even for a few minutes.*

He managed to make his way for more than a half mile in this direction, and he was becoming increasingly confident that

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he could get to the beach. There would have to be driftwood or brush or something. Somehow, he'd get a fire going. Once he was warm, he'd follow the shore line to Point Hope. He reached a high, buckled ridge and climbed to its top, hoping to be able to distinguish the shore. Instead, he saw a long lead of open water that twisted like a river through the ice fields less than two hundred yards away.

Sick with despair, he stumbled and slid on down to the level ice and kept on walking, refusing to give up the hope that had burned inside him and kept him moving. He'd gone less than fifty yards when the ice began sagging beneath his feet and forced him back. He turned south. Every step, he knew, was taking him farther away from Point Hope. But he'd already tried north.

The stream of black water seemed to flow on forever. After perhaps a half hour John Avery lost any hope of finding an ice bridge to the shore. But he kept staggering on just the same, merely because the pain of walking was more bearable than the pain of standing still.

Once again, his legs started giving up and crumpling beneath him without warning. Each time this happened, he forced himself back to his feet in panic. He dared not lie still, even for a few seconds.

Once, when he was pushing himself up from the ice, he happened to notice that the sun was on his left now, directly across the open lead. He stared in bewilderment. It was a long time before he understood what had happened. The open water he'd followed had led him in a wide circle. For some time now, he'd been walking out across the ocean, heading directly for Siberia.

This sickening realization destroyed whatever it was that had kept him going. He stood still, swaying back and forth on unfeeling legs, no longer caring what happened. He looked to the west, the direction in which he'd been headed. Siberia, he'd read somewhere, was about 150 miles from Point Hope.

He remembered then, with sudden clarity, a classroom discussion in which the American Indian's Asiatic origin had come up.

"In view of the close proximity of the two continents at this point," he'd told his students, "it seems highly probable that migrations across the ice took place at various periods throughout history."

It had been an easy and natural thing to say, pointing to a metal globe where the outlines of the two peninsulas very nearly touched. But now, alone on the ice pack, he stared at the horizon and considered just how far 150 miles would be in terms of the distance he'd covered this day.

He stared again, blinked his eyes repeatedly and blotted them with the fur of his parka hood. He was certain he saw the outline of a small boat resting in the ice! It seemed to be no more than a quarter mile away.

It was impossible, and he knew it. The nearest water clear enough for boats was hundreds and hundreds of miles to the south. His glare-blinded eyes and his despairing mind were creating images, tricking and tantalizing him. But just the same, he started walking again. He had been ready to give up. Now he was moving on, keeping his eyes tightly fixed on that object in the distance. He felt neither hope nor anticipation, only a half-hearted curiosity. Somehow, though, he had an inner certainty that if he didn't take his eyes from the mirage, it couldn't disappear.

His legs went out from beneath him before he had gone a hundred yards. He pushed himself back up on his hands quickly and looked for the boat again. It was still there. He kept his eyes on it as he got back to his feet. He fell several more times crossing another wide stretch between two ice ridges, where blowing snow hid the surface beneath his feet. Each time he snapped his head up frantically. Each time the boat was still there, looking more and more strange and out of place in the ice fields. He could see its deck now and its small cabin. A wild hope had started to burn inside him.

The boat was real! All at once, he was certain. It was an old abandoned derelict, caught in the ice! Here was shelter! Here was wood for a fire and warmth! Here was comfort, actual comfort, throughout the terrible night that would come! Here was an end to the torture and the struggle! Here was a signal for the rescue planes that would be searching in the morning.

He tried to break into a run and slipped and sprawled out on the ice. He was laughing out loud as he scrambled back to his feet and hurried on. One more low pressure ridge lay ahead, blocking his view of the boat below the water line. He climbed it quickly, feeling new strength in his legs now that there were just a few more steps to make.

All at once he stopped. "No!" he gasped aloud. "Oh, no!"

Just a few feet beyond the ridge, the floe shelved down and disappeared. Another break in the ice met the lead he'd been following. Twenty yards of dark water lay between him and the boat.

In a day where disappointment had followed disappointment, in a day filled with terrors and frustrations he had never before known existed, this was the most cruel and horrible blow yet. He let him-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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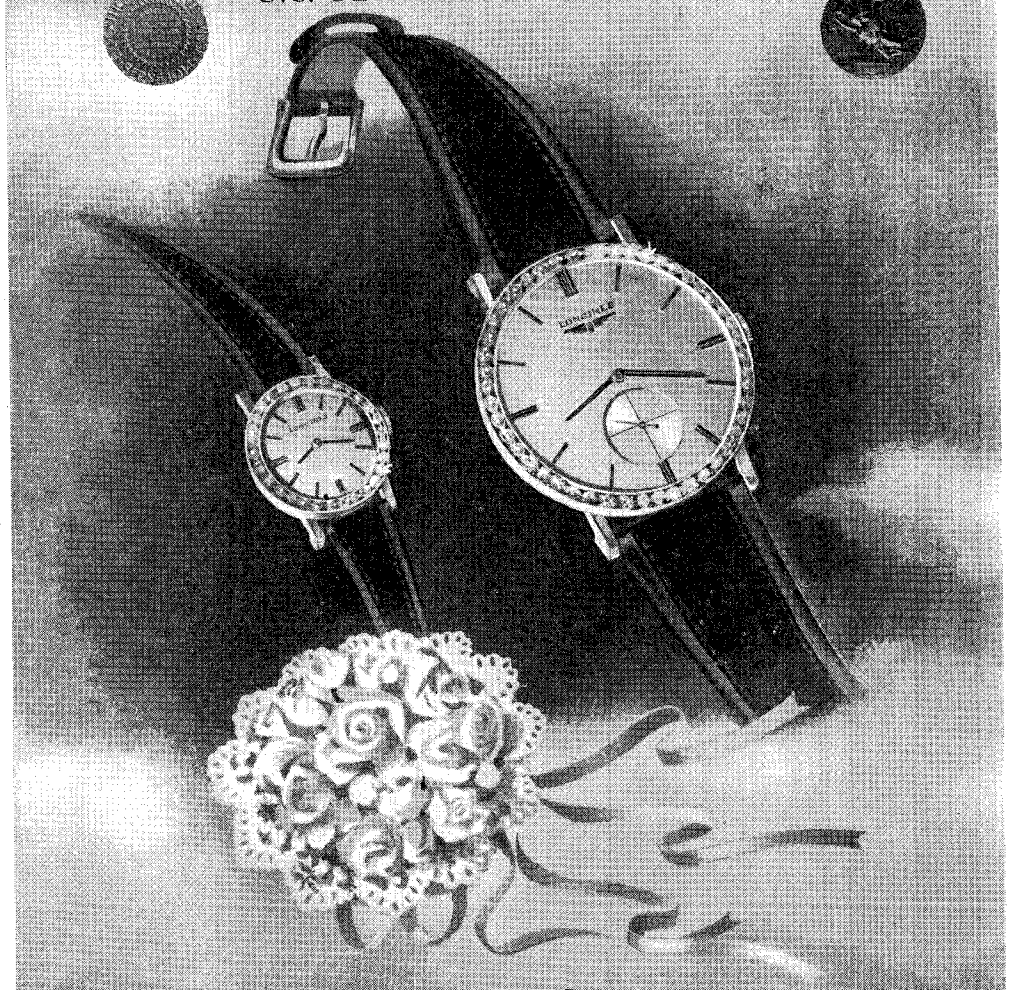

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self down the slope and stood still in the shelter of the ridge, refusing to accept this. The boat lay on its side, frozen solidly in the ice about ten feet from the far side of the water.

He was so close, less than thirty yards! There had to be a way! He looked to the right. The break reached as far as he could see. A wild impulse to attempt swimming across came to him. But he looked just once at the open lead and he knew he'd never do it. He remembered all too well the terrible shock, the acid-like burning of the cold, the way he'd gone down and down when he'd pitched through the cabin door. As fresh and rested as he'd been then, it had taken all his strength to get back to the surface. If he tried it now, he'd go straight to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean.

For the second time that day he fell to the ice and cried. He had not done this since he was a very small boy, and now the tears of half a lifetime broke loose. His gasping sobs grew louder and louder until his tortured lungs and throat rebelled and tightened. He began choking and throwing up, retching sickly and warmly onto the ice beside his face. Then he rolled over and gave up. He hunched himself together at the base of the ridge and quit. The vicious white world could do as it pleased with him. He let himself drift down and down.

John Avery woke up all at once with the unbelievable pain of the cold stabbing into every nerve of his body. The sun was going down. He'd hoped that the cold would kill him in his sleep. But no! It had to bring him back to life for more torture. Always before, he'd accepted the definition that cold was simply lack of heat. He knew better now. Cold was a living thing. Cold was a perverted yet crafty tormentor that knew exactly how much pain it could cause without bringing the gift of death.

More from an odd sense of unfairness than anything else, John Avery tried to get back to his feet. But nothing would move. His arms, his legs, even his lips. Nothing would move.

Then why won't it stop hurting me? he thought. *If I'm part of the ice now, there shouldn't be any pain. Why won't it stop?*

"I give up! I give up!" he cried to himself. Why wouldn't it stop?

Then, in the corner of his eye, he saw something move. He waited for several seconds. Then, farther down the ridge, he heard the unmistakable sound of something scraping on the ice.

Everything broke loose inside him. "Here I am!" he screamed.

He felt his lips and jaw move then. Suddenly he was able to wrench his arms away from his chest and lift himself to one knee.

Less than thirty feet away, flat on its belly with its legs trailing behind, a great white bear was crawling toward him.

John Avery tried to push on up to his feet, but once again he couldn't move. Something even icier than the arctic wind came over him as he watched the eyes of this creature. Its jaws were resting on a pair of heavily furred forepaws that looked as massive and powerful as steel beams. John Avery had seen polar bears in zoos. They didn't even vaguely resemble the monster that faced him now. The bear lifted itself to its feet and waited. Its shoulders were very nearly as high above the ice as those of a man.

The white bear snorted. It lunged a few feet forward and struck at the air, then snorted again. Even in his terror, John Avery understood what was happening. The great yellow-white beast was feinting, trying to make him run. Here, in this world that it ruled, all living things fled from it in fear. Most likely, it had never before encountered a creature that would stand still and face it. The seals scurried through their blow holes if they sensed its approach. Even the largest of the walruses flipped into the water if this polar bear betrayed its presence.

He fought off the insane desire to scramble over the jagged ice wall and put the ridge between himself and the bear. Not even his eyes moved as he waited.

The white bear seemed completely confused now. Several times it backed down into a crouch and then lunged forward with its teeth bared. But always it stopped, snorted and then scraped the ice slowly with one forepaw. Finally it reared up on its hind legs and remained motionless for at least a half minute.

A breathless fascination was mixed with his fear as he stared intently at the unbelievably high shape that was silhouetted against the gray sky. John Avery had never in his life believed that he possessed any more than an average amount of courage, but somehow he kept his nerve, even while his heart pumped pure liquid fear through his body and his breath came in great rasping gasps. He did not turn his head. He kept on watching the eyes of the bear, deep-set in long fur.

The monster dropped back down to all fours and feinted another charge. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, it turned and walked away. It pulled itself up over the ridge, swung its head back to let out a blasting, threatening snarl and then went on. In a few minutes it was nothing more than a distant speck.

John Avery balanced himself against the slanting wall of ice and then began walking slowly about in a small circle, staying where the wind could not reach him. Only a tinge of fear remained, like the aftermath of a nightmare. But now the full pain of the cold was back.

Stomping his boots up and down, he looked at the derelict on the other side of the dark water. There had to be a way, his mind insisted again. He stumbled and his shoulder crashed into a protrusion of the ridge, snapping loose a small piece of ice. In staggering back, he caught it with his toe and sent it skittering down the slope of the floe edge and into the water. It hit with a dull, brittle sound, not a splash. He stared at the lead for a full minute before he realized what it meant. The break was freezing over.

Perhaps the floe had parted at this point only a few hours before. Perhaps the temperature had gone down sharply the instant the sun had hit the horizon. John Avery dropped to his hands and knees and worked his way as close to the edge as he dared. Yes, the break was freezing over.

It must be getting colder, he thought as he crawled back. *I'm out of the wind and I haven't noticed it.*

He fumbled with his sleeve until he could see his watch. Ten minutes to seven. Darkness was settling rapidly.

Can I stay alive through a night out here? he wondered. *And if I do, will that ice be strong enough to cross by morning?*

He didn't know. But there was a chance, a hope, something to cling to. Without that hope, facing the terrible grating pain, keeping up the lonely fight for even a few minutes longer would have been impossible. Without that hope, he'd have staggered to the edge of the floe, tumbled into the dark water and let himself sink down.

The stars came out, but there was no moon. The wind still shrieked across the broken surface of this world of ice. John Avery stumbled back and forth along the ridge like a wild animal pacing in its cage.

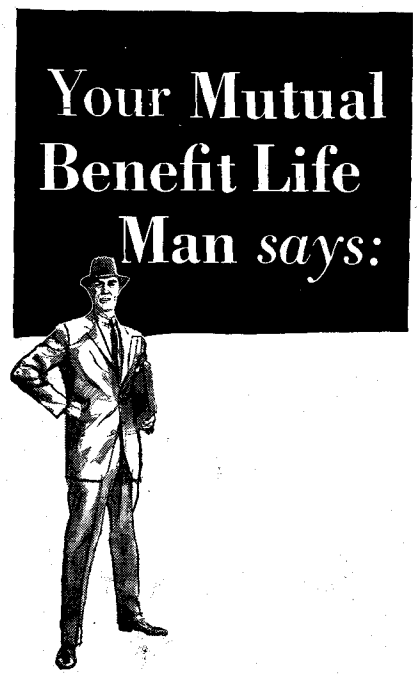
His feet were dead, but the rest of his body was a solid mass of painful throbbing. The intensity of torture that a human being could endure was actually startling. Sometimes before, with an extremely bad headache, John Avery had lain in his bed believing he was undergoing the physical limit of pain, that any increase would bring about a merciful unconsciousness. Now he realized that there was no such limit. If you let yourself go, you might pass out. But if the torture continued, it would revive you. Pain was as bottomless as black water. Down and down you could go, forever.

When he was certain that the night was at least half over, he pushed his sleeve up, looked at his watch, and it was eight-thirty. He couldn't believe it and he pulled his parka hood back and held the watch tight to his ear. It was running, all right.

Hour after hour he plodded back and forth in the lee of that ridge. Once, his legs doubled up without warning and he found himself kneeling on the ice. It was slightly after midnight, he noticed when he'd pushed to his feet.

After that he began falling often and recovering more slowly each time. In a few hours he was very nearly asleep on his feet. And when he went limp and sank down to the ice, only the torment of the increasing cold aroused him from a slumber that would have been endless.

Once, he came awake lying on his side. He had no idea how long he had been there. The pain in his body was dimming now. It would no longer keep him awake. For a few terrible seconds his exhausted mind hovered between relaxing in peace and comfort or continuing the fight. But he kept his (*Continued on Page 102*)



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Can You Name This Star?

This solemn six-year-old with the Buster Brown haircut and ice-cream suit was born in Minneapolis, grew up in San Diego, California, started to study medicine at the University of Arizona, but became a dance-band musician instead. Along the way, he picked up so much weight that he was nicknamed "Fat." Thinning out, he landed in movies in the 1930's. His recent releases include Johnny Belinda, No Escape, and Donovan's Brain. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Lew Ayres

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Say it with flavors

The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 100*) head up and began the slow task of lifting his shoulders free of the ice, even though he no longer understood the urgency of what he was doing. It took him a full five minutes to get to his feet.

Just the slightest hint of dawn had come into the sky. He balanced himself against the ridge and took a careful step. His legs held him up, but it was very much like walking on stilts. Everything had a dreamlike sense of strangeness. The sound of his steps came from a great distance away.

He moved a little farther from the ridge and looked at the outline of the abandoned boat. It was beginning to show up more clearly as gray light erased the night. The flat ice that bridged the two floes looked very solid now. The steady wind had blanketed it with an ever-changing pattern of snow.

John Avery moved down the slope. Even at the level to which his consciousness had dropped, where all things were dim and shadowy and unreal, he sensed that unless he got to the boat immediately he never would. Strangely enough, this last and most vital attempt at escaping death was not a desperate struggle in his thinking at that moment. It was merely an unpleasant effort he had to make, compelled by some obscure fidelity to the standards of a world he had forgotten.

Even where the floe dropped away sharply, his feet did not slide. At extremely low temperatures, ice is not slippery. He stepped out onto the new ice. It sank down and down. Then his foot snapped through. The water swirled about his boot as it rushed up to flood the hollow he'd made.

He managed to pull his foot back, but one leg would not hold him up and he fell sideways, twisting about to stay clear of the water. He rolled over twice and ended up lying on new ice. He could feel it give beneath him. But it did not break.

Flat on his stomach with his arms and legs spread wide, he began crawling toward the other side, moving himself very slowly along with a kind of swimming motion. When he was in the very center of the frozen lead, a change came over him. All at once, awareness flooded back into his mind. His struggle had meaning. The derelict was less than thirty feet away, and hope came back like warm new blood to pump through his veins. But fear came back too. With each movement he made, each inch he gained, he felt the thin, rubbery surface sink down, threatening at any moment to snap.

Now, in sudden contrast to the way he'd started out, his senses were keyed up to their highest pitch. He noticed the structure of grains of snow that passed just ahead of his eyes as his cheek slid over the ice. He heard each of the sounds of an arctic dawn distinctly and clearly—the noises of ice against ice, the steady whistle of the wind. He felt each fraction of an inch that the ice sank down beneath him. He knew exactly when it had reached the point where it could go no farther without breaking.

When he reached the slope of the opposite floe and pushed back to his feet, he felt this intense awareness dying within him. Everything seemed to be going out of him now. The wind scream and the ice thunder were dimming in his ears. The outline of the boat was blurring before his eyes, and he scrambled quickly onto the tilted deck and through a cabin door that was frozen ajar. The wind could no longer reach him, but waves of dizziness were dancing in his forehead. He pitched forward, felt the cabin floor come up and hit him. His senses were dulled; his movements slow and heavy. But he knew he couldn't quit yet.

In the early-morning dimness, he saw the round metal stove in the center of the slanted floor, topped by a length of rusty stovepipe that reached to the ceiling. He crawled to it on his hands and knees and tugged at the handle of its door. The metal was either frozen or rusted together. John Avery looked about him, picked up an old wooden chair and smashed it to pieces against the heavy door. He grabbed the handle once more and braced his feet on the stove legs. This time the door came open.

Still on his hands and knees, he broke up another chair. There were two kerosene lamps in the room, both of them dry, but the wicks could be used to help the flames get started. Then John Avery found a faded newspaper and carried it over. He crumpled page after page, stuffed them in through the square opening and piled about half of the wood on top. He fumbled beneath his frozen clothes and found the little metal match container. In a few seconds the papers were blazing and little tongues of flame were clinging to the wood.

He closed the stove door and let his body sink to the floor. Warmth was a forgotten feeling. As close to the fire as he dared remain, he pillowed his head on his arms and closed his eyes. This time he'd earned the right to let himself go.

... ...

Expensive Victory

By P. J. Blackwell

My wife believed I'd lost
my reason
When I described her hat
last season
As terrible.
But logic conquered bit by
bit,
And this year she considers
it
Unwearable.

... ...

Pain woke him up. The hurt of thawing out was more bitter than the hurt of the cold. He knew he'd slept only a short time, because the fire was still burning strongly. *Too fast*, he thought, and he rolled farther away from the stove. His body was still a pulsing mass of pain. But exhaustion was stronger and he fell asleep again.

The second time he woke, nothing remained of the fire but a few glowing coals, and John Avery felt certain he'd slept for several hours. The tortured throbbing had gone from his shoulders and chest and thighs. But the terrible pain still burned in his hands and, even more intensely, in his feet.

His watch had stopped, but that no longer seemed important. He lay still for several minutes, letting his mind outline clearly what he had to do before going back to sleep. Cramming the rest of the wood into the stove, he started for the cabin door. Trying to stand was very much like trying to walk over a bed of razor blades, and he remained on his hands and knees.

When he reached the opening, a blast of the arctic wind seared his face. But he felt no fear. The cold was a frustrated, defeated enemy now. Ice on the deck was keeping the door ajar. John Avery turned back into the cabin and began searching once more. He found a heavy, rust-coated kitchen knife. With this, he chopped the door free.

He pulled his parka hood up and made his way out onto the open deck. The wind had grown stronger and a solid mist of moving snow blanketed the ice pack. Smoke was streaking away at an angle from the stack that came through the cabin roof. But the glare had gone from the white world. John Avery looked at the sky. It was as though he were lying at the bottom of a giant reservoir of some thick milky liquid.

So what? he thought as he settled down in front of his fire once more. *I can hold out until the weather breaks so they can find me.* He remembered the cruel, bitter night he'd spent on the other side of the lead. *Compared with the open ice*, he reminded himself, *this is heaven.*

Three days later he finally admitted to himself that his heaven had become another hell. He was warm enough. Every bit of his clothing had been thoroughly dried. The pain had disappeared from his fingers and they were merely stiff and weak. He'd even found something to eat. A big salmon had been frozen in the ice that filled the forward hold, and he'd chopped it free and cut off hunks to broil above the flames.

But ever since he'd removed his boots and eased the heavy layers of socks from his feet, he'd been sick with fear. The swollen blue flesh had erupted into great blisters that broke and then formed again. As soon as his socks and boots had dried, he forced them back on while he still had the chance. But the swelling had continued. Even without seeing his feet, he knew that the broken blisters had become festering sores. It felt very much as though his socks were filled with molten metal. He'd never seen a case of frostbite before. But he'd read a little about it. He was fairly certain that unless he got medical attention very soon, he'd lose his feet. But the weather was still closed down tightly.

Time was running out for him in other ways too. Everything that could be stripped from the interior of the cabin had been burned. Cutting and prying planks from the ice-coated hull, thawing and drying them, was a task that had to be worked at constantly, a task that would drain his remaining strength a little more rapidly with each coming day. The last time he'd attempted to eat the fish, it had come back up.

When the fourth day came with no break in the milky clouds, John Avery had to face the fact that unless he made an attempt at getting ashore soon, he'd never be able to. The memory of his tortured struggling across the bitter-cold wasteland was still very fresh. But he realized now that he feared a lonely death here in the derelict even more.

If this lead has frozen, the others have to, he insisted to himself. He refused to think about the possibility of new breaks having come into the pack.

The thoughts he'd had that night in Kotzebue about a hunting trip being an example of specialization came back and mocked him now. *We lean heavily on the shoulders of thousands and thousands of other men*, he'd told himself. How ridiculous that seemed! He had no doubt that men were trying to find him, to save him—perhaps even thousands of them. But this cruel white world could cut him off from all the efforts of his fellow human beings simply by hiding the sun.

Maybe I'll live and maybe I won't, he thought. *Most of the things I've believed in are already dead.*

Just before darkness that day, his fifth day on the ice pack, he made up his mind. He'd wait until morning. If the sky hadn't cleared by then, he'd leave the shelter, leave the warmth of his fire, and make one more try at getting ashore.

John Avery lay beside the stove and listened to the furious gale-force wind drive down from the northwest, rasping and grinding the ice with snow as fine as pumice. The clouds had to open up in the morning, he told himself. For four days they'd been driven before that wind. No matter what happened, this was going to be the last night.

It won't be the same if I have to try it again, he insisted to himself. *I've got dry clothes this time. I know what I'm up against. I'm not afraid any more.* But he was afraid. He could remember vividly each detail of the day and night he'd spent on the open ice. Sleep was a long time coming.

Once again, morning was a sickly gray light that seemed to filter through the eerie howl of the wind. John Avery pushed open the door, stared at the sky for a long time and then moved back to the stove. He felt a wave of self-pity coming over him and he fought it off bitterly.

He added wood to the fire for the last time, warmed his parka, and then tried to soak up as much of the heat as he could. *If the clouds break after I'm gone and they see the boat*, he thought, *they'll certainly search between here and shore. I've nothing to lose. Nothing at all.*

In a sudden burst of resolve, he pushed through the door, climbed down from the deck and scrambled to the edge of the frozen break without looking back. He slid across on his stomach again. There was no give in the ice now. When he reached the opposite floe, he tried to walk.

At first he was certain that his feet would never hold him again. But somehow each step seemed just a little easier to take than the one before. Subzero cold worked like a drug on those tortured hunks of raw flesh. Very gradually, the sensation of having an ice pick driven up through the soles of his feet into his ankles diminished. By the time he'd gone about a quarter mile and reached the area where the winding lead he was following curved steadily north, his feet were dead. It felt as if he were walking on the stumps of his ankles once more.

Sliding on his stomach again, he crossed the second lead. When he got back to his feet on the edge of another massive floe, he suddenly realized that he was now closer to shore than he'd been at any time since the plane had dropped through the ice. It was a warm, thrilling thought.

He was keeping the wind over his left shoulder. He had no compass and there were no landmarks. If the wind changed direction, he could end up heading for Siberia once more or wandering in vast circles.

He walked on and on, and there was no change in the vast wasteland he was crossing. Either this floe was of tremendous size, he decided, or else the breaks had been frozen so solidly that he could feel no give in the ice. The wind was still rising. A full blizzard seemed to be shaping up. Sometimes he could not even see his own feet as the driving snow swirled about them like fog in a graveyard. At other times the whimsey of the wind would clear a path like a fire lane through the white mist. A pressure ridge several hundred yards off would be clearly visible.

The ice he was crossing now had a startling resemblance to farmland during a heavy snowstorm. The straight, even ice ridges might have been fences covered with drifting snow; the flat stretches between, fields that could sprout and blossom with (*Continued on Page 107*)

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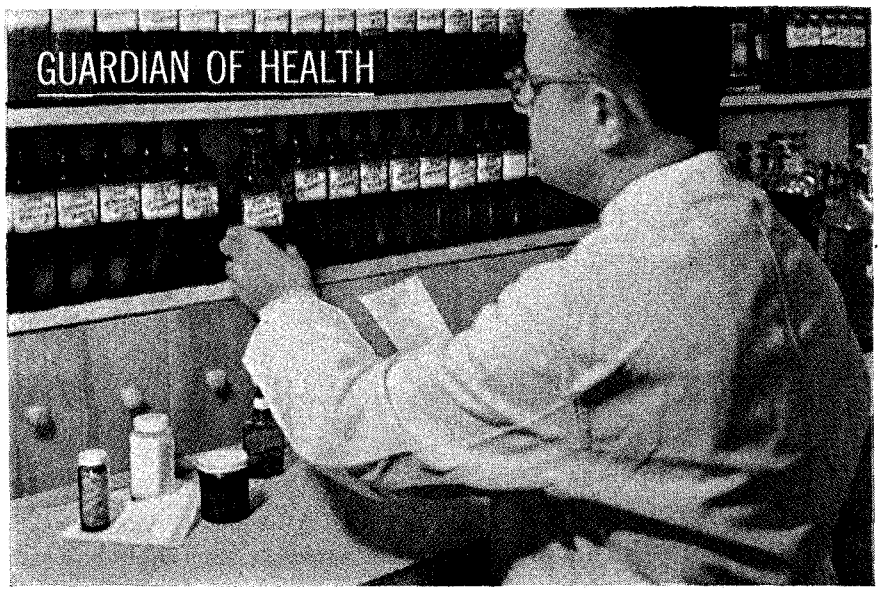
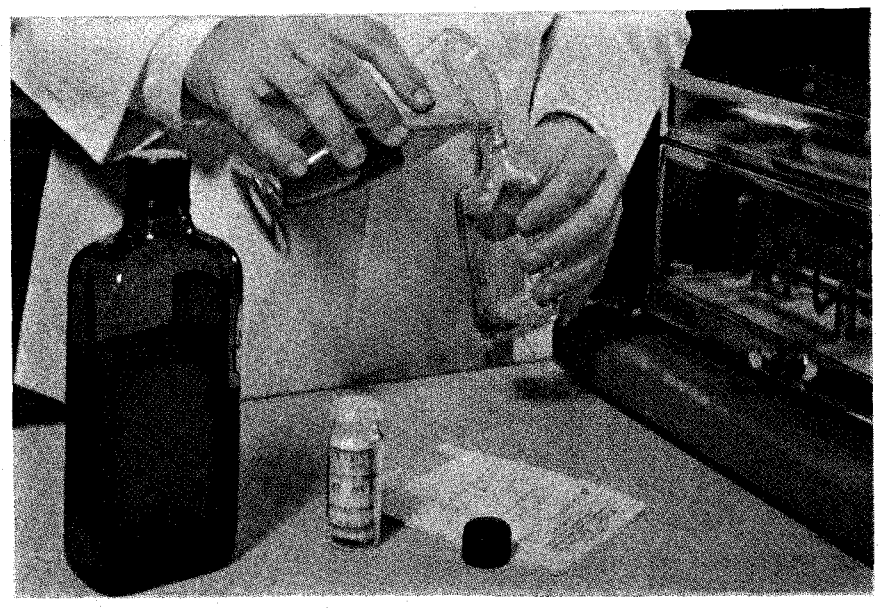
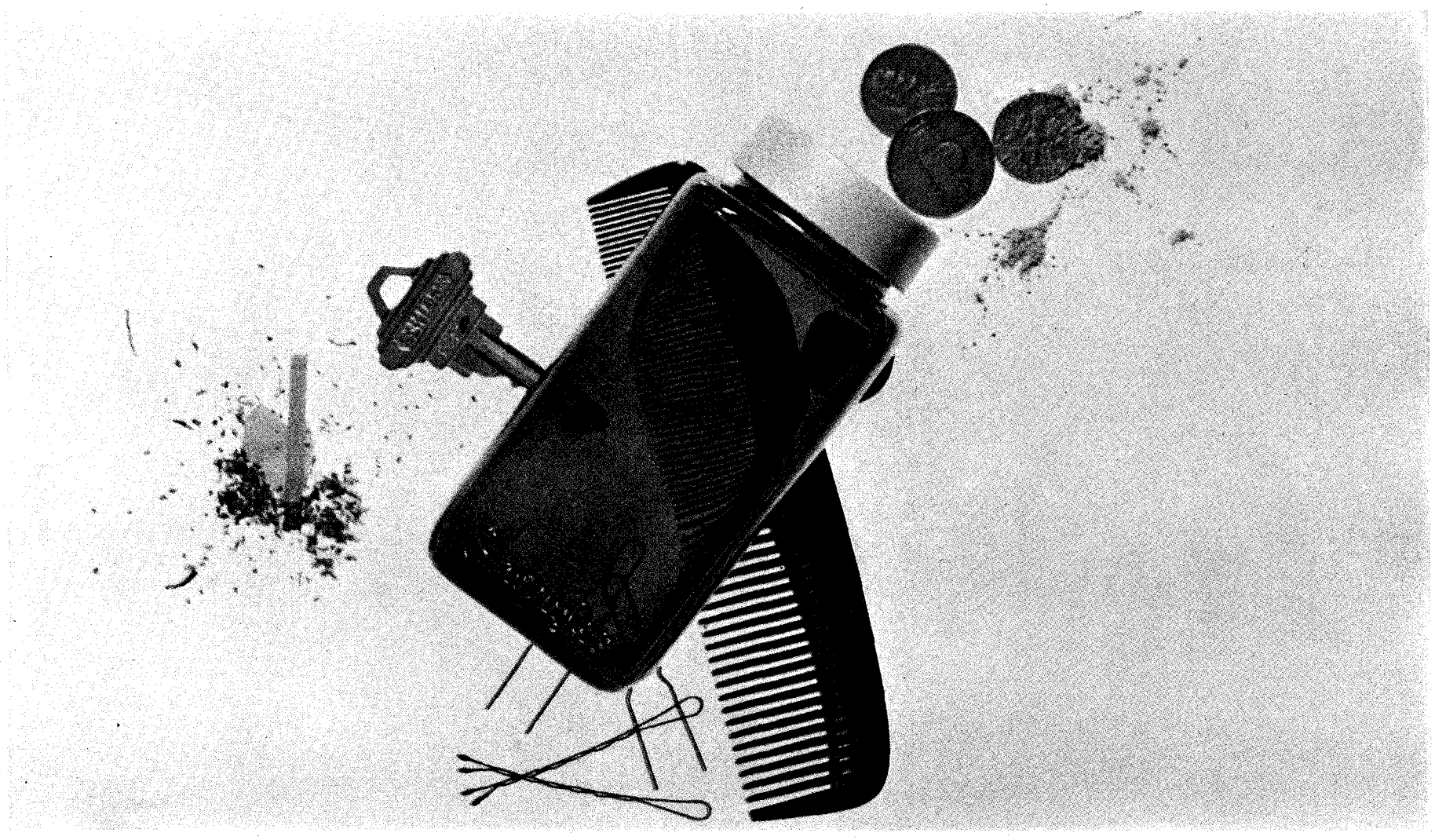


Your **pharmacist** keeps his drugs in glass



. . . delivers your **prescription** in glass



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① BRUISE-BLOWOUT
② SKIDS
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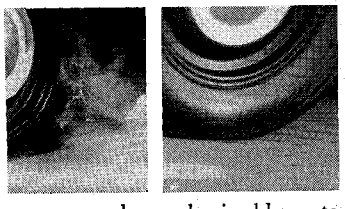
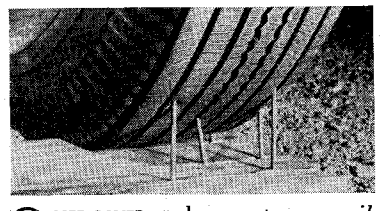
Tubeless-*because as your tires*



LIFE-SAVER changes bruise-blowouts to s-s-slowouts. It has no tube to w out. Instead, a patented inner r, part of the tire, slows air loss. tead of a blowout, you get only a s-s-slowout.

② **LIFE-SAVER** defies skids. Thousands of grip-blocks *flex, wipe away* water, *hold* on the dried path where other tires slide. LIFE-SAVER grips with caterpillar action to stop you quicker on slippery roads.



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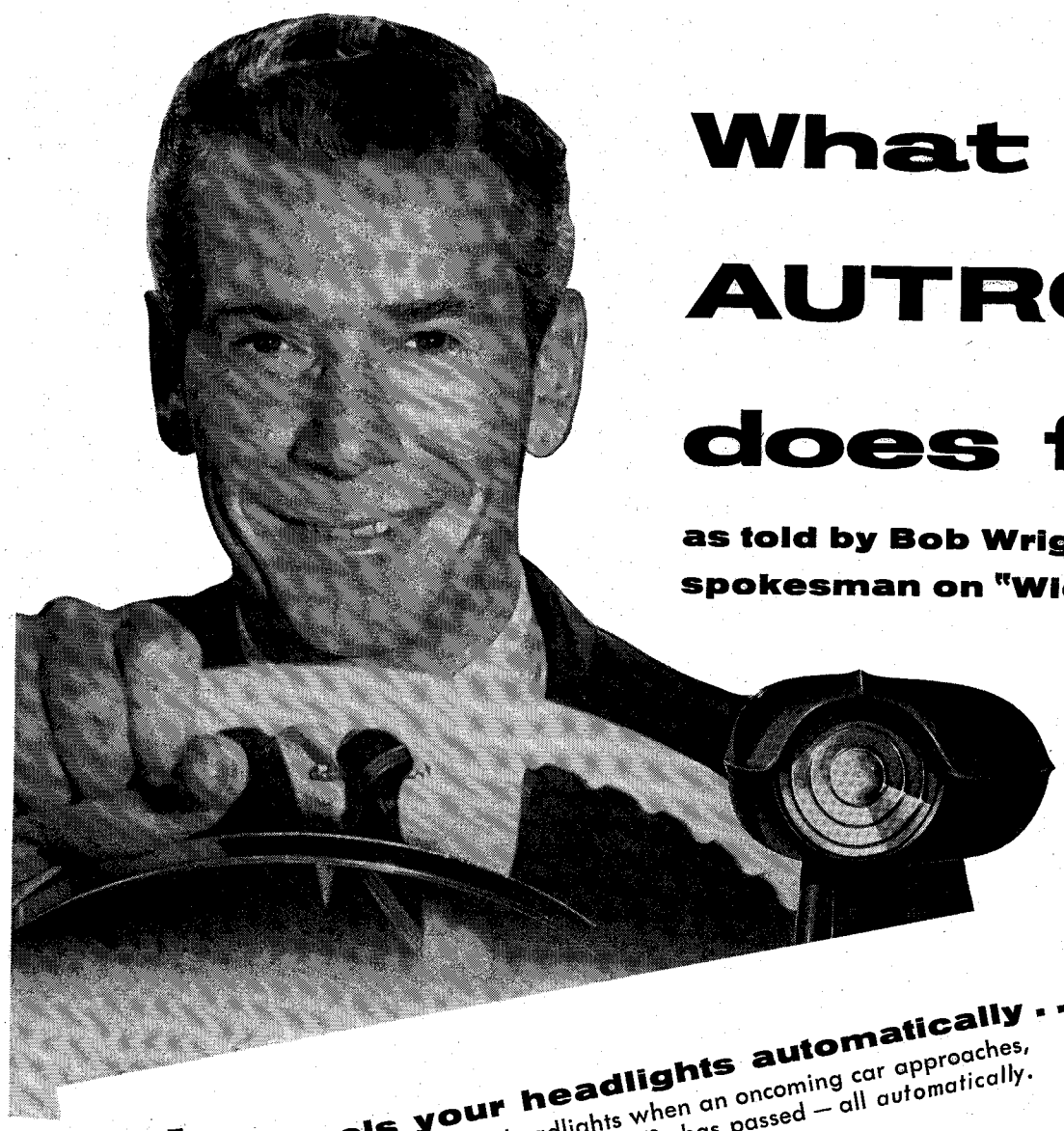

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(*Continued from Page 102*) crops when spring came. But the only green that came to this world was the green of the ice-water ocean. It seemed impossible.

Even with the bite of the wind, John Avery found himself fascinated by the very enormity of this strange, barren world that cold could build. The end of the earth would be like this, he thought. When our globe broke away from a dying sun and flew off through space, the oceans would roll across the continents to meet and close—a world of water, hardening itself as it died in the distance. The end of the earth would be like this.

The men of the north had known that too. With no knowledge of astronomy or understanding of the make-up of the universe, the Norsemen who conquered more of the world than the Romans knew existed, had prophesied its death. First would come a triple winter during which the snow would fall from the four corners of the heavens, the frost be very severe, the wind piercing and the sun impart no gladness. John Avery remembered his mythology. Three such winters without a single summer. The earth would begin to tremble, the sea leave its basin, and men perish in great numbers. The sun would become dim, the stars fall from heaven. And time would be no more.

How far had he gone since he left the boat? Two miles, perhaps? If so, all he had to do was cover the same distance again and he'd most certainly be ashore. In his mind he had to make it simple in order to keep on. The chance of the wind changing and sending him in a direction of impossible distance, like the earth flying into the measureless reaches of space, was a terrifying thought. Each time he considered this possibility, he found himself speeding up his pace, destroying doubt with frantic movement.

The white world was becoming more open. Each pressure ridge he crossed now seemed lower than the last, and the flat stretches between were wider and wider. Nothing slowed the wind now. John Avery actually had to lean slightly to the left as he walked, balancing himself against its weight. If drifted snow caught at his feet, if he stumbled even slightly, the wind immediately slapped him to the ice.

It drove the terrible cold through his clothing very quickly. If it hadn't been for the weight of the layers of fur and wool, he would have felt naked. He'd believed that having his clothing dry would lessen the pain of the cold, that the extreme torture he had known his first day and night on the ice would not return. He knew better now. The pain had merely taken a little longer to come. Once the cruel and bitter cold had soaked through, there was no difference.

How far had he come? He started to look at his watch, then remembered it was useless. More and more, he began to believe that the wind had switched about and deceived him. His pace slowed as he went on through the alternate stretches of drifted snow and bare, wind-swept ice. He was certain now that if he had been headed toward shore he would have reached it long ago.

He was standing in knee-deep snow, and he decided to move on and get out of the drift before he paused and considered what to do next. But, strangely enough, the snow became deeper and deeper. When he was floundering through drifts that reached to his waist, he stopped, puzzled and wondering.

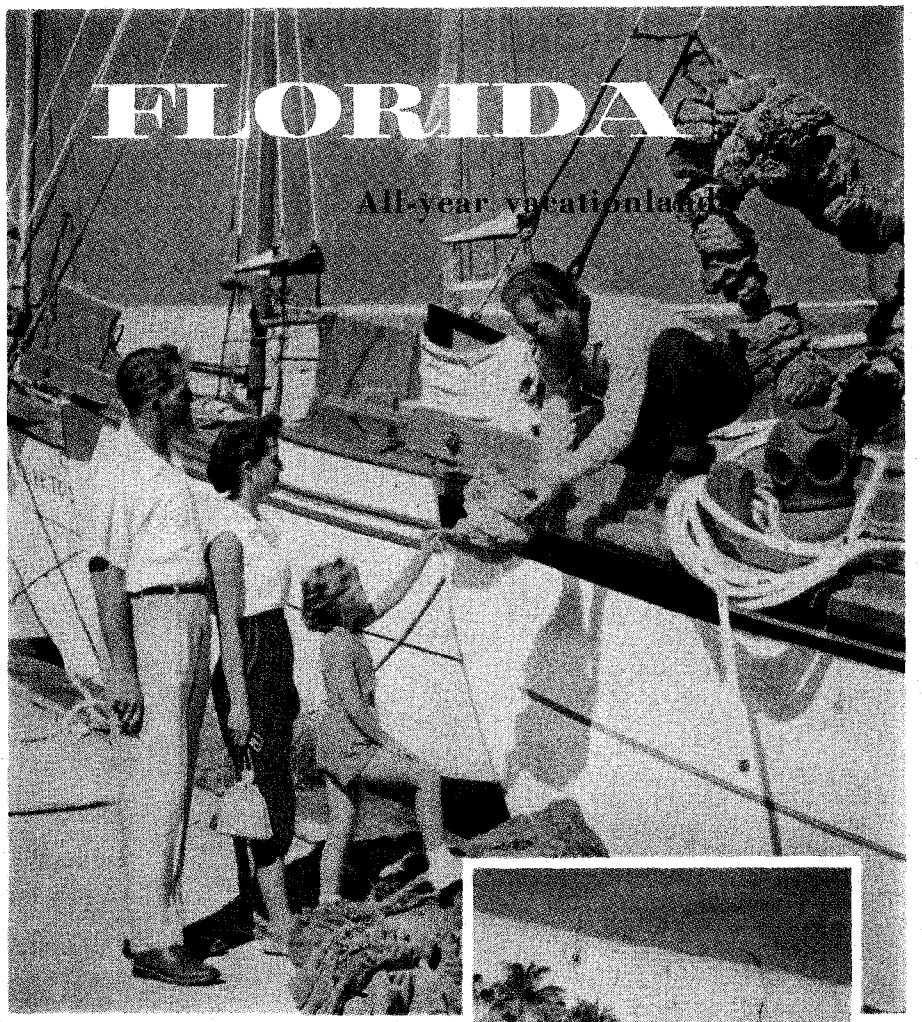
Just then, some trick of the wind cleared the air. Ahead of him, John Avery made out the gentle rise and fall of dunelike mounds of white. These slopes were smooth and even, not jagged and broken.

Ice could not look like that. He was ashore. A wild, drunken feeling of attainment and accomplishment surged through him. The Arctic Ocean was no longer beneath him. Alaska was beneath him.

Then, for the first time since he'd left the boat, he remembered that the shore was not safety, that safety was at least ten miles away. He told himself quickly that nothing could stop him now, that the danger was gone, that leads of open

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold it there a minute, darling, and let me drink you in!"



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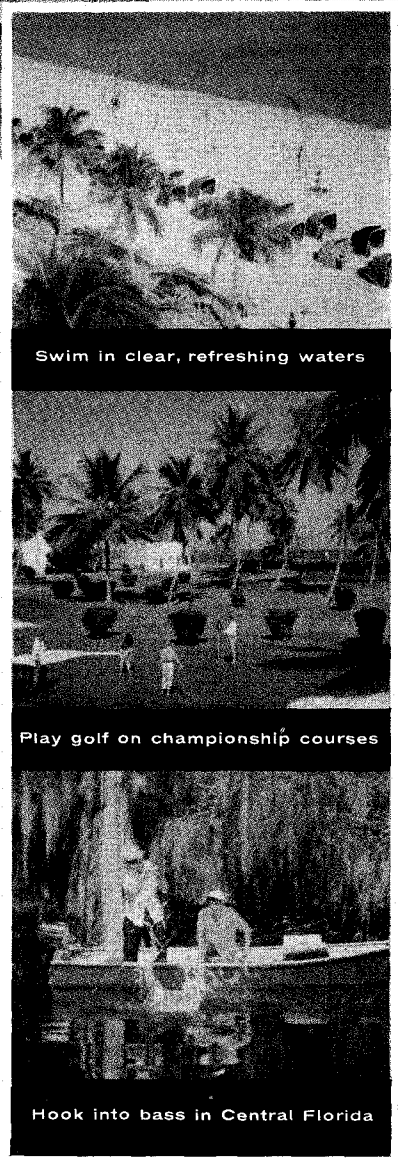

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water could no longer appear suddenly in his path. But even so, when he thought of the vast distance and the long, painful hours ahead, he choked with despair. Before it could engulf him, he started moving again.

He struggled back out of the drift into shallower snow. Then he turned to the north, turned his face almost directly into the knife-edged wind, leaned forward, lowered his head and walked on.

A few hours later he was still moving. But he no longer knew it.

He'd walked until he'd been certain that he'd used up his last particle of strength and could go no farther. Merely staying on his feet had seemed an impossible task. A hundred more steps, he'd promised himself. Just where his counting had ended, he never knew. The cold had dimmed his awareness. His attempts at numbering his steps had become confused and dreamlike. The wind scream had died in his ears.

For what may have been many hours or merely a few minutes, his body went on by itself.

Then, bit by bit, his mind began to clear. He winced at the bite of the wind once more, blinked as the snow streaked toward him. He felt as though he were waking from a long sleep or swimming up toward sunlight from bottomless depths of black water. Suddenly he was vividly aware of the world around him, intensely excited with the realization that he was still alive and still moving.

This excitement was not a revival of hope. Hope had died a long way back. This was a strange new feeling, a sense of fantastic power coupled with an almost unbearable anticipation—exactly the same emotion he'd experienced when the plane had slid to a stop and he'd snatched up the rifle and started out to head off the running bear.

Now, when it was much, much too late, he actually had a taste for the struggle he was making. The thrill that came from fighting all the world when all the world was against him was a basic excitement, an ancient excitement, an animal-like, almost-sexual feeling.

He knew, somehow, that he'd reached the extreme, the edge of life, the point beyond which life could not go without becoming infinite, without becoming death. He kept moving because his feelings had to be expressed in movement; the heights of being alive had to contrast with all that was not alive, all that did not move. This was the oldest truth in the world, he realized suddenly. It came from a vastly remote age.

In a day of steel and concrete and illusions, it very rarely surfaced into reality. The feverish thrill of life-and-death battle, struggle that is vital!

Sensations that he had never before known surged through his body, and yet somehow it seemed that this had all happened before, long ago, in another age or another world. He saw it all, clear and distinct in a hidden but brightly lighted section of his memory: the ice and the cold and the wind—and himself, unbeaten, every bit as untamed as the world he was fighting.

Each step he took now was a more satisfying experience than anything he'd ever before done in his life. A godlike feeling ran through him—omnipotence, invulnerability. Nothing could touch him. Nothing could stop him. *I'm a living thing*, he shouted in his mind. *This is nothing. Nothing but moving air and frozen water.*

His stumbling steps came faster and faster now. His long-dead feet slid and jarred beneath him and he floundered in the snow again and again. But even when he fell he kept moving forward, scuttling through the drifts like a giant crab as he scrambled back up. He could hear his heart pounding violently, see his frantic breathing in great white clouds.

All at once he discovered that he could not get back to his feet. His legs were useless. All of his determination would not make them work again. He felt no panic, only disappointment, and he still kept on moving, flopping along on his hands and knees.

He thought he heard shouted voices in the distance, but he saw nothing in the white fog. It didn't seem important. All that mattered was to keep moving. His knees would no longer hold him and he dragged his body along, half smothering himself with snow as he pulled at it with his arms.

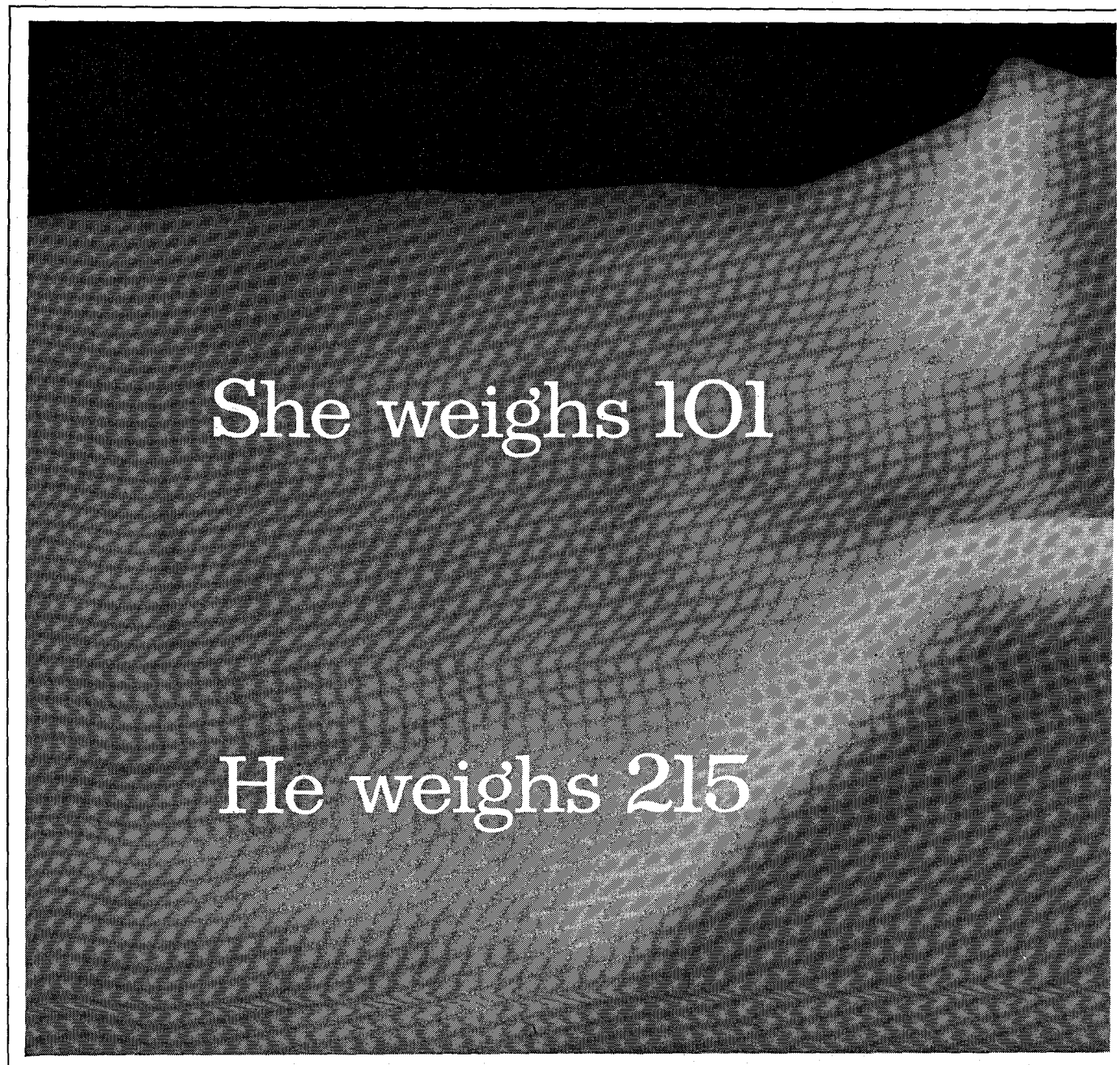
A voice was directly above him now, shouting words he didn't understand. But he didn't even try to look up. Even when big, mittened hands grasped his shoulders, he clawed at the snow to force his body a little farther along, to gain a few more vital inches before he lost consciousness.

Once again, it was pain that woke him up. He was lying in a bed, and a pretty, dark-haired Eskimo girl was doing something to his feet—something that hurt. He could still hear the arctic wind. But it was in another world beyond the walls of the room.

A man wearing an Air Force uniform was sitting in the room. He saw that John Avery was awake and hurried over.

"Where's Langley?" he asked.

For a few terrible seconds John Avery couldn't remember anything.



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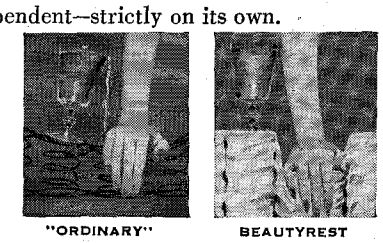
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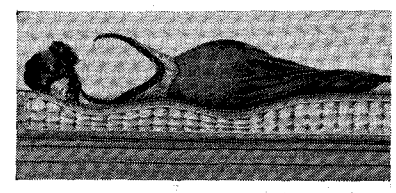
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"Is Langley alive?" the airman pressed him, speaking slowly and distinctly. "Is he still out there? Is he still on the ice?"

"No," John Avery remembered now. "He went through with the plane. He got me out. Then he couldn't get himself out."

The airman turned and hurried from the room. John Avery stared after him a few seconds, then closed his eyes.

He woke again while his feet were being bandaged.

"Where is this?" he asked the girl.

"You are still in Point Hope." Her voice was soft and clear, like a small child's voice. "If the storm is gone, they will take you to Fairbanks tomorrow."

"What if the storm isn't gone?"

She smiled at him. "You will be all right." She lowered her head and went on wrapping the bandages.

Talking to another person was very, very pleasant. He didn't want to stop. "I'll bet—I'll bet you think men are crazy to do this— go out on the ice just to hunt polar bears, I mean. You must ——"

The girl shook her head. "My people have always hunted the great white bears. They eat the meat. The hides are one of the few ways they have of making money. A large hide is worth a hundred dollars. That is a lot of money to my people."

"How do they hunt without planes?"

"They take their dog sleds out on the ice, sometimes twenty or thirty miles from shore. But they do have rifles now. In the old days, long before I was born, they hunted the bears with nothing but bone-tipped harpoons. In the old days things were very bad."

"Harpoons!" He was thinking of that first night when he'd huddled beside the ice ridge and faced a stalking bear. Any kind of spear in his hands would have been a senseless, useless toy. He was not even certain he could have lifted a rifle if he'd had one.

"In those days," the girl went on, "when a boy was ready to become a man, he went out on the ice alone. If he did not kill a bear, he did not come back. If he came back, he was a hunter and a man."

"There must have been a lot of weeping mothers."

"In the old days Eskimo women did not weep. A man was born. If he lived to become a hunter, he took a wife and raised sons and taught them to hunt. Always, there was famine. When he died, there was one less mouth to feed. Things were very bad in the old days." She was silent awhile, and then she smiled. "It is not like that any more. Things are very different now."

Just then the door opened and an old Eskimo man walked in, carrying a large, furry bundle. He was a short, broad man. His round, wrinkled face shaped itself into a wide-open smile.

"This is Jimmy Kinnyouk, a very great hunter," the girl said. "He found you."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Vulnerable

By Ivan J. Collins

The biggest ache
That comes with fame:
Your critics take
Much sharper aim.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Eskimo chattered a wild string of happy-sounding words.

"He says you are the strongest and bravest man in the world," the girl said. "He says that not since the old days has anyone lived through six days on the ice. He wants you to have this."

The old man unfolded the bundle and spread it across the bed. It was the hide of a great white bear, a beautiful trophy skin more than nine feet long.

John Avery finally found his breath. "Tell him—tell him I must pay him for it."

"That would not be the right thing to say. I will just thank him." She spoke a few careful words of the language. The old man's smile became fantastically wide. He turned and hurried from the room like a bashful child.

"You must rest now," the girl said. "The trip to the hospital may not be easy. You must go to sleep." She tucked his feet in gently beneath the white fur, then turned toward the door.

"No. Stay here. Please stay."

She shook her head. "You must go to sleep." She went on out.

He lay awake for some time. The wind was still screaming to get at him, slashing and scraping furiously at the roof and walls as it raced through the bitter arctic night. But John Avery was not even listening now. All at once, he'd found himself picturing his classroom and his students, fondling the images like a very old man treasuring childhood memories. He thought of Michigan cornfields, golden with October sun, and cock pheasants as colorful as rainbows. He thought of stream-growth stands of jack pine and the forms of white-tail deer outlined against the green. He thought of cedar and tamarack swamps, crisscrossed with tracks in melting snow. He thought of home.

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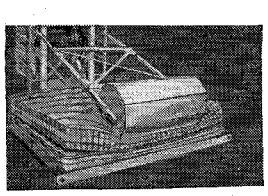

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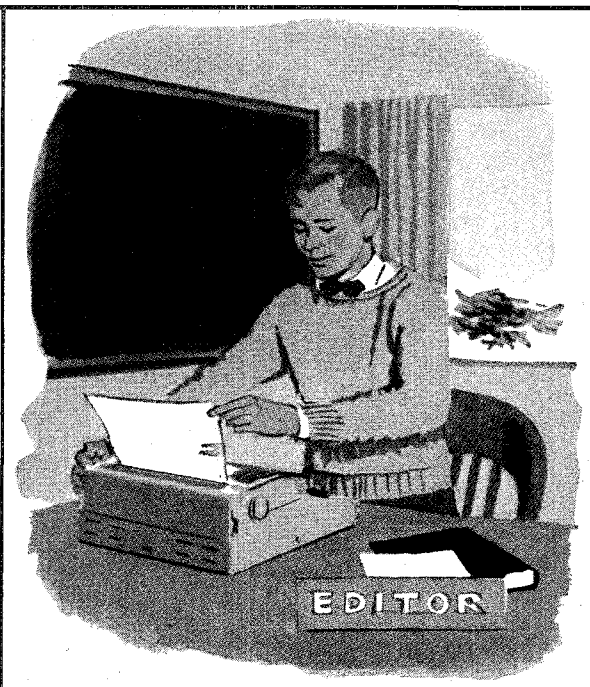
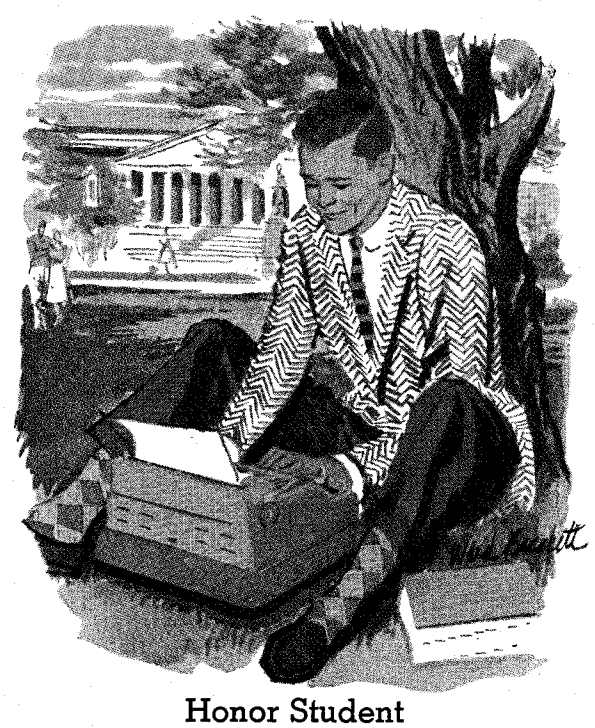
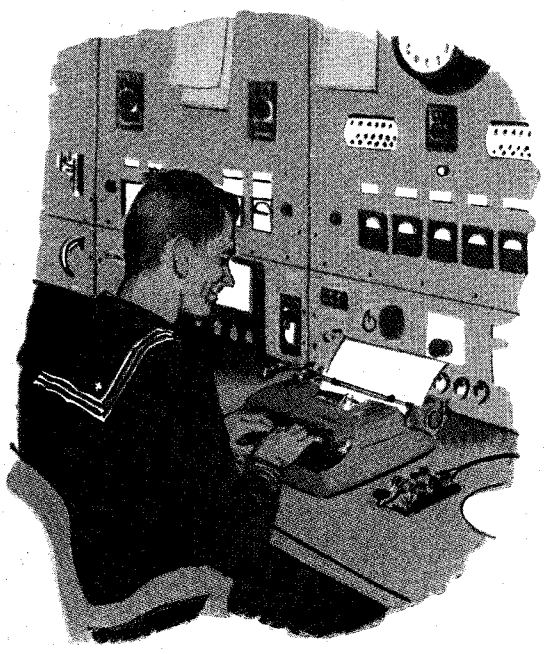


High School Editor



Honor Student



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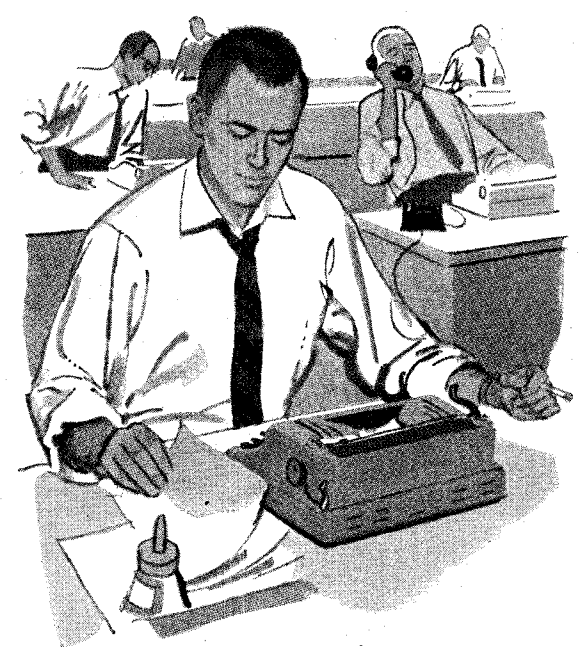
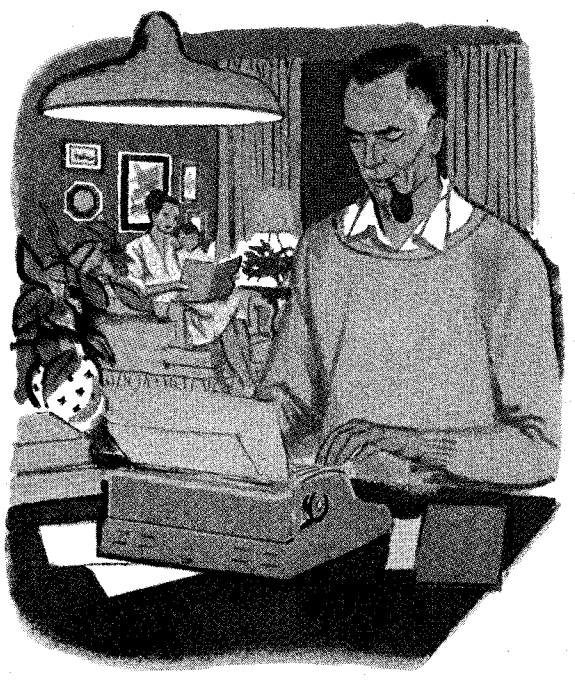


Career Man



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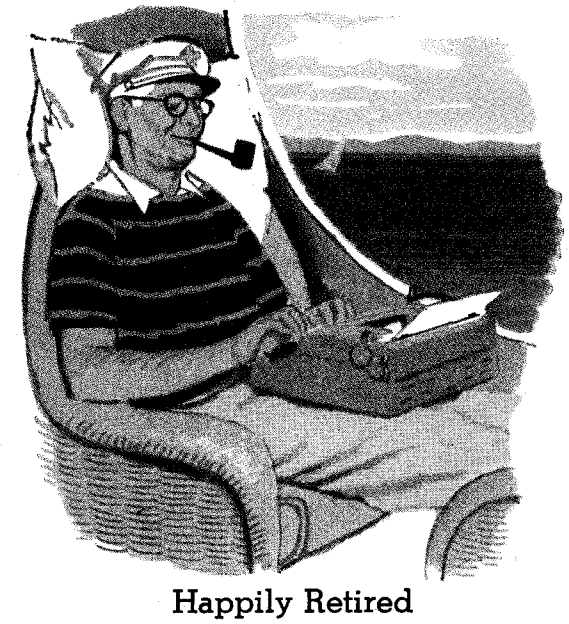

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 57)

"Did you treat Captain Taggart yourself?"

"I did what I could."

"And what was that?"

"I got him to bed. I tried to get him to take a sedative, but he wouldn't." Patch's voice trailed off and he glanced quickly across the court at Janet Taggart.

"Did you lock him in his cabin?"

"Yes." His voice was scarcely above a whisper.

"You state in the log that, in your opinion, Captain Taggart died of heart failure. Would you please explain to the court what it was that caused his heart—if it was his heart—to fail?"

"Mr. Holland," Bowen-Lodge's voice cut in, sharp and high, "I do not consider this relevant or necessary."

"With all due deference, Mr. Learned Chairman, I consider it highly relevant," Holland declared. "The witness is showing commendable restraint regarding the nature of Captain Taggart's illness. That illness, however, has a considerable bearing on the efficiency of the command he inherited, and in fairness to him the court must be informed." And, without waiting for permission, he swung round on Patch and said, "The man died locked in his cabin. Isn't it true that you locked him in there because he was raving?"

"He was delirious, yes," Patch murmured.

"He was upsetting the crew?"

"Yes."

"Making wild accusations?"

"Yes."

"What accusations?"

Patch glanced unhappily round the court, and then said, "He was accusing the officers of stealing liquor from his cabin."

"Now, will you please answer this question?" Holland was leaning forward. "What was the basic cause, as far as you know, of Captain Taggart's death?"

Patch might have remained obstinate on this point, but Bowen-Lodge's voice cut in from high up on the judge's seat, "Witness will kindly answer the question put to him by counsel."

Patch hesitated. "Drink, sir," he said reluctantly.

"Drink? Do you mean he died of drink?"

"Because of it, yes."

The stunned silence that enveloped the court was broken by Janet Taggart's voice. It was shrill and high and quavering as she cried out, "That's not true! How can you say a thing like that—when he's dead?"

"Please, Miss Taggart." Holland's voice was gentle, almost fatherly. "The witness is under oath."

"I don't care! He's lying!" she sobbed wildly. Patch's face had gone very white. Fraser was trying to pull her back into her seat, but she had turned toward the chairman. "Please stop him," she sobbed. And then, flinging up her head, she declared, "My father was a fine man, a man anybody here would be proud to have known."

"I understand, Miss Taggart." Bowen-Lodge's voice was very quiet and soft. "But I must remind you that this court is investigating a disaster in which many men lost their lives. The witness is under oath. Moreover, he is not the only witness. You may rest assured that this accusation will be probed and the truth revealed. Will you please be seated now? Or, if you prefer it, you may leave the court and wait outside until you are called to give evidence."

"I'll stay," she answered in a small, tight voice. "I'm sorry."

She sat down slowly, her face completely white, her hands fumbling for a handkerchief.

Holland cleared his throat. "About how much liquor was Captain Taggart in the habit of consuming each day?"

Patch hesitated, and then reluctantly answered, "The steward said a bottle—a bottle and a half—sometimes two bottles."

The court gasped.

"I see." The sound of suppressed sobbing was distinctly audible in the stillness of the court. "So that he was completely incapable as the master of the ship?"

"Oh, no." Patch shook his head. "Toward the end of the day he would become a little fuddled. But otherwise I would say he was reasonably in command of the situation."

"But you admitted that he was raving and you had to lock him in his cabin. If he was raving, then surely ——" The chairman's brows lifted in a question.

"He wasn't raving because he was drunk," Patch answered slowly. "He had run out of liquor."

A shocked silence gripped the court. Janet Taggart had stopped sobbing. She was sitting quite rigid, staring at Patch with a sort of fascinated horror.

"I would like to get this point perfectly clear before we go any further," Bowen-Lodge said in a quiet, controlled voice. "What you're suggesting is that Captain Taggart did not die of drink, but the lack of it. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you really think absence of liquor can kill a man?"

"I don't know," Patch answered wretchedly. "All I know is that he lived on nothing else, and when he hadn't got it, he went raving mad and died. He never seemed to have anything in the way of food."

Bowen-Lodge considered for a moment, his pencil tracing lines on the paper in front of him. At length he looked down at counsel. "I think, Mr. Holland, you should call medical evidence to establish the possibility of this."

Holland nodded. "I have already arranged for that. It seemed necessary after reading his deposition."

"Good. Then we can leave the matter in abeyance till then." He sounded relieved. "Please proceed with the examination of the witness."

The next stage of the voyage was uneventful, but Patch was taken through it in detail and the picture that emerged was of a conscientious officer doing his best to pull a ship's company together with the presence of the owner a constant irritant. And then Patch reached the night of March sixteenth, when the wind blew hurricane force and the Mary Deare battled for her life. Patch told it well, gaining from the rapt silence of the court, and the Mary Deare floated into that court, rusty and battered, with the seas bursting like gunfire against the half-submerged reef of her bows.

The facts, as Patch presented them, were straightforward enough: he had been on the bridge since dusk. Rice had been there too. Just the two of them and the helmsman and a lookout.

It had happened about 23:20 hours—a slight explosion, a sort of shudder. Nothing had been said for a moment, and then Rice's voice had cut through the gale's roar as he shouted, "Did we hit something, sir?" And then he had sent Rice to sound the wells and back had come the report—making water in both for'ard holds, particularly in No. 1. He had ordered the pumps to be started in both No. 1 and No. 2 holds, and he had stood on the bridge and watched the bows become heavy and the seas start to break green over all the forward part of the ship. And then Dellimare had come onto the bridge, white-faced and scared-looking. Higgins too. They were talking about abandoning ship. They seemed to think she was going down. And Rice came back to say the crew was panicking.

He had left the bridge to Higgins then and had gone out onto the upper deck with Rice. Four men in life jackets were starting to clear No. 3 boat. They were scared and he had to hit one man before they would leave the boat and go back to their duties. He had taken all the men he could find—some ten of them—and had set them to work under the bos'n and the third engineer to shore up the bulkhead between No. 2 hold and the boiler room, just in case. And it was while he was supervising this that the helmsman had reported to the engine room that the bridge was full of smoke.

He had taken half a dozen men, and when he reached the bridge there was only the helmsman there, his eyes streaming, racked with coughing, as he clung to the wheel, nursing the ship through the crowding storm breakers, the whole place filled with a fog of acrid smoke.

"May I make a suggestion?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The fire had been in the radio shack, a little above and behind the bridge. No, he had no idea how it had started. The radio operator had gone below to get his life jacket. Higgins had gone aft to inspect the steering, which seemed slack. No, he didn't know where Dellimare was. He regretted that the helmsman was not among the survivors.

They had used foam extinguishers on the fire. What had finally put the fire out was the partial collapse of the roof, which had allowed the water from a breaking wave to engulf the flames.

The wind was now Force Twelve in the gusts—hurricane force. He had hove to then, putting the ship's bows into the wind, with the engines at Slow Ahead, just holding her there and praying to God that the seas, piling down in white cascades of water onto the bows, wouldn't smash the for'ard hatch covers. They had stayed hove to like that, in imminent danger of their lives, for fourteen hours, the pumps just holding their own, and all the time he and Rice had kept moving constantly through the ship to see that the bulkhead—which was leaking where the weight of water was bulging it, low down near its base—was properly shored, to keep the crew from panicking, to see that they kept to their stations and helped the ship in her struggle against the sea.

About 06:00 hours, after twenty-two hours without sleep, he had retired to his cabin. The wind was dropping by then and the glass beginning to rise. He had gone to sleep fully clothed, and two hours later had been wakened by Samuel King, the Jamaican steward, with the news that Mr. Dellimare could not be found.

The whole ship had been searched, but without success. The man had vanished. "I could only presume that he had been washed overboard," Patch said, and then he stood silent, as though waiting for Holland to question him, and Holland asked him if he had held any sort of inquiry.

"Yes. I had every member of the crew make a statement before Mr. Higgins, Mr. Rice and myself. As far as we could determine, the last man to see Mr. Dellimare alive was the steward. That was at about four-thirty hours."

"And nobody saw him after that?"

Patch hesitated, and then said, "As far as anybody could find out, no."

"I see." The court was very still. The old ship, with her waterlogged bows pointed into the gale and a man's body tossed among the spindrift out there in the raging seas—there wasn't anybody in the room who couldn't see it for himself.

Then Patch's voice was going on with his story, nervous and jerky, in tune with the sense of tragedy. The wind had fallen, and the sea with it. He had considered putting into Brest. But, with the weather improving and the pumps holding their own, he had rounded Ushant early on the morning of the eighteenth, hugging the French coast. At 20:46 hours he had altered course to the northeast and informed his officers that, instead of proceeding to Antwerp, he had decided to take the ship into Southampton for a thorough examination of the damage to the for'ard holds.

"Why?" Holland asked.

And Patch, facing the chairman and the assessors, said, "I thought there had been a deliberate attempt to wreck her." I expected him to tell them about Dellimare's offer, but all he said was, "It was too coincidental—the damage to the holds and then the fire in the radio shack."

"You were convinced that there had been some sort of explosion in Number One hold?" Holland asked.

"Yes."

"And the radio shack?"

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"If it was an explosion, then the radio shack had to be put out of action—it was my means of communication with the rest of the world." And then Patch went on to tell how Rice had rushed into his cabin at about twenty-one twenty hours with the news that the after hold was on fire and the crew in a state of panic. He told it just as he had told it to me in his cabin on the Mary Deare, and when he had finished, Holland said, "You are quite convinced that, when you went down into Number Four hold to examine that bulkhead, you were deliberately bludgeoned? You're sure it wasn't an accident—that you didn't slip?"

"Quite sure."

"Perhaps something fell on you—a loose piece of metal?"

But Patch pointed to his jaw where the scar still showed, maintaining that it was quite impossible for it to have happened accidentally.

"And when you came to, was there any sort of weapon near you that your assailant might have used?"

"No, I don't think so. But I couldn't be certain. The place was full of smoke and I was dazed, half asphyxiated."

"I put it to you that one of the crew—a man, say, who had a grudge against you—could have followed you down—hit you, perhaps, with his fist?"

"He would have had to be a very powerful man." Patch was looking across at Higgins. And then he went on to describe how he had clambered out of the hold over piled-up bales of cotton to find No. 3 boat hanging from its bow falls, the other davits empty. The engines were still running, the pumps still working and the hoses were still pouring water into Number Three hold. But not a single member of the crew remained on board. Alone and unaided, he had put the fire out, and in the morning he had found a complete stranger wandering about the ship.

"That would be Mr. Sands, from the yacht Sea Witch?"

"Yes."

"Would you explain why you didn't accept his offer to take you off?"

"I saw no reason to abandon the ship. She was badly down by the bows, but she wasn't in imminent danger. I thought he would notify the authorities and that it would help the salvage tug if I were on board to organize the tow."

He told them then how he had seen me fail to regain my yacht, how he had pulled me onto the deck, and then he was telling them of our efforts to save the ship in the teeth of the rising gale, how we had got the engines going and the pumps working and kept her stern to the wind. But he made no mention of the Minkies. According to him, we had finally abandoned the ship in a rubber dinghy taken from Dellimare's cabin when she was on the verge of sinking. No, he couldn't say exactly what the position was.

"One final question." Holland paused and then said, "On reflection, are you quite convinced that it was an explosion that caused the flooding in Number One hold? I put it to you that, in the conditions prevailing, it was almost impossible to be certain that it wasn't some submerged object that you hit or a wave breaking against the bows."

Patch hesitated, glancing round the court. "It definitely wasn't a sea breaking," he said quietly. "It was afterward that the next sea broke over the bows. As to whether we hit something or an explosive charge was set off, only an inspection of the actual damage could prove it one way or the other."

"Quite. But since the ship is probably lying in at least twenty fathoms of water and we don't know quite where, inspection of the damage is out of the question. I want your opinion."

Patch hesitated, and then he said, "Very well. In my opinion it was an explosion."

"And what was your reaction when Rice told you that Number Three hold was on fire? Did you immediately think that this was another attempt to destroy the ship?"

"Yes, I did."

"And that is still your opinion?"

Patch nodded. "Yes."

Holland held the court in utter silence for a moment, and then he said, "There were thirty-one men on board the Mary Deare. If the fire was deliberately started it endangered all those lives. It was tantamount to murder."

"Yes."

"And you still say that the fire was started deliberately?"

"Yes, I do."

The next question was inevitable. "Whom did you suspect of starting it?" Holland asked, and Patch hesitated. To

Life's a Wild-Plum Tree

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Life's a wild plum in bloom.
Love is the bright
Glow on the fragrant plume,
Incredibly white.

Time is the greening leaf
Cool in the sun
Hiding the thorns of grief
Till summer's done.

Pain is the bitter fruit,
Bruise-purple, stark.
Hope is the secret root
Deep in the dark.

produce the story of Dellimare's offer now was pointless. Dellimare was dead when that fire had broken out, and all Patch could say was that he hadn't had much time for formulating suspicions—he had been too busy trying to save the ship.

"But you must have thought about it since?"

"Yes, I have." Patch was facing the judge and the assessors. "But I think that is a matter for the court to decide."

Bowen-Lodge nodded his agreement, and Holland sat down. Immediately Sir Lionel Falcett was on his feet. "Mr. Learned Chairman, I would be glad if you would put one or two additional questions to the witness." He was a small man with thinning hair and a high forehead, and a voice of great depth and tone. "Representing as I do the company who insured the most valuable part of the cargo, I would respectfully point out to you, Mr. Learned Chairman, that there would only be financial gain in such a dastardly and murderous endeavor, if in fact, the cargo had been removed prior to the loss of the ship."

Bowen-Lodge nodded. "I quite understand your argument, Sir Lionel." He glanced at the clock at the far end of the court, above the public gallery. "What is your question?"

"It concerns the time the ship was moored alongside the Torre Annunziata in the Rangoon River," Sir Lionel said. "My information is that throughout the period that the Mary Deare's crew was absent on shore leave, the Torre Annunziata was a blaze of lights, with all her deck winches going." He looked across at Holland. "I understand that a deposition to this effect will be introduced later and that it states that the official concerned was informed by the master of the Torre Annunziata that he had been shifting cargo to make room for some steel tubing he was due to load." He turned back to face Bowen-Lodge. "I should like to know, Mr. Learned Chairman, whether the witness heard any of his officers speak of this after he had joined the ship—whether, in fact, it had been the subject of some comment?"

The question was put and Patch answered that he had heard of it from Rice. He hadn't at the time attached any significance to it.

"But you do now?" Sir Lionel suggested. Patch nodded. "Yes."

"Did you hear any rumors about the cargo after you joined the ship?"

"Some men seemed to think we had a cargo of explosives on board," Patch answered. "It was a rumor that persisted despite the fact that I posted a copy of the manifest on the crew's notice board."

"Would you say that this rumor would be sufficient in itself to cause panic among the crew as soon as they knew there was a fire on board?"

"Probably."

"In point of fact, Rice reported they were panicking." Sir Lionel leaned forward, staring at Patch. "How did this extraordinary rumor get round the ship?"

Patch looked across toward the waiting witnesses. "I don't think Mr. Higgins was ever convinced that we were carrying the cargo declared on the manifest," he said.

"He thought it was a cargo of explosives? What gave him that idea?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ask him?"

"Yes, I did."

"When?"

"Just after we had rounded Ushant."

"And what did he say?"

"He said I could damn well try and get the answer out of Taggart or Dellimare and stop bothering him. They were both dead, of course."

"Thank you." Sir Lionel folded himself delicately into his seat. Bowen-Lodge looked at the clock again and adjourned the court for lunch.

Outside, the sun shone on rain-wet pavements, and it came as something of a shock to discover that there were people—ordinary people who knew nothing of the Mary Deare—hurrying about their everyday affairs. Patch was standing alone on the pavement's edge.

He had been waiting for me, and he came straight across. "You told me your boat wouldn't be ready until the end of the month." He said it accusingly, anger and resentment in his voice.

"Yes," I said. "It was ready a week earlier than I expected."

"Why didn't you let me know? I went down to the yard last Wednesday and you'd already gone." And then he suddenly burst out, "All I needed was one day. Just one look at that hole in the ship's hull and I'd have known. I'd have been able to tell them the truth then. As it is, I don't know what the devil I'm saying or what sort of a pit I'm digging for myself. One day! That was all I wanted."

"You didn't tell me that," I said. "In any case, you know very well that an inspection of that sort would have to be carried out by the authorities." But I could understand how he had wanted to be certain, to prove that his suspicions were justified. "It will work out," I said, patting his arm.

"I hope you're right," he said between his teeth. "I (*Continued on Page 115*)

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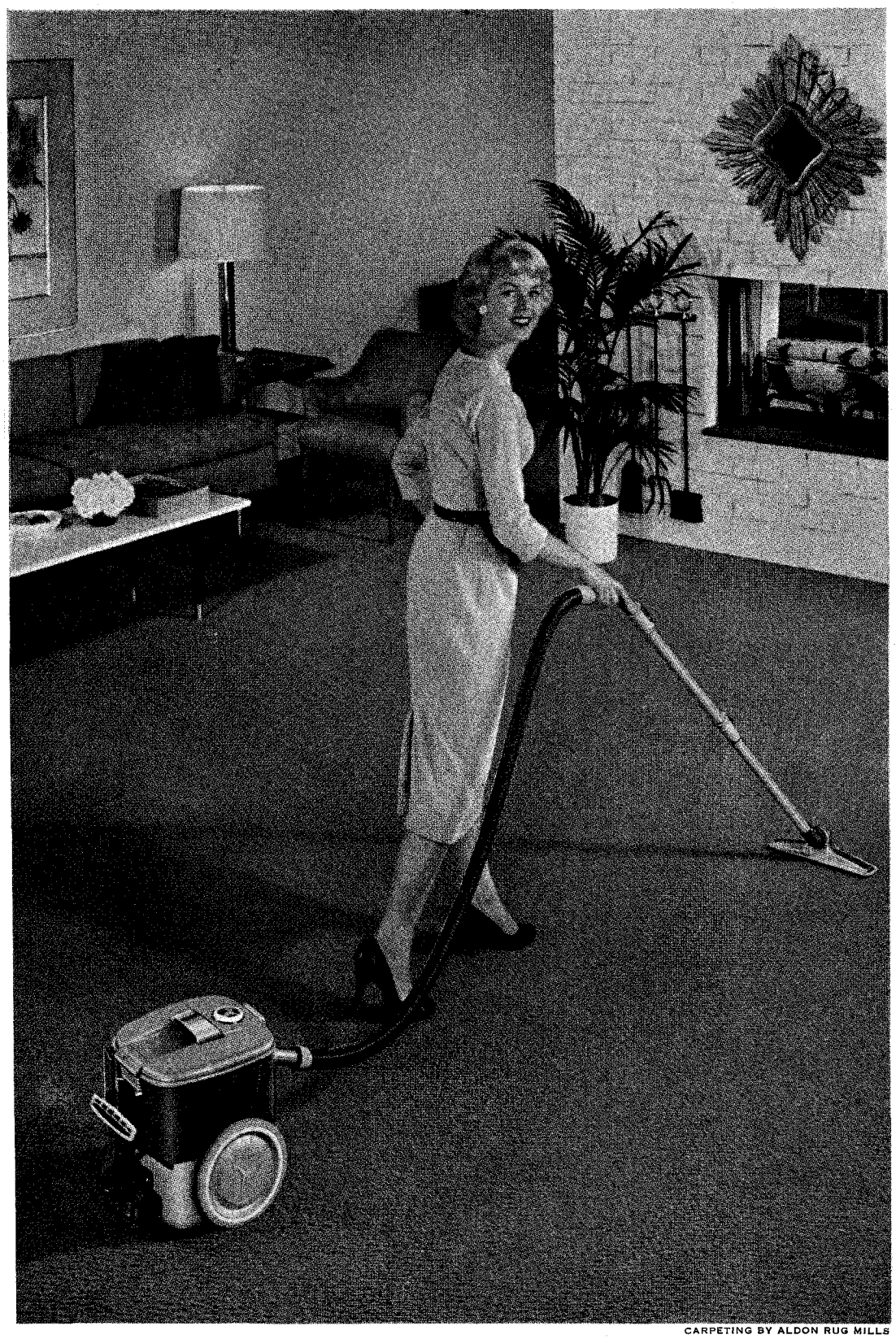

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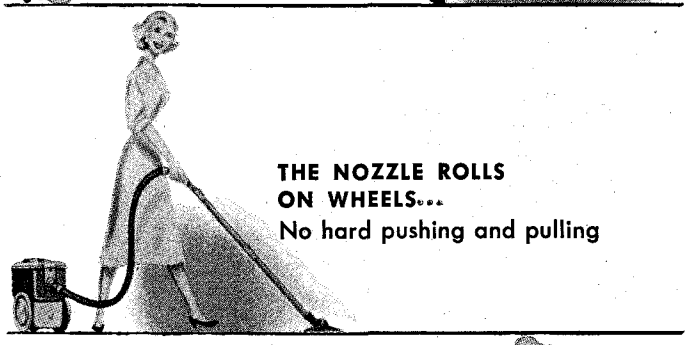

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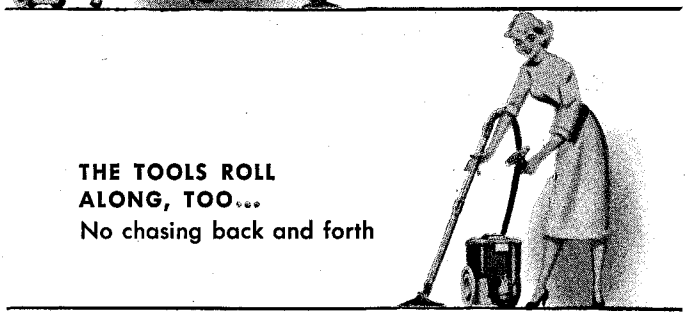

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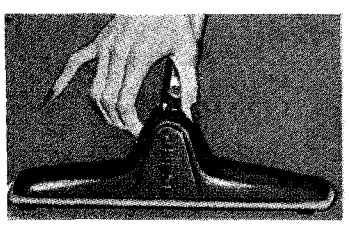

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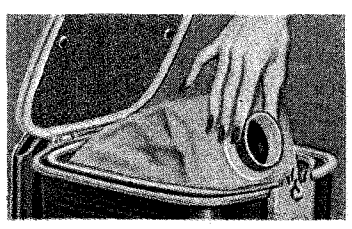

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(*Continued from Page 112*) hope to heaven you're right." He was looking at me and his eyes were as bright as coals. "All that effort—to put her on the Minkies—wasted. I could——" And there he stopped, and his eyes, looking past me, widened, and I turned to find Janet Taggart coming straight toward us.

Vengeance should be painted the way Janet Taggart looked. She was as pale as death, and in the pallor of her frozen face her eyes were enormous. She stopped just in front of him and struck out at him blindly.

I don't remember her words now—they came in a great overwhelming torrent of cutting, lacerating sentences. I saw Patch's eyes go dead as he flinched before the whiplash of her tongue, and then I left them, walking quickly, wanting to get the picture of the two of them right out of my mind. I wondered if she knew what power she had to hurt the man.

Patch wasn't recalled for questioning after lunch. Instead, Holland asked leave to proceed with the other evidence. I had expected Higgins to go into the witness box next, but it was Hal who was called. And when he stepped down, it was my turn. I was in a cold sweat as I recounted how the Mary Deare had almost run us down in the night and how we had found her lying abandoned the following morning. I didn't know what I was going to say.

●

The average tomboy not only likes to go around with boys, she will go two rounds if need be.

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●

Across the court I saw Patch, sitting a little forward, his hands clasped, his body tense and rigid. His eyes were fixed on my face. I was telling them what the Mary Deare had looked like that morning when I boarded her, and suddenly my mind was made up. To tell them that the ship was stranded on the Minkies would prove him a liar. It would cut the ground from under his feet. I couldn't do it. I think I had known that all along, but the strange thing was that, once I had made the decision, all nervousness left me. I knew what I was going to say, and I set out to present Patch to the court as I had seen him through those desperate hours—a man staggering with exhaustion, who had put out a fire single-handed and could still go on fighting to save his ship.

And then at last it was over—no questions—and I was walking back across the floor of the court, feeling like a rag that had been squeezed dry.

Hal gripped my arm as I sat down. "Magnificent," he whispered. "You've very nearly made a hero of the man."

"Ian Fraser!" His was routine evidence of how he had picked us up, and then he was released and Janet Taggart was called.

She went into the witness box pale as death, but with her head up and her face a tight little defensive mask. Holland explained that he had called her at this stage in order to release her from the painful ordeal of listening to any further statements that might be made by witnesses about her father. He then took her gently through a description of her father as she had known him, and when she had finished there was a murmur of men clearing their throats and shifting uneasily in their seats.

"That will be all, Miss Taggart," Holland said with that gentleness that he had used with her throughout her evidence. But she didn't move from the witness box. She had taken a picture post card from her bag, and she stood with it clutched in her hand, looking across at Patch. And the look on her face sent a cold shiver through me as she said, "A few days ago I received a post card from Aden—from my father. It must have been delayed." She shifted her gaze to Bowen-Lodge. "May I read part of it, please?"

He nodded his permission, and she went on, "My father wrote: 'The owner has engaged a man called Patch to be my first officer in place of poor old Adams.'" She wasn't reading it. She was staring straight at Bowen-Lodge, the post card still gripped in her hand. She knew it by heart. "'I do not know what will come of this. Rumor has it that he stranded a ship once, deliberately. But whatever happens, I promise you it shall not be of my doing. God go with you, Janie, and think of me. If all goes well, I shall keep my promise this time and see you again at the end of the voyage.'" Her voice broke on a whisper. The court held its breath. She was like a spring coiled too tight and near to breaking. She held the card out to Holland and he took it.

"Witness is excused," Bowen-Lodge said.

But she had turned and was facing Patch across the court. Wildly she accused him of dragging her father's name in the mud to save himself. She had checked on the loss of the Belle Isle. She knew the truth now and she was going to see that the court knew it. Bowen-Lodge beat on his desk with his gavel. Holland was at her side, remonstrating with her. But she ignored him, and Patch sat there, white-faced and appalled, as she blamed him for the fires, for the flooded holds, for the whole wreckage of her father's ship.

"You're a monster!" she sobbed as they dragged her from the witness box. And then she went suddenly limp and allowed herself to be hurried out of the court, her whole body convulsed with the passion of her tears.

The courtroom eased itself a little self-consciously. Nobody looked at Patch. Nobody looked anywhere until Bowen-Lodge's matter-of-fact voice lifted the tension from the room. "Call the next witness." The court began to get back into its stride.

Holland called, "Hans Gundersen."

He described himself as a financier and company director, a resident of Singapore. Tall and fair in a light double-breasted suit, he made a strong impression on the court, even though his accent was a little foreign. He explained that he had joined the board of the Dellimare Company in April of the previous year. It had suited his interests at that time to take a hand in the affairs of this small company. He had the chance to acquire two old ships at a very low figure. He had taken the view that freight rates were on the mend and that in a year's time it would be possible to sell the ships at a handsome profit. He had chosen the Dellimare Company as the medium through which to make the purchase because he knew Mr. Dellimare and discovered that he was willing to have the company wound up at the end of the transaction.

"In my experience," he added, "that is much the most remunerative way of engaging in these operations."

In the case of the Torre Annunziata his object had been achieved. They had sold the ship to the Chinese at a figure much higher than the purchase price. The Mary Deare, however, had not proved such a good proposition. Her condition had been worse than he had been led to believe. The result was that he had decided that (*Continued on Page 117*)

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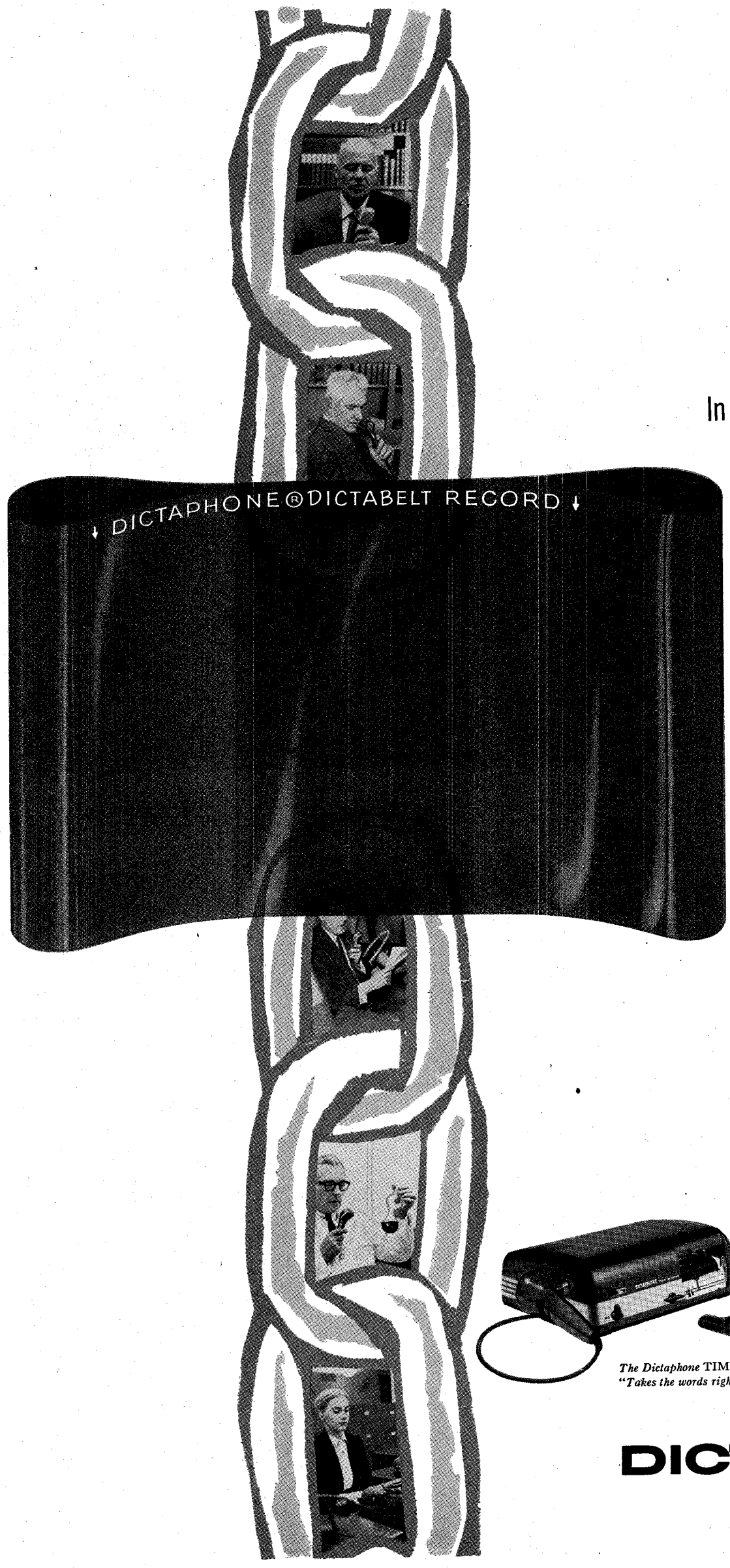

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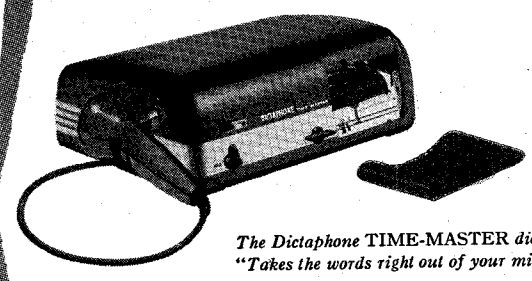

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(*Continued from Page 115*) she should make one voyage and then be sold for scrap in England. Break-up price less purchase price and overhaul would have given the Dellimare Company a small margin of profit plus the profits of the voyage. He handed Holland a slip of paper. "Those are the figures, actual and estimated," he said.

Holland passed them up to Bowen-Lodge and then sat down. The chairman checked through the figures, nodded and glanced toward Sir Lionel, who rose and said, "Now about the Mary Deare. You have admitted that she was not in the condition you had hoped. How was it that such a valuable cargo was entrusted to her? Did Mr. Dellimare arrange that?"

"No. I arranged it through my contacts in Singapore. You must understand that I am very well known in business circles there."

"One further question. For what reason were these two ships—the Mary Deare and the Torre Annunziata—routed in such a way that they were in the Rangoon River together from January tenth to fourteenth inclusive?"

"I'm afraid I cannot answer this." His manner was disarmingly frank. "You must understand that, as far as I was concerned, this was a very small business, and anyway I do not concern myself with the day-to-day management of the companies in which I hold interests."

There were no more questions and Gundersen stood down. Technical evidence followed and it wasn't until the following morning that Higgins was called. By then the public gallery was full, the press desk crammed. As Higgins thrust his huge bulk into the witness box, there was a sudden, expectant hush, so that the sound of a clock striking eleven was quite audible through the taking of the oath.

He began his story back where the Mary Deare steamed out of Yokohama. According to him, the ship was a floating death trap of rattling rivets and clanging plates, a piece of leaking ironmongery taken off the junk heap of the China Seas. Of the captain, he simply said, "The 'ole ship knew 'e was drinking 'isself ter death." The first mate was sickening for jaundice and the third officer, Rice, was only a kid of twenty-four on his second voyage with a watchkeeper's certificate. The implication was that he, Higgins, was the only reliable deck officer on board and, though he looked like a bull about to charge, there was something impressive about him as he stood there and gave his evidence in a throaty rumble.

Singapore, Rangoon, Aden—and then he was covering the same ground that Patch had covered, but from a different angle. He thought the crew "not bad, considerin' the moth-eaten sort o' a tub she was." And when it came to the gale itself, and the ship down by the bows, and the radio shack gutted by fire, Higgins didn't give it graphically, as Patch had done, but baldly, factually. He had been asleep in his bunk when the hold had started to flood. He had taken over the bridge and had remained on watch until ten hours the following morning—eleven solid hours. He had then organized a more thorough search for Dellimare. No, Mr. Patch hadn't ordered him to. He'd done it on his own initiative.

"You liked Mr. Dellimare?" Holland asked him.

"I didn't like or dislike 'im."

"Did you advise Mr. Patch at one stage to abandon ship?"

"Well, yes, in a manner o' speakin'. We considered it, Mr. Dellimare an' me."

"Why?"

"'Cos we knew the sort o' ship she was. We'd bin through two gales already comin' across from Singapore. Patch 'adn't. An' the one in the bay was a lot worse than wot we'd gone through before."

"And you thought an explosion had occurred in the for'ard hold?"

"I didn't think nothin' of the kind. I knew she was rotten an' we were takin' a helluva pounding. We didn't think she'd stand much more." And then he said, "If you're suggesting we were scared, just remember what it was like out there. Ten to one, the boats wouldn't 've got launched in that sea, let alone stayed afloat. It took guts to even think o' takin' ter the boats, pertikly fer Mr. Dellimare, who'd had a basinful o' that sort o' thing during the war. Later, when we 'ove to, things was easier an' I thought maybe we had a chance."

And then he was dealing with the night the fire had broken out in the after hold and they had abandoned ship. Yes, it had been about 21:20 hours. It was a stoker who had discovered it, a man called West. He'd come out of the after deckhouse and had seen smoke coming from the hatch of No. 3 hold. He'd reported at once to

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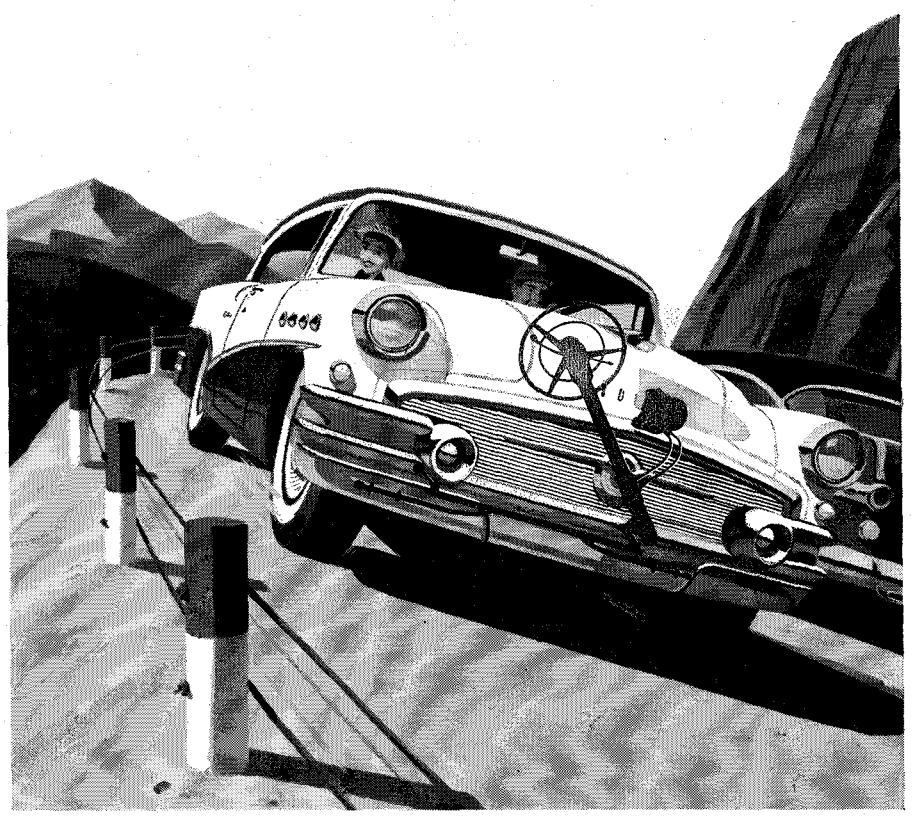

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the bridge by phone. Rice had been there at the time and Higgins had sent him to check the report and notify Mr. Patch.

"And what happened then?" Holland asked him.

"I didn't hear nothin' further for about quarter of an hour. But I knew it was fire orl right 'cos the after derrick lights was switched on an' there was a lot of activity with men running about the deck. Then Mr. Patch comes up to the bridge, lookin' very wild and all covered in smoke grime, an' says he's ordered the boats swung out just in case. I asked him whether he'd like me ter take charge of the fire-fighting party and he said no, Mr. Rice was in charge. He stood aba't fer a bit after that, as though he couldn't make up his mind aba't somethin'. An' then Rice comes runnin' up to the bridge in a bit of a panic an' says the fire's getting worse. And at that Patch orders him to pass the word to stand by to abandon ship. 'You notify the engine room, Mr. Higgins,' he says. 'Then take charge of the fire-fighting party. Mr. Rice, you'll have charge of the upper deck. See there's no panic when I give the word.' An' that's the last that I saw of him," Higgins added.

The rest was a pattern of disaster that comes from absence of command. Higgins and his men had fought the fire for a further fifteen minutes or so, and all the time it seemed to be gaining on them. The men were scared. They believed the ship was jinxed, that the cargo was explosives. Higgins sent Rice to tell Patch he couldn't hold the men much longer, and Rice came back to say he couldn't find Patch anywhere. "By then the men were near ter panic. Some were already on the upper deck, piling into Number Three boat. There weren't nothing I could do 'cept give the order to abandon ship."

The order had resulted in a stampede for the boats. When he reached the upper deck, Higgins saw No. 3 boat hanging by its bow falls with one man clinging to it. No. 1 boat had also been cleared. She was empty and being battered to pieces against the ship's side. By using his fists he'd got some sort of order out of the chaos on deck and he and the officers had organized the men into the two remaining boats. He had put Rice in charge of No. 4 boat and had waited to see him safely clear. He then lowered and released his own boat. Owing to the speed the ship had been traveling, he had lost contact with Rice by the time his boat hit the water and he never regained it.

"Do you mean to say," Holland asked, "that you took to the boats with the ship still steaming?"

"Yes. Acting on Mr. Patch's instructions, I had ordered the engine-room staff to stand by to take to the boats. When I gave the order to abandon, they didn't 'ave no instructions about stopping the engines, an' afterwards none o' 'em would go below to do it."

"But surely if you gave the order ——"

"Wot the hell use were orders?" Higgins growled. "Patch'd gone—vanished. One boat was already hanging in her davits, the men in her all tipped into the sea; another was bein' smashed up alongside. The men were panicking. Anybody who went below stood a good chance of coming up and finding the last two boats gone. It was as much as Rice an' I could do ter get those boats away orderly-like."

"But good heavens!" Holland exclaimed. "Surely, as an experienced officer, you had some control over your——"

But Higgins interrupted him again. "Ain't you got no imagination?" he burst out. "Can't you see what it was like—Patch gone and the crew in a panic and a fire raging on top of a cargo of explosives."

"But it wasn't explosives."

"'Ow were we ter know?"

"You've heard the evidence proving that the cases loaded at Yokohama contained aero engines. There was no justification for believing ——"

"We know now they was full of aero engines," Higgins said quickly. "But I'm tellin' you wot we thought at the time. We thought they was full of explosives."

"But you'd seen the manifest," Holland reminded. "Mr. Patch even posted a copy of it on the crew's notice board."

"What difference does that make?" Higgins demanded angrily. "A crew don't 'ave ter believe everything that's posted on their notice board. An' let me tell you, mister, men that sail in ships like the Mary Deare don't go much by the manifest, pertikly in the China Seas."

There was no answer to that. The outburst called for a rebuke from the chairman, but it was given mildly. Higgins was accepted for what he was, a piece of human flotsam speaking with the voice of experience.

"In other words," Holland said, "you've known a lot of strange things happen aboard ships around the world. Now, in your opinion, were these fires natural outbreaks—or do you suspect someone of having started them deliberately?"

"I don't know about that. But," he added, "I knew we was in fer trouble as soon as 'e come aboard." And he nodded his hard bollard of head toward Patch. "Stands ter reason, a man wiv 'is record don't get the job fer nuthing—and then the skipper dying was very convenientlike for someone."

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So We Sent Our Son to College

(Continued from Page 37)

a brilliant, foresighted son who knows exactly what he wants to study and where. The worst way is to make a solemn project out of it and get caught between what you think he should do and what he thinks he should do.

We chose the third way. We started out with the old Middle Western parental attitude: "We'll learn 'em, durn 'em." We analyzed; we researched; we argued. We got ourselves every college guide in the library. We collected more college catalogues than the Ford Foundation. We listened attentively to every sentimental old grad in town. And, of course, we discussed the problem with the boy in five-minute snatches while he was running in or out of the house.

"I want to go to the University of North Carolina," he said, never having seen North Carolina.

"Why?" we asked.

"Because I hear it's a nice place. And besides Pete's going there."

"If you don't go to North Carolina, where will you go?"

"Anywhere I don't have to take math!"

So we fell back on the Guide, which was our first mistake. There were others, as you'll see. "Going to college," said Clarence E. Lovejoy, the College Guide man, "is a family affair. . . . It is a joint operation. It must be done carefully and earnestly."

Carefully and earnestly, we started with the experts. Robert Frost, the poet, was encouraging. "Education," he said, "is hanging around the right places and the right people until you get an idea." The boy liked that.

"I'll hang around North Carolina," Dick said. "Besides I've already got an idea. At least I know what I don't want. I don't want to try to be something I'm not. I don't want to try to make myself into a great brain, because I'm not. I don't want to go to a small New England men's college. I've been to a boys' school all my life and liked it, but now I'm ready for something else—something more like real life."

"H'm'm," we said. "Such as what?"

"Well, a fairly big place, but not too big."

The thing to do, we decided, was to go see for ourselves. We started first with the great state universities and the smaller land-grant colleges of the Middle West. These are what Henry Morton Robinson, the author and poet, calls "those educational rabbit warrens . . . whose inmates, hear from reliable sources, gradually learn the use of commas and can be trained to perform simple feats of logic connected with chain-store management, ethical embalming and other disciplines much revered by the American demos."

Undismayed by this Menckenish spoofing, we sent our rabbit first to reconnoiter Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. This is a new college by Mr. Robinson's standard—didn't get going until 1809—but it is populated by American demos of both the male and female sexes, has quite a number of two-story thinkers, is situated in a lovely town in Southern Ohio and has standards of education at least as good as the institutions that turned out most members of President Eisenhower's Cabinet.

It is true that the son of an Ohio taxpayer has little more trouble getting into Miami, a state-supported institution, than he would getting into the United States Army, but some do not stay so long. For example, a farmer sent his daughter there several years ago and was dismayed when the authorities flunked her out. He demanded her readmission. He won an order of reinstatement in the lower courts. He argued, when the university carried the case to the Court of Appeals, that he was a taxpayer of the state, whose duty it was, therefore, to educate his child. The girl had a high-school diploma, went to classes and tried the best she could. If she had been smart, he argued, he wouldn't have sent her to college! The Court of Appeals ruled against the farmer's daughter.

We would have been glad to see our boy go to Miami. It just didn't work out, like most of the other things we considered, because our son, like most sons, while no genius, was smarter and more stubborn than his parents. Besides, his experience at Miami was a little unexpected.

Father and son bivouacked in Cincinnati for the descent on the university on a Saturday morning. It was a golden day. There was a football game that afternoon, Miami vs. Xavier. Oxford doesn't have as much atmosphere as its English namesake, but it is full of ivy and pretty girls.

Father and son toured the campus, visited the classrooms and laboratories, had lunch at the pregame faculty feed and talked to the dean of men, an attractive and able educator. Passing one building, they saw a plaque on the wall an-

---

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---

nouncing this as the spot where Phi Delta Theta fraternity was founded.

"Your Grandfather Fulton was a Phi Delt," said father. "And so were your Uncle Bill and your Uncle Bob."

"Can we see the fraternity house?" Dick asked.

"Well, that's a little difficult," said the dean. "It's closed now."

"Closed?" asked Dick.

"Yes, they had a little trouble last year and we had to close them up."

"H'm'm'm," said the boy, suddenly interested. "What happened?"

"Well, they had a picnic last spring, out in the woods south of here, and I'm afraid some of them had too much to drink."

"So you closed the house for that?"

"Not exactly. There were some Boy Scouts in the same woods, also having a picnic."

"Yes?"

"And some of the Phi Delts spiked the Boy Scouts' lemonade."

"Oh!" said Dick.

"I believe," said the dean, "the sheriff found some of the Scouts in bad shape later on, and there was an investigation—but I think we'd better be getting over to the Faculty Club."

"Yes," said dad.

"Boy!" said Dick.

Miami won the football game, but we're afraid it didn't win Dick. He talked about it on the train going back, but he wasn't very responsive. Next night we discovered why: the doctor came in the middle of the night and removed a ruptured appendix. Things like this interfere with planned college picking.

While he was recuperating, we asked the advice of the experts. The headmaster of his school thought Dartmouth just the place; the director of studies recommended Bowdoin. An English teacher said family background was important. Where did his father go?

"The University of Illinois," Dick replied.

"Well, it doesn't matter," the English teacher remarked. "I think every boy should go to college where his father went."

This was appealing. We would give the theory a try.

"It's important," said his father, "to know where your roots are. We know the Middle West. Our families are out there. The area around the Great Lakes and the Northwest are the coming part of the country. In your generation the St. Lawrence Seaway will be carrying ocean vessels from Europe to Chicago and Cleveland. And these are fine schools."

"You're talking about your families and where you came from," said the boy. "I'm not from the Middle West. I've lived in Washington most of my life. I like it around here."

"Why not go and see?" we asked. And he agreed.

So the next stop was Urbana, Illinois. Just to show the growth of such universities, Dick's grandmother and grandfather were in the Class of 1898 at the same university. There were 1824 students there then. When his mother graduated from Illinois in 1934, the total in all colleges was 10,747 including the enrollment in the Branch colleges outside Urbana. Now it has reached 25,159.

Since Dick was cocaptain of his school football team, his father took him to the university football practice. He was impressed—too impressed. The squad looked as big as an army, and the men were giants. He was very quiet.

We went to a freshman-survey history course and met one of the faculty members in history. Yes, the classes were much bigger, he conceded. In fact, in this class, a student didn't even put his name on examination papers. He merely put down his seat number, and the paper was graded, not by his instructor, but by some graduate assistant, who hadn't the slightest notion whose paper he was grading.

"Is that a good idea?" Dick asked.

"No," we answered. And that was that.

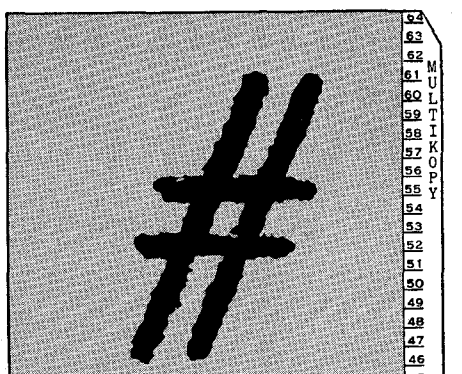
We then approached the Ivy League colleges with what we hoped was the proper reverence. The aforementioned Mr. Robinson has explained why this is necessary.

"Despite leveling influences that would 'democratize' the A.B. degree—that is, bring it down to the level of a vaccination certificate"—he said, "the Ivy colleges cling to the somewhat mystical notion that a candidate for the eight-hundred-year-old degree of *Baccalaureus in Artibus* shall be, among other things, a person of marked intellectual promise.

"They hold, further, that he shall be capable of achieving a rigorous kind of excellence, not limited to mind, manners—or even muscles—but penetrating into the very marrow and matrix of life itself."

This was not promising. We are going to admit that "marked intellectual promise" and "a rigorous kind of excellence" are not the outstanding traits in our family. Besides, of the 400,000 students who applied for entrance into all American colleges only 7500, or about two per cent, were accepted by the Ivy League. Nevertheless, they let us look—first at Harvard.

We didn't take Dick there to a football game. We went on a Tuesday morning and attended a course in American history. Everybody was pleasant. The lecture



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was superb. There were several nice Radcliffe girls in the class, and we carried away packets of information.

"Harvard exists," said dean McGeorge Bundy, "for the student who wants to become a liberally educated man. It is a college for those who feel the need for broad development of their powers . . . and for an enriched cultural life."

We discussed this with Dick on the journey home.

"Do you feel the need for broad development of your powers and an enriched cultural life?"

"Who, me?" he asked. "Harvard's a wonderful school for the 'brains,'" he went on, "but somewhere I've heard that a 'high-brow's a person who's educated beyond his own intelligence.' And that's not for me!"

On our way home we came to another Ivy college, which, for the purposes of this story, had better be nameless. It was the weekend and the day of the last football game of the year. We stopped to have a look, and learned something new about the business of college picking.

After dinner on Saturday night we were invited by a faculty member to a party given by one of the minor football coaches for the football squad. This was held at a house out in the country a few miles from the campus. When we got there, we drove to a large cinder-block house apart from the main dwelling—sort of a grown-up playhouse. This was something new in our experience.

The house itself was original. It was rectangular in shape, two stories high. On the lower floor was a basketball court. The second story was a balcony, running along the length and one side of the basketball floor, and on the long side of the balcony was a fixed bar in the shape of an o, with about ninety feet of drinking space.

When we arrived fairly late in the evening the place was in an uproar. The bar was crowded with old grads and students, faculty members and coaches, squad members and their dates—though some of the last had been abandoned by this hour and looked slightly bewildered.

On the basketball court below a scrub game was in progress. The players were dressed in their street clothes, a couple of them in Tuxedos, some with their hats on, one in an overcoat, and all with their shoes off.

Looking over the balcony, we watched until one of the gladiators finally passed out and had to be carted off to the showers by the others. It was, to put it mildly, quite a party, and made us feel slightly out of date.

This, however, is one of the flaws in the theory that you can make judgments about a university during a weekend visit. You get an impression, but it may be a totally false impression. Yet the impression, whatever it is, sticks, and may lead you and the boy elsewhere.

So there are some limitations to the "We'll learn 'em, durn 'em" attitude. All our travels didn't settle anything, but there are consolations. Time passes, even for a seventeen-year-old, and the day comes when he has to pick up that entrance blank off the hall table, fill in the three colleges of his choice and take the documents back to school. Otherwise, his grades aren't sent to the colleges and he gets squeezed out by what the professors call the "new barbarian invasion" now descending on the nation's campuses.

This is one of the few occasions when time is on your side. Under the headmaster's prodding, the young man comes to you and asks what he should put down. Of course, you have been struggling with this, at great cost, for months, but he suddenly focuses on imminent disaster and needs help.

"What do I say?" he asks.

"Harvard, Yale and Princeton," says father.

"Come on, I'm serious. I have to hand this thing in tomorrow," he explains.

"How about Cornell?" mother asks.

"O.K., North Carolina, Cornell and —— What about Dartmouth?"

Then, of course, there are other questions: course of study, honors in high school, rooming plans, educational objectives.

"What am I studying?" he asks.

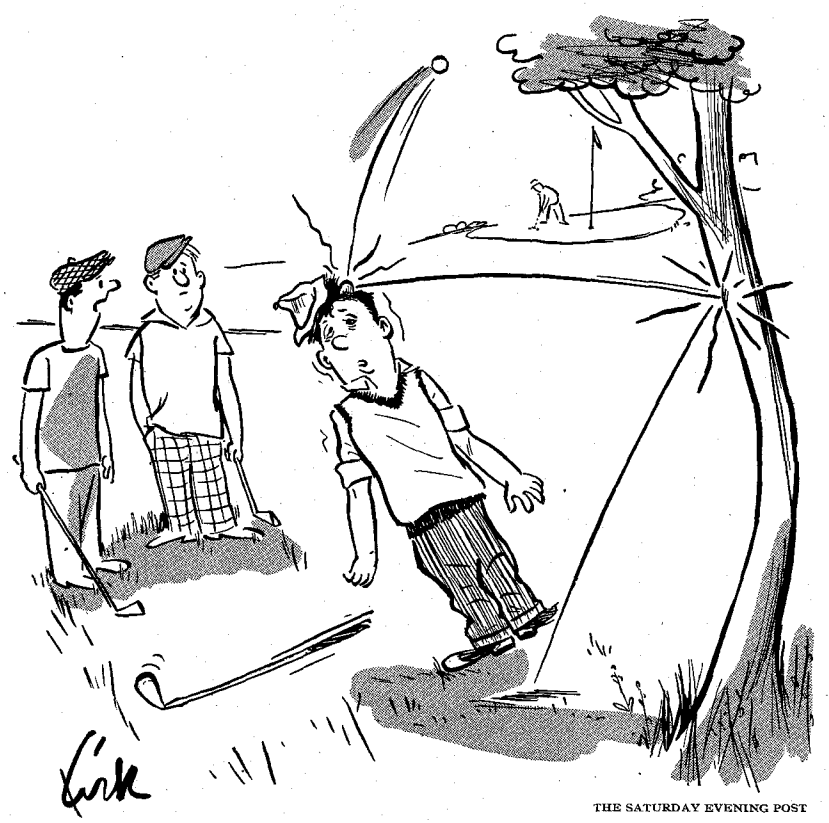
"Nuclear physics," says dad. "You don't have to have math for that."

"Put down liberal arts," mother suggests.

"Good. And what about 'high-school honors and activities'? Can I say football, basketball and baseball?"

"Sure," says brother, "and don't forget 'flag

(*Continued on Page 122*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gus is having rotten luck with his approaches."

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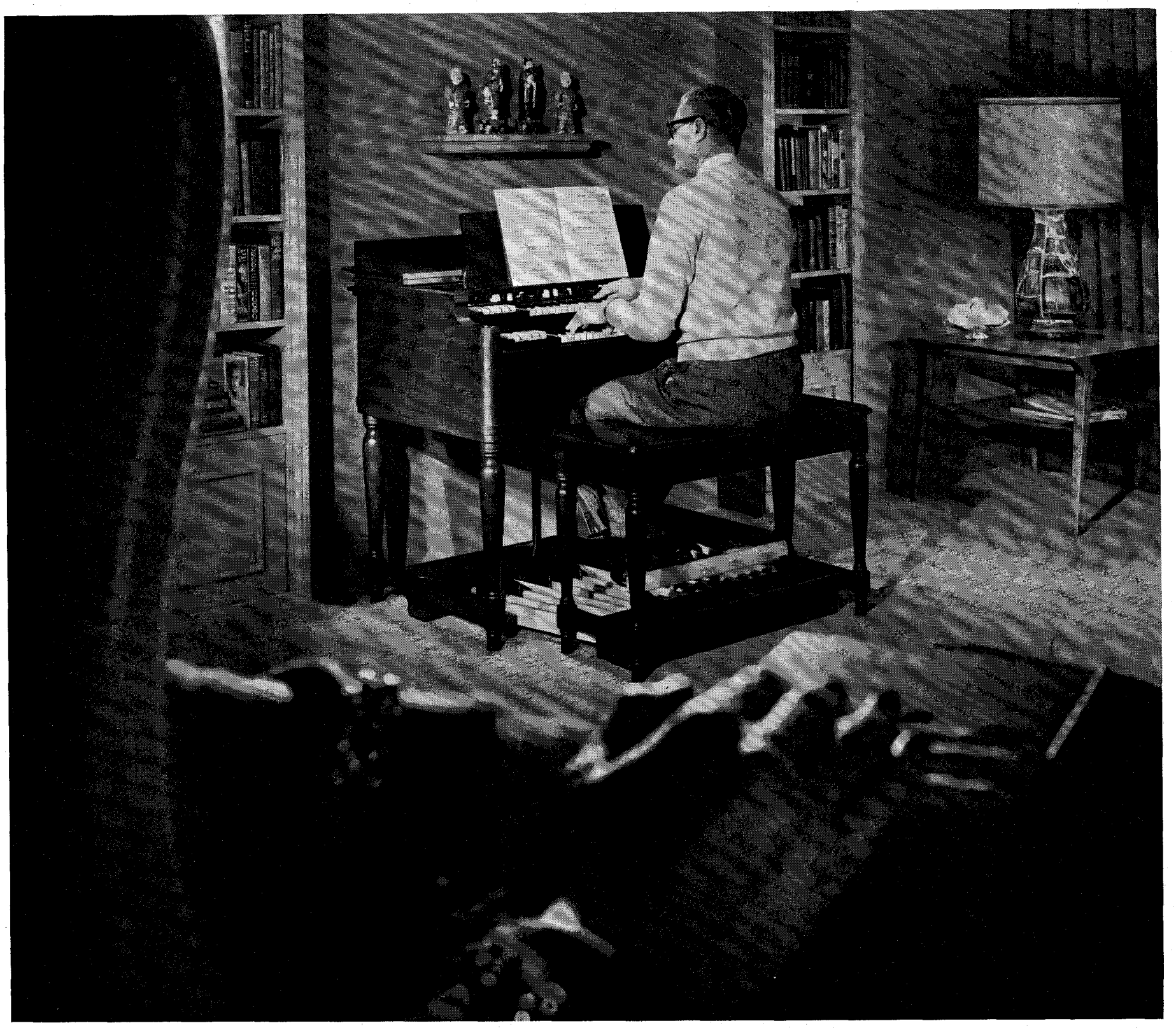

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(*Continued from Page 120*) raiser, senior year,' and 'dance committee.'"

"I think I'll just add: 'Trophies to come,'" says Dick, and eventually the form was complete.

When the long ordeal was all over we decided to establish a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Parents, and we have been working on it quietly ever since.

Our view is that in a way it's a pity to waste college on children. Obviously, it's the parents who should go to college and the kids who should stay home and manage the house.

Pending the arrival of this great day, however, we have put down a few tips to remember when the time comes for Dick's two brothers to go to college, and meanwhile these may be of some use to other parents:

1. Don't grieve over your eldest boy going to college. Console yourself with the thought that you're not losing a son, but gaining a bathroom.

2. See that he goes *away* to college. This makes you appreciate him and vice versa.

3. Suggest, as deftly as you can, that co-educational colleges have one advantage which will be apparent to him. Remember what Edgar Wallace says: "A high-brow is a man who has found something more interesting than women."

4. Don't take him to college. Let him go on his own. He learns more. He makes a better impression and has a better chance to get in. Besides, it's cheaper.

5. Don't worry if he doesn't get into the college you want or even into the one he wants; the funny thing about these kids is that they love it wherever they go.

6. Let him go into "Outer Mediocrity" if he wants to. The country's run by people from "Outer Mediocrity." The main thing is not what the college gives him, but what you gave him before he ever thought of college.

Finally, it is not a bad idea to think a little about what college is for. Unless you have a resident genius in your family, and even if you have, the intellect is only part of what you're trying to develop. After all, the brain is only muscle.

We went to a big conference at Princeton recently about how to get the best men in the country to run the Government. After a whole weekend of debates by some of the loftiest brains in the country, including quite a few double-domes from Princeton itself, the conclusion was that the qualities they were looking for were first, vitality; second, courage; third, sensitivity; and fourth, intelligence.

Lord Russell, who is an expert in these matters, came to the same conclusion long ago. After all, the big question, to which no college has found the answer, is still the mystery of "What makes Sammy run?" And the chances are that he can develop that in one good university as well as another.

By the way, Dick went to North Carolina. He loves it, and so do we. Also, he joined Phi Delta Theta, in spite of those Boy Scouts at Miami.

Baseball's Unlikely Magnate (Continued from Page 39)

than $11,000 in the Mississippi-Ohio Valley League. This is a Class D circuit, and there is nothing deeper in the bushes than Class D.

People who know something about the baseball business will recognize this as a fiscal miracle. Casual onlookers may not consider an $11,442.32 profit overly impressive. For their enlightenment, here are some of the facts of modern baseball life:

AT THE TOP: The Brooklyn Dodgers won the pennant in the National League and are said to have lost money in the process, although their subsequent World Series proceeds put them in the black for the year. There were several other big-league clubs that operated at a loss for the season, undoubtedly including the New York Giants, whose park could hold the entire population of Dubuque—55,000.

IN THE MINORS: The mortality rate tells the story of the profit potential in the bush leagues. In 1949 an all-time high of fifty-nine minor leagues were in business. This year twenty-eight circuits will make a try at finishing the season.

IN PETRAKIS' TERRITORY: The Mississippi-Ohio Valley League will be known this year as the Midwest League, for the sound reason that none of its present members is in the Ohio Valley. This change was voted after the 1954 season, but the archaic name was kept in 1955 because the league and clubs couldn't afford new letterheads.

The Midwest was born in 1947 as the Illinois State League, and Mattoon is the only city that has survived through the nine years. The circuit drew 445,000 fans in 1955, the largest attendance in its history, of which Dubuque produced nearly one fourth. The Midwest outdrew all other D leagues and a majority of the leagues in the two higher classifications, C and B. For all that this was a banner season, six of the eight Midwest League teams lost money. Decatur may or may not have made a few dollars. Near the end of the summer Hannibal's turnstiles became so inactive that the team gave up its remaining home dates and finished on the road.

There is a strong temptation to make much of the fact that a short-order cook gave the best brains in organized baseball a lesson in survival. Could the moral be that Petrakis succeeded because he had absolutely no previous experience at running a baseball club, and therefore was not familiar with prevailing custom and tradition? He stayed away from the accepted pump-priming policy of trying to sell baseball through special events and stunts. He concentrated instead on fundamentals like salesmanship, promotion and civic interest. He carried on a running love affair with every potential cash customer that bordered on sheer lust.

Petrakis operated in a city that has a minor-league history of extremes. Dubuque was one of the very first cities in the country to support a professional team, and one of the very first to stop supporting a professional team. The immortal Charley Comiskey, the "Old Roman" who founded the Chicago White Sox dynasty, pitched for the professional "Dubuques" back in the 1870's. In 1932 Dubuque folded as a minor-league town under the weight of the depression, a bad ball club and a worse ball park.

That was the end of organized baseball in Dubuque until 1954. It was into the same dilapidated, roofless, swampland baseball field that minor-league ball was reintroduced that year by Dubuque civic and political leaders. The public

> When a girl gets a man's heart to hammer, he's soon nailed.
>
> CAROL GABLER

did not exactly storm the turnstiles. By midseason the team's sponsors were issuing checks for money not quite in the bank.

Finally Petrakis was summoned to administer his magic to another faltering project. John was put on the committee, and he went out and sold $6500 worth of tickets to previously disinterested townsmen. The $6500 got the Packers through the season, and helped build the year's attendance total to 65,993, but the team finished $1500 in debt.

At the November, 1954, meeting there was overpowering sentiment toward just raising the $1500 to pay off the creditors, and then forgetting the whole thing. But Petrakis had been seized once again. He persuaded the group to carry on, and wound up being elected president of the Packers. The new, unsalaried chief executive at once made some wild promises. "When the 1955 season opens May first we will have ten thousand dollars in the bank," he told his twenty-one-man board of directors. "When the season is over we will show a profit of between ten and fifteen thousand dollars. And Dubuque will be the Number One minor league city in the country."

By May first all debts were paid and there was $10,200 in the bank. The eventual $11,442 profit was nicely in the promised area. And organized baseball's bible, The Sporting News, proclaimed John the Minor League Executive of the Year, Lower Classification.

The night of his election to the presidency Petrakis started a diary. He may have been filled with a sense of destiny, and besides, he had to have some way to keep track of the tickets and ads he was selling. He wrote in his restaurant, scribbling between orders. He used blank menus furnished by a nationally known coffee distributor. He used both sides of each sheet, and when he lent the diary to me it was a three-inch-thick, 700-page saga of life in the wildest baseball bushes. It can best be described as the sort of story Horatio Alger wouldn't believe.

It runs about 108,000 words, and the first entry is simplicity itself: "Nov. 10. Elected to office of president." Then it goes on to record the actions of a man who won't take no for an answer, and apparently never goes to bed. He cannot drive a car, so he walks or hitches rides all over a sprawling city to solicit orders for anything from $225 fence ads to sixty-cent single-game tickets. When a man enters John's restaurant with ten cents in his pocket and a desire for a cup of coffee, he doesn't get it until he has promised to start buying a ten-dollar season ticket on time. Should the man have a spare buck in his jeans, it is gone in a whisk as a down payment on a season ticket.

I asked Petrakis if his rather determined salesmanship didn't hurt his business. He laughed. "No. Nobody stays away on account of that. Everybody knows I'll nab him somewhere. If I don't get him here I'll grab him in a tavern, or after Mass, or walking down the street. Nobody escapes."

One day's entry in the diary is much like another. The only difference between December and July is that John sells season tickets ($10) in the winter and twenty-game books ($6) during the season.

Here is a typical extract, with some parenthetical explanatory notes: "Dec. 8. Asked Bill Bual about buying a season ticket on time. He'll buy one Sunday. Talked to Don Bauer about tickets. Also about buying an ad for Markward. Received $1 on a $10 (ticket) from Cletus Breitboek. Received $1.00 on payment toward $10 from Bob Sutter. Stopped at Fourth Street Café to pick up $15 owed from last year. Sold them $35 ad for next year. Johnny Young picked me up to take me to his place to show me some (concession) equipment he had for sale. Not bad. Will bring up at meeting tonight. Called Mrs. Ryder at Hamm's Beer about a repeat fence ad. Quoted her a price of $200 and was O.K. with her. Explained we could use money as soon as possible. She said she'd mail $100 right away. (At this stage Petrakis needed cash to retire the $1500 deficit and pay the $1000 league entry fee and the $1600 bond the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues demands to guarantee against nonpayment of salary in case of disaster.) Floyd Kramer, of Iowa Coaches, was in and I asked him about repeating program ad. He said he would take 10% off of transportation (when the Packers played away from home) and pay for a $225 ad that way. It's a deal."

Working in this pattern seven days a week, Petrakis built a fantastic personal record. The Packers' admission total was 100,756 and John sold 37,123 of these tickets. The club's advance sale was $16,925 and Petrakis accounted for $14,000 of that sum. The advertising revenue was $10,709, and John sold more than $8000 worth of ads.

John experienced many a rebuff, but almost always the rebuffer failed to escape John's clutches completely. For instance, in February: "Stopped to see J—— B——. He says ad useless for his business and he doesn't like baseball. Refused fence and program ad. Stubborn. Sold him $10 ticket."

John was not above shooting a sitting duck: "Feb. 15. Sold season ticket to my sister's boy friend." John now says, "He may be a little tougher this season. He married my sister."

There is one brief entry that will stun baseball executives from Florida to Oregon: "March 10. Sold Mitch Milavetz $10 ticket." This is Petrakis at his unbelievable best, for Milavetz happens to be the sports editor-columnist of the only paper in town. Where else in the land does such an individual pay his way into the ball park?

In his own endless travels and with the help of Milavetz, John laid down the public-relations line that the Dubuque Packers were Dubuque's own to love and support, and that only a swine would ask for a free ticket. To drive the point home, Petrakis spread the news that he and the board of directors and their wives paid every time they came to the park.

Recognizing that Class D players don't make much money, Petrakis announced one exception. Wives of players would be admitted free. There were just three married players on the club, and two of their wives were mothers of young babies, meaning that they seldom if ever could get out to the games at night anyway.

As the season went on, however, John's soft heart melted at the nightly picture of sad-eyed kids hanging wistfully from trees or sitting on the buckling fences to (*Continued on Page 124*)

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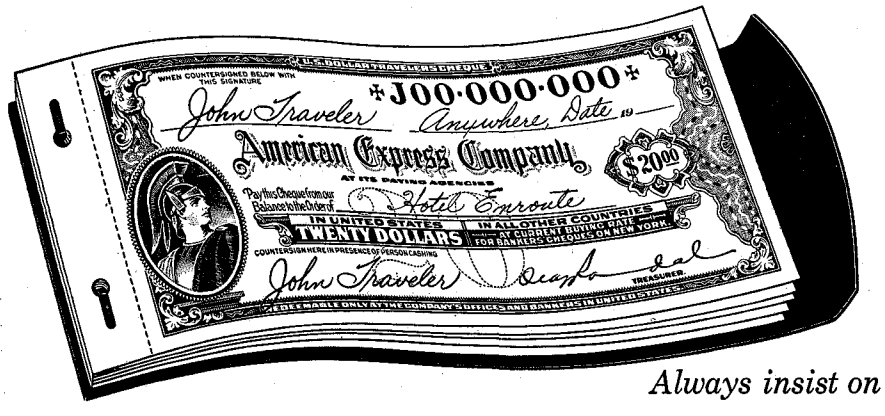
Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

You can't lose if you carry

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- You receive a prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- They are accepted everywhere—as easy to spend as cash.
- They are good until used—no time limit whatsoever.
- Your matching signatures are your identification.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

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(*Continued from Page 122*) watch their heroes. He announced that all unaccompanied children would get in for nothing. Philanthropy? This maneuver netted the Packers a neat $1155, not including profits from the money the kids shoveled into the concession stand.

How come? The answer is that when the kids were outside the park, they kept grabbing balls and running away with them. The president of the Packers spent one evening chasing after them, and retrieved ten baseballs. However, Petrakis was in no shape to keep this up night after night. So he let all the boys into the park, hiring three of them at a dollar a night to retrieve balls hit out of the bandbox. Hardly a ball was lost.

Baseballs cost $27.50 a dozen and the Packers last year used seventy-eight dozen. The year before, when the kids were kept outside, the Packer batsmen didn't hit anywhere near as hard, but 120 dozen balls were used. The difference: $1155.

Baseball people who would take a little frosting off Johnny's cake nod knowingly and say, "Yes, Petrakis did a marvelous job, but, after all, he had a pennant winner." At season's end he had a pennant winner indeed. At season's beginning, though, he had what seemed to be the worst club in all of professional baseball. Yet John made money all the way.

The Packers opened at home on May first before an overflow crowd of 3000 who sat fingering their ten-dollar season tickets and wondering what monstrosity Petrakis had wrought. Clinton, hated rivals, beat the Packers, 19–11. The Packers came back the next night and proved it was no fluke, losing again, 14–2, before sneaking out of town. In or out of town, the Packers achieved near consistency in their first twelve games. They lost eleven of them.

However, from the beginning John Petrakis had sold his ball club as a civic enterprise, and he had sold the idea so well that the early attendance averaged around 900. This, plus concession income, was enough to keep the club in the black—a grayish black to be sure, but not the traditional minor-league red. While John's diary for this period reported steady disaster on the ball field, it also reported steady income from ticket buyers. John had sixty-seven buying on time, and they were keeping up payments, except in this case noted on May twenty-first: "J—— R—— was in. He has paid $7 on a $10 ticket. But he hasn't been working for a few weeks. Gave him back $5." A month later J—— R—— dropped by with eight dollars and picked up his ticket.

Petrakis also came up with an idea for solving the playing-field troubles of his team. He introduced a piecework incentive system. From his own pocket he offered pitchers five dollars for each complete game, win or lose. A home run likewise was worth five dollars. A good fielding play gained a two-dollar bonus. Apparently John's heroes were hungry, because they went on a twelve-game winning bust that put them in sixth place at the end of May. This winning was done by much the same players who had been doing the losing—only one talent addition of any importance was made during this period, by the Chicago White Sox, with whom the Packers had a working agreement.

The citizens of Dubuque went berserk. Milwaukee never saw anything like it. The fans took up John's incentive system. Every night the loud-speaker blared endlessly with announcements that fans had offered ten dollars for a double or a homer—or even a well-executed bunt, if the situation called for it. A base on balls or a stolen base was rewarded with cash or merchandise.

Tom Wark, writing in the Clinton Herald, reported on the night the Packers won their twelfth straight: "A noisy crowd of 1172 last night saw the Packers knock off Clinton, 10–4, and the paying customers gave their heroes everything but the county courthouse in gratitude."

It was the same off the field. When the team was on the road, players' wives were invited to picnics and dinners. The Packer Pals, a female rooting organization, bought the handsome young heroes beautiful jackets. The players couldn't buy their way into the movies or even pay for a beer. Their days were filled with fishing invitations and their nights with cash prizes.

There were minor disturbances. "July 19. Busy night. We beat Mattoon, 5–4, in eleven innings. The fish bugs were so bad we had to throw the lights off for ten minutes. When we resumed play they subsided. When our Packers scored the final run in the eleventh the Mattoon catcher attacked the umpire. Started a riot. I got a cop and we helped escort the umpire off the field. Crowd, 1836. Concessions $637.36. A good night all around."

Because of their stumbling start and an eight-game losing streak in midseason, the Packers didn't clinch the pennant until August thirtieth, three nights before the season's end. Following that, the fans of Dubuque honored John Petrakis on two nights running. It is doubtful whether any other club president has ever been given even a single "night."

The first evening there was a slight delay in the Petrakis Night ceremonies, because there were more than 3000 in the park and John was still busy finding seats for some latecomers. When they finally got him out to home plate a committee presented him luggage and cash to buy two tickets to New York to see his personal gods, the Brooklyn Dodgers, in the World Series.

The second night the newspaper and the radio stations teamed up on a one-day campaign for an Appreciation Night. There were to be no gifts this time, but everybody knew that Petrakis appreciated nothing more than a full ball park. So, more than 4000 fans showed up, although with the pennant already won, the game meant nothing.

The Packers went on to sweep through two championship play-off series undefeated, and John's business diary began to show emotion. The final entry for the season reads: "Sept. 7. Bob Timmerman paid $10. I received $50 from Ray Wunder for his program ad. I closed up so I could go home to listen to the broadcast of the game at Mattoon which may finish our season. Sure enough, the boys defeated Mattoon, 7–3. The end of a perfect season. I believe I am the happiest man in the world."

Eight days later the happiest man in the world got up off his laurels and wrote, "Sept. 15, 1955. Began selling advertising for next year. John Duggan will take $35 ad."

For Petrakis, there was one wry aspect to the financial side of his team's 1955 triumphs. "I hate to admit it," he says, "but we made money last year because we kept the hot dogs hot and the cold beer cold. I thought my attraction was ball players. Actually it was a night out with a ball game and hot dogs and beer. We set all kinds of attendance records, but the books show our net profit was eleven thousand four hundred and forty-two dollars and we made more than fifteen thousand dollars at the concession. Hell, I got into baseball to get away from food."

In 1954 the ball club had sold warm beer and cold hot dogs from a hut that was just as decrepit as the grandstand. So little was sold that there is no record of profit or loss for the concession in the 1954 books.

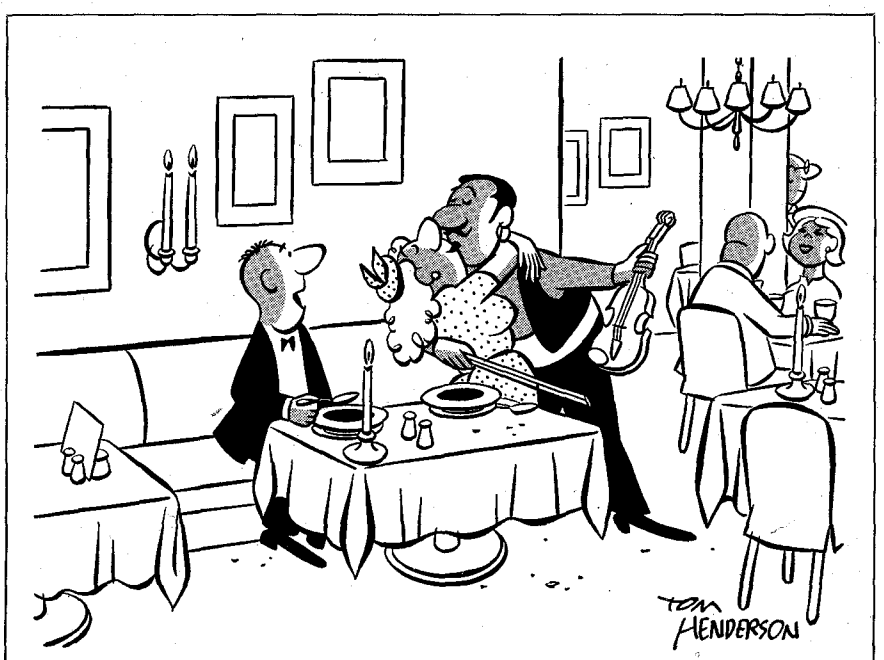
For 1955 John thought he could make a few extra bucks with a decent stand, but the City Council, the ball-park landlord, refused to build anything. So John put up a concession worth easily $15,000 at a cost of only $800. He did it simply by talking most of the unions and most of the suppliers into donating their work or material.

There was occasional resistance, of course. The roofers, for example, were reluctant to work for nothing, so John made other plans. He got a grim call from the boss of the roofers'-union local, "I hear you're letting the carpenters roof your stand."

"That's right," Johnny answered. "I need a roof and you fellows couldn't make up your minds."

"You can't get away with that. We put the roof on or there is no roof."

Such an ultimatum has chilled many a captain of industry—but not Johnny. "O.K.," he said. "I'll let you fellows put on the roof, but you have to have your men here by Saturday." There was a pregnant pause at the other end. Petrakis broke it with two words. "No money."



"Madeline, your soup is getting cold."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The silence continued from the other end. Then came a bellow and a laugh. "O.K., Johnny. Tell them carpenters to keep away from the roof. That's our pleasure."

The other principal hitch involved $400 worth of a certain essential material. Petrakis was warned, "The only man in town who sells it is the tightest so-and-so west of Chicago. You'll pay him."

John dickered with the skinflint's clerk. Somehow there was a misunderstanding after delivery. John said he thought he was to get his stuff for nothing, while the clerk insisted the agreement had been for a sale at cost. Finally Petrakis told the underling to send his boss around to the restaurant and they would straighten out the matter. The clerk reported back, "The boss says you can have the stuff for nothing. He says if he comes over to talk to you about it you'll not only get it out of him for nothing anyway, but talk him into buying a ten-dollar ticket too. This way he saves ten bucks."

There is one important respect in which Petrakis has operated in violent conflict with established minor-league procedures. "No strangers and no stunts" is the way John puts it.

"Like almost every other minor-league operation," he says, "we had a business manager who had been recommended by big-league executives. I got rid of him and installed Jack Shadle, a local fellow. Minor-league baseball has no room for out-of-towners. It's a civic project from top to bottom.

"I'm against stunts because after you give 'em a baseball clown or a daredevil driver, what are you going to give 'em the next night? And those clowns and drivers take all the money. I had one stunt all season—a cow-milking contest. It was local, and the milkers paid to get in. I didn't think to charge the cows."

John has a few detractors in Dubuque, of course. I told him I had heard he neglects his restaurant for the ball club. He answered, "I most certainly do. I get a living out of the restaurant and a million kicks out of the ball club. Money is nice, but living is nicer."

I also told Petrakis of a lady who sniffed, "How can John afford to give ballplayers money from his own pocket?" John's answer to that was "I can't afford it. But I do it anyhow. I know a lot of guys who can't afford whisky, but ——"

Much of the burden of John's enthusiasm falls on Mrs. Dolores Petrakis. She has to mind the store, literally and figuratively, when John is having at a windmill. But she shrugs and says, "John enjoys it so much that I enjoy it. And a fellow doesn't get any lipstick on his collar chasing a fourteen-year-old kid trying to swipe a baseball."

A city councilman gave me a picture of Petrakis that may help to clarify John's success. The politico said, "Johnny is two men. When he's selling a ticket I have an instinctive desire to catch him by the elbows and say, 'John, boy, you don't really have to kneel in my presence!'

"But when he wants something done at that ball park he's a wild man. Do you know his latest trick? When he wants something he writes a letter to us and sends a carbon to the sports editor. He mails the carbon twenty-four hours before our letter. Now let's be realistic about this. We're politicians and John is the most popular man in Dubuque. It's murder."

At the moment the City Fathers have promised John a grandstand roof in 1957 if he proves in 1956 that 1955 wasn't a passing municipal madness. What'll you bet he doesn't have the roof by July Fourth of this year? THE END

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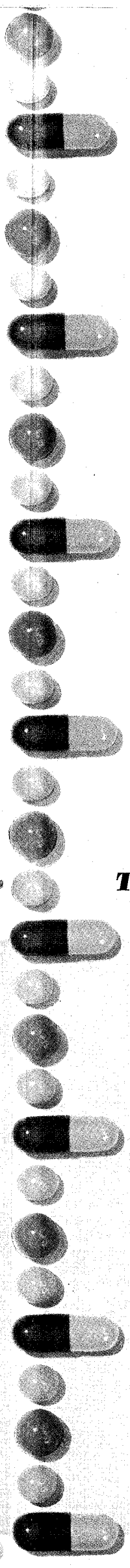
'956, The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan



The essential things that growth is made of...

All growth is dependent on a constant intake of vital elements—carbohydrates, fats, proteins, vitamins and minerals. In the body, each is involved in the creation of living tissue.

Carbohydrates and fats furnish energy; proteins the building blocks. This incredibly intricate and sensitive series of metabolic processes is sparked by vitamins and minerals. Even a minor deficiency of *any* of these elements can destroy the delicate balance, and delay the course of normal development.

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Designed for health...
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Boy on His Conscience

(Continued from Page 43)

impatience. A reputation as a do-gooder wasn't any part of what he wanted; what he did want, right now, was a drink. "Believe me, I don't do a thing for them except let them use my workroom and my tools. They keep their noses clean, I let them hang around. They cut up tough, I kick them out."

"And they come back," Macpherson said, "and last Halloween was real quiet out here. Us cops had the dullest night in a coon's age."

"Young Morant won't be back. Look, what am I expected to do, Jim? Help you beat the bush lots for this punk?"

"Nope." There was a sadness in the sergeant's heavy voice. "We can look after that ourselves. Me, I can't say what you're supposed to do. I just know what my job requires me to do." He hesitated; then said quietly, "Year ago tonight, wasn't it?"

Joe nodded. Twelve months since they'd lost Rich. Scar tissue formed, life going on. He watched Sergeant Macpherson tramp down the steps and out to his car, then returned to the kitchen, where he poured himself a rye and water, a stiff one. For half an hour, with galloping forefingers, he chopped out an old reporter's immaculate copy on his portable.

A reflex action, a defense mechanism which helped no more than the drink in chasing the sergeant's words from his brain. What he had told Jim Macpherson was true, but not all the truth. After Rich died, he'd expected, even wanted the kids to stay away. It wasn't his fault they had kept dropping in with their big feet and knobbly wrists, their hard-guy attitudes, their voices that still betrayed them under stress by shooting from growl to squeak.

At first they'd thought, he and Ruth, that those visits were a mere bumbling expression of sympathy. But the twelve-, fourteen-, fifteen-year-olds hadn't stopped drifting around, and most Friday evenings the basement workroom was redolent of superheated boy, wet dog, wood shavings and whatever paint, dope or varnish the current project called for.

He endured their presence as a punishment, the worst he knew how to inflict on himself. Macpherson wouldn't understand that. Ruth might, but he doubted it; in any case, he'd never tried to explain it to her. But there was only one way the Morant kid could be rescued, and he knew it, and the sergeant knew it, and he couldn't undertake it. To carry self-punishment that far was beyond him.

The obscure anger roused by Macpherson's prodding stayed with him. When the chimes intruded on him again, he took his time, finishing his drink and washing his glass before he answered.

"Now, why the heck didn't you phone to be met?" He spoke crankily, but Ruth only smiled at him, spraying the porch floor with raindrops from a hat that drooped like a wilted mushroom.

"There was no need, dear. A gentleman walked me from the bus stop." Although she spoke placidly, her glance conveyed a warning. Over her shoulder she said, "Come in, Steve. Don't stand there dripping."

The boy who advanced into the light was tall—nearly as tall as Rich would have been by this time—and the rain had darkened his red hair to the color of seasoned heartwood. His face triangled sharply from cheekbones to stubborn chin; the gray-green gaze met Joe's warily, no hostility in it, but no apparent friendliness.

"Hi, Steve." Joe took his wife's coat. Casually, he motioned the boy past him into the hall.

"You eaten?" he asked Ruth.

She nodded. "Downtown, but I'm not sure my young man has. Did you leave any of the shepherd's pie, Joe?"

"I've had my supper, thanks," Steve Morant said. He was lying, Joe suspected; his glance at the refrigerator had been involuntary and wistful. The right side of his jaw was scraped as if from a gravel burn. Rainwater from sodden jacket and frayed cords puddled around his running shoes on the linoleum. He asked Joe, "How's it with that rig, that crossbow you were working on?"

"Coming along," Joe told him. Last Friday, lounging at the end of the bench while the others worked, Steve had displayed no slightest trace of interest. "The trigger still gives us trouble." He gathered up his stories for the inland papers on his correspondence string and boxed his typewriter. Gruffly he said, "Go on down, if you like. But no spikes in the power saw, understand?"

Rich, at fourteen, would have slammed the door fit to rattle his mother's china. This boy latched it behind him quietly. Joe Rundle looked a question at Ruth.

"You picked yourself quite an escort."

"As a matter of fact, dear, he picked me." She was moving about her kitchen, stacking dishes in the sink. Her fingers paused on the empty highball glass; then she picked it up and returned it to the cupboard with a small plunk. "I was crossing from the bus stop to the pay phone booth when he ran out of the alley behind the shopping center. I'm not entirely sure what his intentions were."

"But you invited him here."

"He asked if he could come. I told him you'd growl at him, which you've done, but that you wouldn't mind."

Joe grunted.

Homesteader

By R. H. Grenville

The country never took him to its heart.
Having some iron devil in its bones,
Resentful of the plowshare's riving smart,
It broke his heart with drought, his back with stones.
Patient he was, and gentle. Like the sun,
His going down was never in defeat.
Each time he rose again to sow the dun
Fields with faith and courage, corn and wheat.
And in the end, I think, he tamed the land
Into a kind of chivalrous surrender.
It never yielded to his living hand,
But see, upon his grave the grass is tender,
And every springtime on the western slope
The wild green orchard flowers like his hope.

After a thoughtful moment, Ruth said, "He dropped something into his pocket when he saw me. It could have been one of those switch knives. Perhaps you'd do something about that, Joe."

"I'll leave it for Jim Macpherson. He was here a while back, asking after your young friend."

"I rather suspected he was in trouble." He felt her quick anxiety, and it irritated him. Even in their first bad weeks it had been no torment to his wife, having other boys around the place. "Is it serious, dear?"

"Serious enough to land him back in Correctional." Joe freed a dish towel from the rack. "And don't go getting the idea we can do anything about that."

"Maybe we can, Joe."

"You and Macpherson." They rarely quarreled—even at his crustiest he found it difficult to quarrel with Ruth—but they faced each other almost like enemies now. "His background is rotten. So, probably, is his heredity. Even if I wanted him, which I don't, he'd be a mighty poor risk."

"All I know," Ruth said in her slow, soft way, "is that I held his arm, walking down a dark road with him, and it made me happy. Truly happy, for the first time in a year. It—it was like having—like ——"

Abruptly, she turned from him. He heard her quiet footsteps in the hall, passing their bedroom, going on through the sprawling old house to the room in the ell which he meant in some vague gray future to turn into a study for himself.

He was wiping down the drainboard when Ruth came back. Folded across her arm were clean white T shirt and blue jeans. In her other hand she dangled the shoepack slippers they'd given Rich on his last birthday.

"No!" It was a long time since he'd seen those clothes. He spoke very sharply, "I'll light the incinerator. He can dry out."

Ruth shook her head. Her voice stayed calm, but the pain that had taken him in a sudden surge was in her gray eyes. "That boy is soaked; he'll be down with a cold. These are just clothes. You take them to him."

They looked at each other out of their separate lonelinesses, and the thought that came to Joe Rundle sharpened the ache in his heart. *We used to be a family. Now we're two people going our own ways. Nothing ahead, and a past we can't stand to talk or think about.*

"Sure," he agreed listlessly. "They're just clothes." He accepted the bundle and crossed to the basement door.

Rich had been a lively sprout with his full share of the devil, but no hoodlum. Rich would have been at the Junior High shindig tonight, not lurking in any alley mouth with a punk's weapon in his fist. For a moment, hand on the doorknob, the subdued chink-tunk of a hammer coming up to him, Joe Rundle was shaken with something very like hatred for the red-haired intruder in his house.

By a strong effort of will, he crowded the feeling back. He descended to his workroom; dropped shirt, jeans and shoepacks on the bench.

"Better climb into these, Steve."

The boy had stopped hammering. He continued to stroke delicately with a file at the slip of steel in the metal vise, his cool glance shifting from the clothes to Joe's face. His hair was drying curly, and without his jacket he looked thinner, younger than he had in the kitchen.

"Why?"

"A man can't do good work when he's shivering," Joe told him.

And Steve said without emphasis, "So I'm shivering. So I'll dry out. I don't need anyone's hand-me-downs." He added a "Thanks," with an inflection that suggested to Joe Rundle where he could take himself, and resumed his filing.

They left it that way. Joe kindled a fire in the garbage burner with scrap wood and shavings, then brought the crossbow stock from under the bench and clamped it in his wood vise. The groove where a short, heavy arrow would lie had been sanded glass-smooth. He tested it with his thumb, then plugged in his power drill and set about tapping a trigger slot. The work soothed him as the drink had failed to do. He blew wood dust off the close-grained birch and chose a chisel from the rack, conscious only in a preoccupied way that the whisper of the file had ceased.

When he looked up, a ghost was at his shoulder. He stared at the boy in the familiar shirt and jeans, and for that unguarded instant it was as if time had spun wild in reverse. He hadn't been conscious of nicking himself, but blood trickled down the crotch of his thumb. Not trusting himself to speak, he went out to Ruth's laundry tubs and held his hand under the cold tap. When he returned to the workbench, Steve had loosed his metal from the vise.

"How's this?"

It was a trigger assembly of spring wire, simple and functional, a tight loop for a pivot pin to slide through, a humped knuckle to rise and trip the bowstring from its notches.

"Good enough," Joe said, pressing adhesive on his cut. "We'll know for sure when we test her."

It'll work, he thought. *It's neater than I could have made.* He said, rocking the trigger assembly to and fro in the slot, "When'd you dope this out?"

"Oh, one study period. I got a start on it in manual training." Steve's gaze was measuring, the change in his voice too subtle for analysis. He picked up his soggy cords, fumbled in the hip pocket and produced a damp fold of paper.

Joe opened it, spreading the sheet on the bench. At the top, in a flourish of scrolled letters, was printed OPERATION ARBALEST. Flanking the inscription, neatly sketched, were small figures in breastplate and pointed helmet, each with a crossbow at its shoulder. Underneath, the boy had detailed the crossbow in an exploded diagram.

"How did you know to call it an arbalest, Steve?"

"Looked it up in the library. This"—he tipped his bright head at the birch stock in the vise—"isn't properly an arbalest, though, not without a sort of winch to jack the string back." He set a forefinger on his diagram. "This here I drew is a footplate, looks like a little stirrup. It folds back against the stock, see? You stand on it like you do with a tire pump while you pull on the string."

"That's how we'll do it," Joe said. "I'm not too handy with metal, myself. Suppose you make the footplate while I fix us a bow?"

"Sure, Mr. Rundle. I better hang up these wet things first."

The boy picked his rolled pants off the floor. One knee was out of them, Joe saw, and the cuffs were badly frazzled; he wondered passingly whose hand-me-downs those were.

Something clattered to the concrete. Steve recovered it in a quick swoop. He studied the switch knife across his palm, and Joe studied it, the workroom quiet around them, the burner glowing dull red, the smell of new-cut lumber fragrant in heated air.

The skinny blade snaked out once, then snapped back into the ornate plastic handle. Steve (*Continued on Page 128*)

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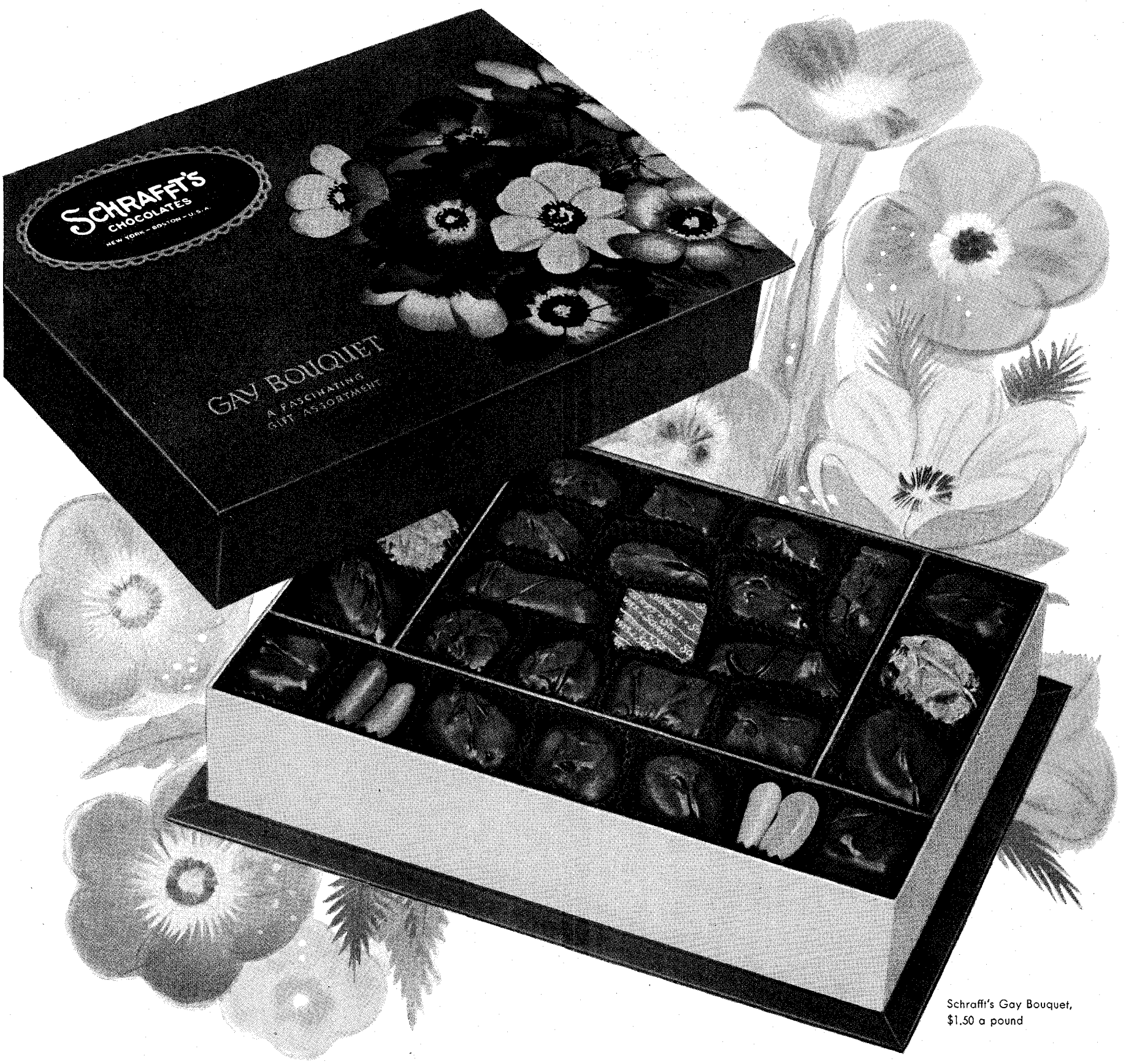
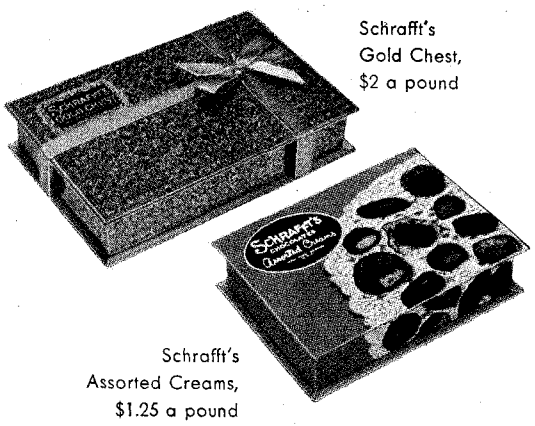


Schrafft's Gay Bouquet,
$1.50 a pound

Gay Bouquet for Mother's Day!



Schrafft's
Gold Chest,
$2 a pound

Schrafft's
Assorted Creams,
$1.25 a pound

In the pink of style for Mother's Day giving, this petal-pretty fashion box — and every chocolate in it. These are Schrafft's most fascinating candies. Smart new centers . . . the rich surprise of Schrafft's own new blend of purest chocolate. Delicious!

Give *your* mother Schrafft's Gay Bouquet — on Mother's Day, Sunday, May 13. Choice of milk or dark chocolate.

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(*Continued from Page 126*) tossed the switch knife carelessly onto the bench. "Junk. No darn good to me."

"Then why carry it?"

"I expected I'd be needing it. I've changed my mind." The cool young voice carried a wry amusement which was not juvenile. "You use one of these things in a beef, they toss you in reform school. I've been there once already, or maybe you didn't know."

"I knew," Joe said.

"Well, doesn't that make a difference? About me coming here, I mean?"

The altered voice, the tentative reaching so thinly disguised in challenge and hardihood, were part of a recognizable pattern now. Not willing it, not even caring, Joe had seen it work itself out in other boys, on other Friday evenings. He leaned his haunches against the bench, squinting, knowing Steve Morant watched him, not wishing to meet the boy's eyes.

"Makes no difference to me."

"Last week when I bust the power saw—you knew I did that on purpose, eh?"

"Uh-huh."

"Kids said you never blew your top. I wanted to find out if that was so."

"And I blew."

"I don't call that blowing. You ought to hear this character I'm with, this Muldrew."

The boy continued to study him. The thing in the green-gray eyes hurt more sharply than Sergeant Macpherson's words or even Ruth's. It was something by no means to be confronted.

"Muldrew doesn't give me much free time," Steve said. "Been thinking about a morning-paper route, though. I'll pay for the saw blade first dough I take in."

"As you want," Joe told him, with deliberate indifference. He had almost forgotten the sergeant's visit; it occurred to him now that where Steve Morant was going, he wouldn't be buying any power-saw blades. "Suppose we get on with the job?"

The kid was clever with his hands, a natural-born draftsman, but he was stupid in the head. *What do I have to do, tell him I don't care how it goes with him, that I don't even like him?* Joe picked up the bow he had tooled last Friday after the boys had taken their noisy departure, a slat of beryllium copper, tough and springy, ferreted out of a wreckers' yard. He tested it in his hands, making of the examination an excuse to avoid meeting that sifting, weighing scrutiny.

"You had a boy once." It was a statement, not a question.

"That's right, Steve."

"Did you ever slap him around?"

"I pinned his ears back," Joe said, "when they needed pinning."

"But you never beat up on him." Again, no question, but a statement flatly laid down.

"Muldrew does that to you?" So it wasn't a brush burn, then; the scrape on the obstinate jaw.

"Sure. But he's not my dad."

I did worse than beat my boy, Steve. A lot worse. I hardened my heart against him. Joe Rundle's eyes were blank and blind while he stared at the metal in his fists. *I loved him. But I let him go to his death without a good-by.*

There had been the staying out late, the kicking (*Continued on Page 130*)

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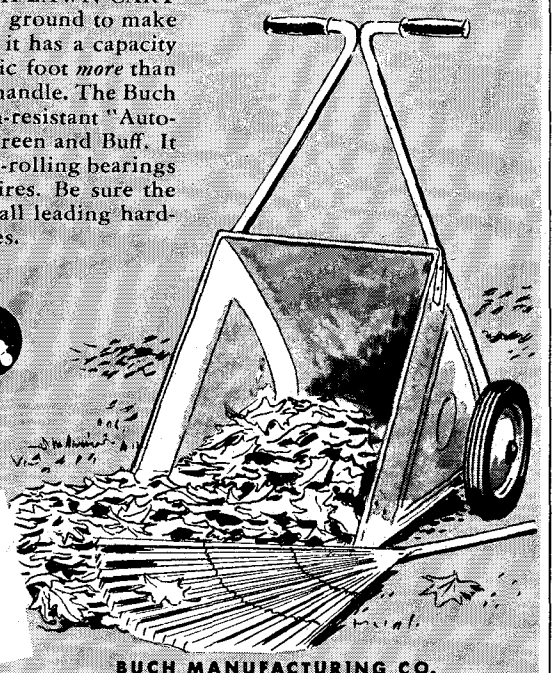

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When the agent explained that all land that near the heart of the city had been built up long ago, Mrs. Reynolds simply ignored him and repeated her demands that the land must be very near midtown New York.

While the agent's phone rang persistently, and new customers came into his office, Mrs. Reynolds talked on and on. Finally, in desperation, the agent interrupted her to say, "I have one question, Mrs. Reynolds."

"Question?" she said impatiently. "What question?"

"Which section of Central Park would you like to live in?"

David K. Wham

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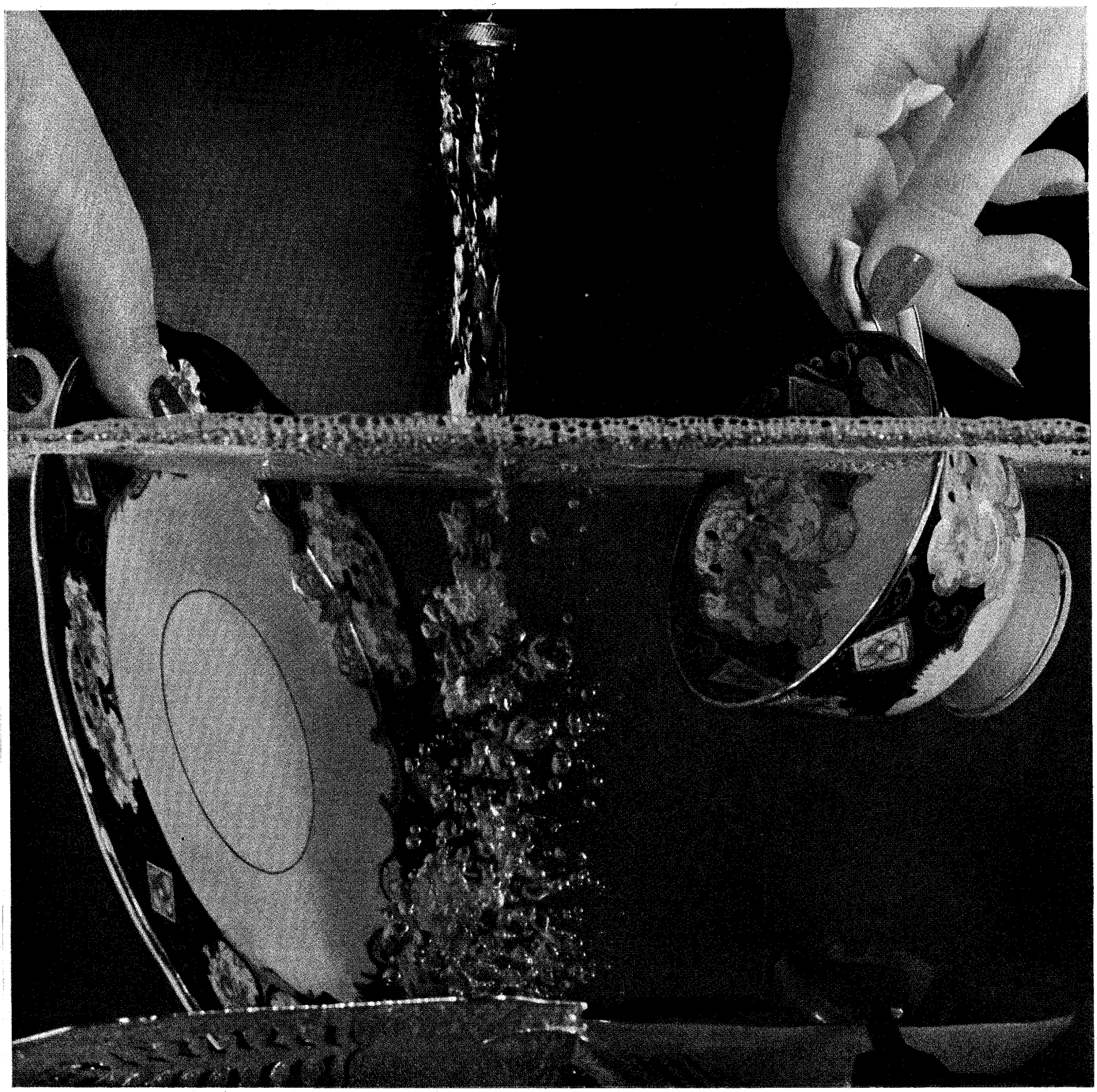

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(*Continued from Page 128*) around with the wild bunch, the night Jim Macpherson fetched Rich home in a prowl car, caught wheeling an older boy's hot rod, although still three years short of licensing age. A phase, Ruth had insisted; only another part of Rich's growing up. Be easy with him, she'd pleaded; give him time to find himself. But he hadn't been able to see it that way, and the last night, when Ruth overruled him about basketball practice with a math test coming up next morning, he'd been coldly furious. Rich had called good-by to him, lingering in the hall, and he hadn't answered. He'd heard Rich making a show of hunting his gym shoes in the hall closet, but still he hadn't answered, preserving his angry silence until the door closed, not with a slam, but softly, and Rich was gone forever, his farewell unreturned.

So this was his penance, this torment of other men's sons in his house, their hands busy with his tools, their voices in his ears; and it had been brought to full bitterness tonight by a boy who was nobody's son.

Steve was speaking to him, saying, "I've got that footplate ready, Mr. Rundle. Do we bolt it on now or rig the bow first?"

"The bow," Joe started to answer.

But from the stairwell his wife's voice cut lightly across his words: "What you do now is wash your hands, both of you, and knock off for a snack."

She set the tray amid the workbench litter, where the switch knife lay. The knife drew no comment from her, but she regarded the bow stock with a frown between her eyes.

"I don't like it," she said. "It looks like a Tommy gun."

"It's an arbalest," Joe told her. Steve shook his head, and he amended it, striving to keep his voice easy, "Sort of a bob-tailed arbalest, but it'll do."

"We called them crossbows in my tomboy days," Ruth said, smiling at them. "There'll be no albatrosses shot around here, Steve. Or pheasants either."

"Albatrosses?" Steve's eyebrows arched.

"'With my crossbow,'" Ruth quoted, "'I shot the Albatross.' You've had it in school, surely."

"Go on with it," the boy said, and she told him, "I'd have to read it to you. It's miles long."

"I don't care," Steve said, and Ruth went upstairs to come back with the school reader which had been Rich's. She tested the paint on a garden chair and settled herself in it. Steve brought her coffee over and set the cup on the chair arm, a doughnut on the saucer edge. Ruth read while the boy drank cocoa and Joe his coffee. She was still reading, still piloting them through the Ancient Mariner's englamored seas, when they had the crossbow fitted, strung and ready.

"Arrows?" Joe muttered. The boy told him under his breath, "They call 'em bolts. I made a couple."

Spring would be a lot more successful if handled by poets instead of the weatherman.

FLOYD R. MILLER

He reached up to his jacket, fished out two short and wicked arrows, tri-feathered with turkey wings, tipped with flattened metal tubing that caught the light in a honed glitter. "O.K.?" he whispered, while Ruth loosed the Wedding Guest from his dark spell at last, and Joe pursed his lips in a muted whistle.

The bowstring was of thick nylon parachute cord. Bearing down on the footplate, straining hard, Joe bent the stubby bow and hauled the string into its notches. A pine plank leaned against the far wall; he sighted on it, Steve at his elbow, Ruth watching from her chair with the book in her lap. Unsummoned, traitorously, the thought slid into Joe Rundle's mind, *It's like it used to be. As if we were a family again.*

His finger jerked on the trigger. The bowstring twanged, the stock jarred Joe's cheekbone. He didn't see the bolt fly, but the plank stood pierced, the point and shaft clear through inch lumber, only the feathers projecting.

"Wowie!" Steve's eyes widened. "You could kill a deer with that," he said in a marveling voice. "A bear even, I bet."

"Or a man," Ruth said dryly. "Not to be a spoilsport, but I'd advise a good deal of caution with that—contraption."

The front-door chimes donged and she got up. "I'll take it. You boys don't get any William Tell notions while I'm gone."

Steve was straining against the bowstring when Ruth's voice came down to them, "For you, Joe."

Sergeant Macpherson stood in the hall, a little wetter, his cap in his hands, his big face wooden.

"Rain seems to be quitting at last. I'll have that beer now, if you'll make it coffee."

Twice, while Ruth was putting on a fresh pot, the crossbow sang its abrupt chord from below. The sergeant didn't remark on the sound. He didn't speak at

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all till his spoon was slowly circling his cup.

"It seems we've had a break-in down at the shopping center. Someone jimmied the back-door hasp off Robblin's Hardware."

"Not me," Joe said. He forced a grin. "I haven't stirred out of the house."

"The cruiser team got Robblin to come down and check for loss." Macpherson stopped stirring and lifted his cup. "Ruth, you have the touch. This was needed. . . . The till hadn't been cleaned. Nothing had been lifted except a switch knife out of a showcase. Putting two and two together, I'd say that young Morant swiped it. The kid was seen coming out of the back alley. He talked with a woman for a minute, and then headed down the road with her."

"With me," Ruth said calmly. "He's in a pretty serious fix, isn't he, Jim?"

"He is." Sergeant Macpherson inclined his head; he had his own bald spot; it seemed a very long time ago that they'd been boys helling around the district together. "A kid always is when he has a few strikes already against him and no old man to go to bat for him. There's this forced entry and theft, and they tell me Dan Muldrew still insists on laying charges."

"What do you want us to do?" Joe Rundle broke in harshly. He knew well enough what Macpherson wanted of him. He was even willing to concede that he'd lied to himself in the basement, that he liked Steve Morant. But the part of him which might once have risen to such a challenge was shattered for keeps. Within him, the feeling of trapped and outraged helplessness deepened.

"I want you to stand up and be counted, Joe." The sergeant had wrapped both hairy-backed hands around his cup. He stared from under thick black brows, his blue eyes hard as marbles. "This may hurt, but it ought to be said to you. I won't claim you've been enjoying your grief over Rich, but, man, you've kept it alive like it was something you couldn't bear to lose.

"Another thing. If you don't know why the kids hang around here, I'll tell you. A cop learns a lot that never gets in his reports. Me, now, I know about the homes some of these kids come from. Too often—much too often—they lack anything you could decently call a father. Somehow, Joe, in spite of yourself, you've managed part way at least to fill that need." His voice boomed, flattening Joe's half-articulate protest. "Sure, you bellyache about them, you put on a tough act, but you nor any other man can fool a boy for long. And you, Joe, admit it or not, you're looking for a son."

The hands on the cup gripped harder, the scarred knuckles white. The sergeant's voice continued to beat on him remorselessly.

"I want you to quit playing September Morn with your feet in the water. A while back you called Steve a punk, and I could have slugged you for it. He's a boy in bad trouble, and by the Lord, it'll take more than halfway help to get him out of it!"

Ruth's voice came like a gentle echo. "He's right, Joe. I know he's right."

"You want that too? You can forget Rich that easily?"

"I haven't forgotten. I never shall. But, yes, it's what I want."

"I won't do it." His voice hurt coming out. "I wish him well. I'd like to see somebody give him a real home, but it doesn't have to be me. I can't do it!"

"All right, Joe." Sergeant Macpherson spoke almost kindly. "Then we'll leave it at that. You and Ruth are my friends, I wouldn't insult you by coming around with a warrant. But I'll ask you to fetch the boy up here, so I can be on my way with him."

It was Ruth who crossed to the stair door. Her hand was reaching for the knob when from below came the sound Joe Rundle had heard on one other bad night of his life—the gentle, final sound of a door closing.

Ruth hurried down to the basement. Her face, when she returned, was sick-white. She dropped the switch knife on the table.

"He left this. He changed to his own clothes. But he took the crossbow, and those arrows."

Sergeant Macpherson sighed. He rose ponderously, and set his damp uniform cap level on his head. "Back to the bush lots," he said. "Thanks, Ruth, for the coffee."

"I'll go with you," Joe told him. Disregarding Macpherson's polite "No need," moving like a man in a dream, he shrugged into his jacket.

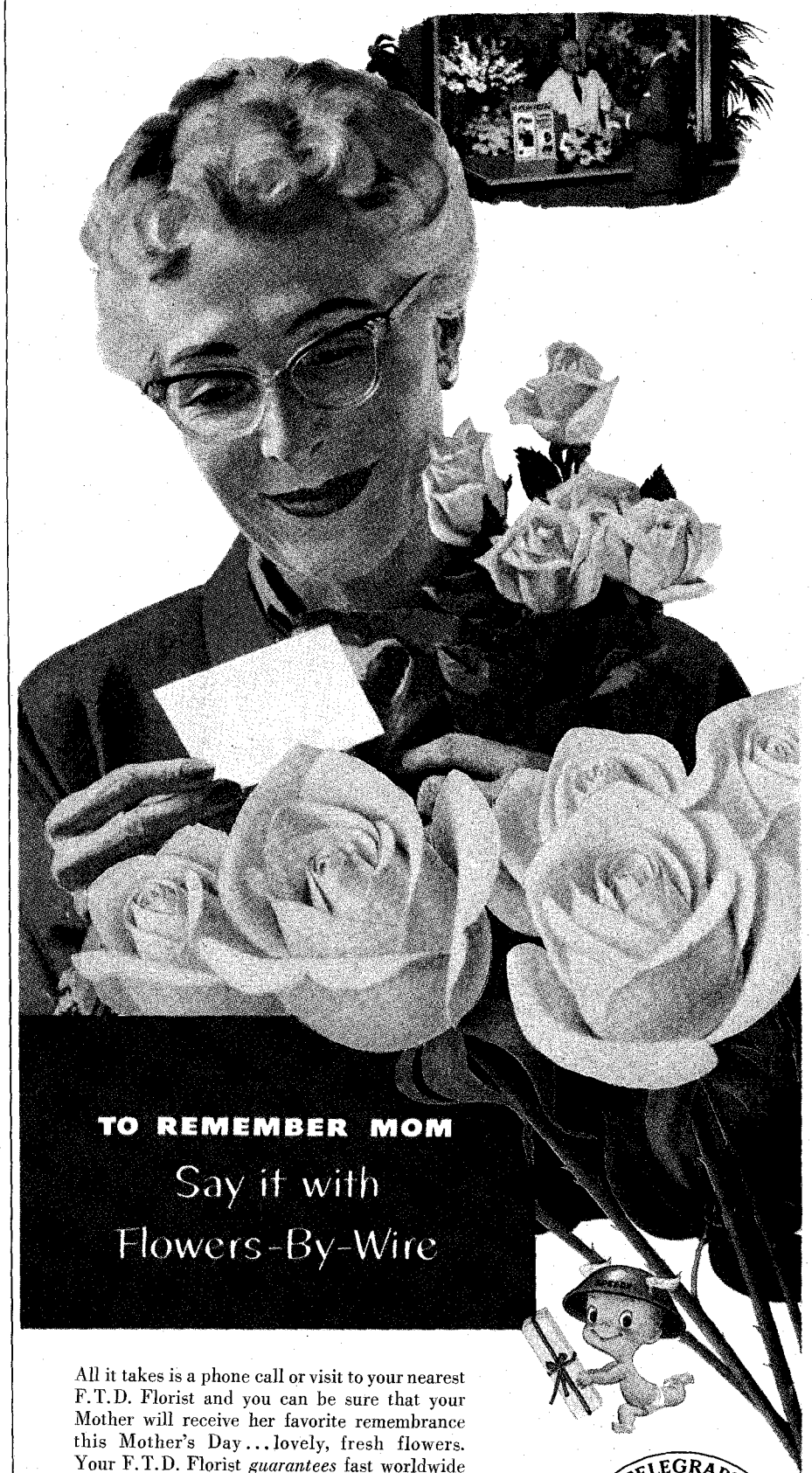
They went out together, to air clammy cold, and a watery apology for a moon. From below and east in the direction of the overgrown old Fillmore estate came the wing clap and harsh clatter of a pheasant disturbed in his roosting tree.

They started that way, off Joe Rundle's acre and into a wasteland of scrub. Sergeant Macpherson took the lead, not hurrying, setting his boots to the dim path with a deliberate tread. To Joe, stumbling (*Continued on Page 133*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He made it!"

You're never too far away...



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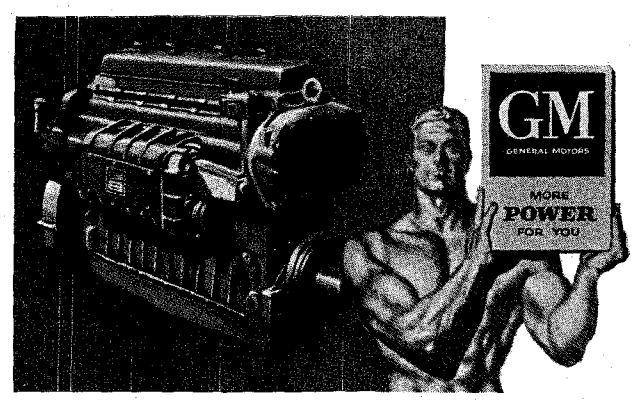

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(*Continued from Page 131*) nearsightedly after, his glasses back on the kitchen table, it seemed a hopeless task to find a fugitive in this jungle. It was like hunting a ghost.

The sergeant read his thoughts. He said, plodding steadily through the half light, angling southward, "He won't try to double back. The course he's on, a couple more minutes will fetch him across the estate. Fence is down on this side, but on the other it's still sound. Seven-foot mesh with three strands of barb on top, as I remember. They have its twin around the reform school."

"He could try for the river," Joe said, and Macpherson said, "I hope not. These rains have brought her real high. But then, when a boy has nothing to lose——"

From over their heads, a cock pheasant took off in blundering flight. An abrupt, oddly mellow note rapped through the night. Something whunked into the madroña trunk a yard from Macpherson's head.

The sergeant turned, his hand exploring. He tugged hard, then twisted. Joe, beside him, heard the shaft break. A quick, cold shiver fingered his spine.

"That gadget your wife mentioned," Macpherson said to him. "The cross-

Wind Over Cape Cod

By Daniel Smythe

The needles press us, face
and hand,
With salt upon their points.
And we grow pungent like
the land
Which the sea's cup anoints.

bow. No toy, huh?" He slipped the feathered fragment into his tunic, sighing, plowing knee-deep through rain-wet brush into the open space before them. Moonlight turned him into a monster figure as he advanced toward the dead end of wire-mesh fence and river bank.

"Stay put!" Steve's voice jabbed at them, high and eerie. "The next won't go in any tree!"

"How many of those things has he?"

Macpherson didn't pause; Joe moved with him, sweating, the chill riding his spine.

"One more." It was an ugly situation, no less ugly for being ridiculous. Two grown men and a cornered boy. But a boy potently armed—and the sergeant had said it, Steve had nothing to lose.

Joe Rundle swallowed hard, then bailed, "Steve! Come out here! Don't be fool!"

The reply, high-pitched and contemptuous, hit him from a brush clump forty feet away. "You go to hell!"

The sergeant loosed his breath windily. Bet there hasn't been a cop shot with one of those gadgets in a good few hundred years. What they call a doubtful distinction."

Joe's hand went to Macpherson's arm, closed hard on wet cloth and tensed muscle. "Let me take it from here." And, grimly, as the sergeant pulled away, "Let me, Jim, damn you! I got us into this! You—you're a sitting albatross!"

"Why you?" Macpherson said. "It's my job, beating the bush for punks, remember."

But he allowed Joe to pass him; and he, forcing his legs to take him forward, heard above the growl of the sullen river the click of the crossbow string setting the hair trigger.

Juiceless honeysuckle vines crackled against his knees. He halted, sensing the boy's near presence, although he saw only a blur of moon-laced shadow.

"Come out, Steve."

"Come get me, Mister Squealer."

"I'm hoping you won't make me. If I have to, I will."

"Try it. See how far you get."

Joe waited, and the disembodied voice addressed him again, "I knew Rich. He was a good guy. The night the truck got him, he told me you were good, too, the best, that you blew your top quick and cooled off quicker. He didn't tell me you'd sucker someone in just to hold them for the cops."

It soaked into Joe Rundle and through him. Not the frightened, angry accusation, but the other, the words that came to him as a message delivered late, but wonderfully comforting.

September Morn, he thought, and chuckled.

"I didn't call the cops. The sergeant just happened by. Come out, Steve."

"Why should I?"

"Because I want you. Because I need you." He took the ultimate plunge. "Come out here, son."

The young voice broke. "Baloney! I'm not your son!"

"You will be," Joe promised; and chuckling still, took the half-dozen steps remaining. For a moment the crossbow held steady at his chest. Then it sloped, the arrow sliding from the groove, and absently almost, Joe reached for it.

The boy was sobbing. "O.K.," Joe said. "Looks like my tail's in the gate along with yours. We'd better go face the music."

Sergeant Macpherson ambled toward them. He had lighted a cigarette; as he drew on it, the glow illumined his beefy face. They waited for him, Joe thinking hard, happy and fighting mad now, but not at Jim Macpherson.

Muldrew will drop his threat charge. If he won't, I'll hit him with the works. Steve's jaw, that's good for assault causing bodily harm, and a jail stretch if it gets to Judge Renney. I'll square Bill Robblin. He shouldn't be selling switch knives. Anyhow, he's a father himself, he'll see it my way.

Macpherson loomed before them. He said to Steve, without heat, "You ought to have your pants scalped, mister." His hand closed on the crossbow. "This here I'm confiscating. If there isn't an ordinance against them I'll twist Council's arm till they pass one."

"What about my boy, Jim?"

"Well, what about him? It's near midnight, you'd better get him to bed." The sergeant tramped off, whistling softly, swinging the crossbow.

"You meant it." Steve spoke in the same marveling tone he'd used when the bolt drove through the plank. When he raised his face he was smiling, and Joe hadn't seen him smile before. "I wouldn't have shot you, no matter what. I want you to know that. I'd have jumped in the river first."

"With me right behind you." His chest was tight, but not from pain. "And I can't swim."

"Me neither," Steve said; and Joe told him, testing the good word, "Next year, son, we'll learn."

The clouds had closed, snuffing out the moon. It was raining again, a thick drizzle through which the light in Joe Rundle's kitchen showed like a misted star. But warmer than any star, much warmer. Steve sneezed, and Joe dropped a hand to the boy's shoulder, starting him moving, wondering if Ruth had lemons in the house.

THE END

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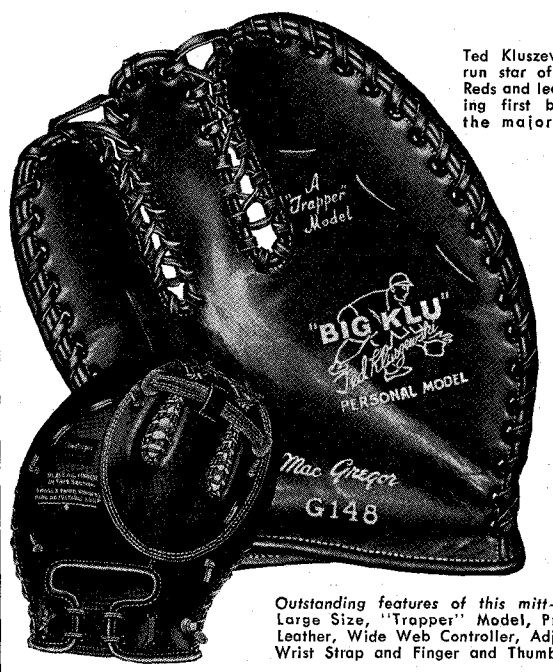

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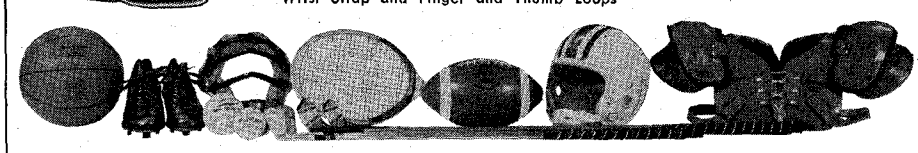

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The Bashful Brute (Continued from Page 47)

picked a place where sounds would reach him best, sat down with his back against a tree, and became still as a stone. Time drew out, and the varmints forgot he was there and frisked about him. The sun sank lower, the budding woods began to grow dim, and presently he heard the rumble of wings as Tom went to roost. He grinned, waited until full dark, and moved closer to the place; then he built a blind of brush and curled up in it and slept.

When light crept into the sky he stirred, waked and shivered. Then he got to his knees, laid the gun handy and put the yelker to his lips. A beautiful expression came over his face, for the yelker was his masterpiece. It was made of the left wing bone of Tom's favorite hen, waylaid two months before, and carefully dried, scraped, polished, anointed with a little of the back fat of a cross-eyed possum killed in the full of the moon, and polished anew. Bushrod had called many times before, with other yelkers, and been ignored. This time, he knew, things would be different.

He allowed the light to strengthen a little, pursed his lips and yelped three times. Three splendid notes came forth—the very hen herself, lost, bereft, amorous and lonely. For a moment Bushrod was so fetched by his own art that he imagined himself a turkey; his arms drooped and his hands curved around him like folded wings.

It is impossible to know how far his bemusement would have taken him if the air had not vibrated just then with Tom's answer. It immediately brought him back to himself and filled him with the hunter's passion; for Tom, who had heard and ignored him so many times before, had been taken in at last.

It was all he could do to restrain himself from filling the air with too much plaintive invitation. He lifted the call to his lips and took it down again. Then he called once more.

On the heels of this note, so lonely and beseeching, he heard Tom take off from his tree with a purposeful clatter. He put the call in his pocket, picked up the gun and crouched lower. Soon he heard Tom coming, like a cavalry charge through the dried leaves; then the bird burst through a hemlock thicket forty feet away and stopped with its head high and its beard swinging, looking imperiously this way and that. Tom stood there, iridescent, unbelievable and gleaming; no ostrich in its pride ever looked bigger. Bushrod stared, almost swallowed his tongue, and pulled both triggers.

A loud, metallic click was all that came of it, for he had forgotten to load the gun. Tom's head swung and he squatted to leap into the air, but Bushrod, a quicker thinker than any varmint, leaped before him. Bushrod erupted over the blind and landed running; he bore down on Tom like a hurricane, and the gobbler, startled and confused, made a fatal mistake. He ran instead of flying.

He was fast, but Bushrod was faster; he dodged like a fleeing trout, but Bushrod was like the otter which catches it. They fled like mad things over saplings and underbrush, rocks and fallen trees; and finally Bushrod, with a prodigious leap, landed on Tom's back—the first man in recorded history to run a wild turkey down. In his extremity the great bird managed to launch himself and get a foot or two into the air before Bushrod got a full Nelson on him and broke his neck and brought him crashing down. His dying flurry was a fearful thing to see, and when it was over, Bushrod picked himself up and looked at his quarry with a feeling as close to awe as he would ever get in this life. Then he bent his gun barrels in a neat circle around a hickory and, shouldering Tom's immense corpse, staggered off down the mountain.

There was a trail which would have taken Bushrod practically to his own cabin above the village, but he didn't take it. There are fitting times for privacy, but he decided that this wasn't one of them, that it would be inexcusably selfish to hide the corpse of Tom a moment longer than was necessary. He took a longer trail that brought him out on the highway about two miles from the village, for some of his friends lived on it and outland visitors went past in their cars. It was an early hour for tourists, and while several cars did pass him and he had the innocent pleasure of watching their passengers hang out, goggle-eyed, to look at him, he found that none of his friends seemed to be home. Their houses were closed and deserted, and it was a puzzling thing.

He belatedly thought of the dance. It seemed so unlikely that it was still going on that he came to the conclusion that it

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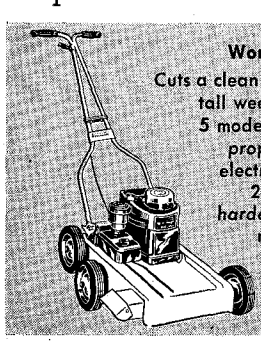

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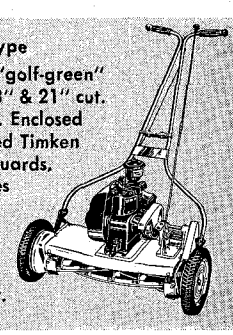

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harold, you're losing your tan."

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had stirred up some communal project which would take him half a day and a great deal of dreary walking to find. He sagged a little at this notion, for he was hungry, thirsty, and Tom was a grievous weight on his back. Presently he began to feel somewhat put upon, but there was nothing to do but keep on.

He walked a weary way and finally came around a curve; and there, off in a field in front of him, was the entire village swarming around the tilted skeleton of a new barn. They were climbing, shouting, heaving and stumbling over one another, all eddying about a huge automobile of improbable length, color and potency in which two people sat watching, and Bushrod increased his pace. After a quick glance, he paid no further attention to the car, and with his attention on the milling mob he marched up and tapped somebody on the shoulder.

"What's all this here fuss about?" he demanded.

The tapped one turned peevishly and said, "Where you been at? Everybody at the dance knowed this barn done slipped off her foundation and ——" His eyes came to a focus on Bushrod's burden; his jaw dropped and he fell back a step. "Great balls of fire!" he said. "You done laid out old Tom!" He stared anew, and then began to shout, "Hey! Hey, everybody! Sure as gun's iron, Bushrod's toted Resurrection Tom in!"

The crowd turned from the barn, stared, and engulfed the hero; they clapped him enviously on the back and hefted the corpse, grunting at its weight and exclaiming over its incredible proportions. Bushrod stood a head above any of them, and, being as full of human frailty as most, enjoyed their congratulations; then he told his epic tale. It was a good story, well told and true, except that the gun misfired instead of being empty, but that was surely a minor detail.

At the conclusion they gave him another ovation, and then a few of them began to turn away. He should have been satisfied, but the day had been such a pleasant one that he couldn't bear to see it dim just yet.

He raised his voice, and asked, "What are y'all aimin' to do with this barn?"

"I told you that," the man he'd first talked to said. "She done slid off her foundation rocks at that corner, and we're fixin' to put her back on."

"How long you been at it?"

"Well, now, we come from the dance. Since first light."

"You ain't got too far," Bushrod said judiciously.

"No, we ain't," the man said. "And that's a fact."

Just then the elder Wilberforce boy, an envious lad who had spent hundreds of futile hours in pursuit of Tom, stepped up.

"Now we got the champion strong man and turkey hunter," he said, "I reckon we'll get it fixed quick. We ain't goin' to have to fool around no more with the pore weaklin's we got here. You reckon you can h'ist her up, Bushrod?"

Bushrod stared at him and then at the barn. It looked as immovable as Resurrection Mountain, but as he prepared to laugh off the question his glance went around the gathering and found that every eye had kindled with interest and hope. He was trapped. He swallowed.

"Why, shore," he said.

A great cheer went up, and while he stood there with a queasy smile, watching the demonstration, Melody appeared before him. Her dark eyes were apprehensive.

"Bushrod," she said, "don't you do it. You'll hurt yourself. Now you've got Tom and everything's all right, I ——"

"Sho, gal," Bushrod said kindly. "Likely I'll bust a gut, but I got to do it."

"You do not. You're worse than a shirttail young one, letting that shiftless Pud Wilberforce push you into it. You tell them you won't, and come home with me."

"No, ma'am, I won't," Bushrod said, growing stubborn himself. "I'm agoin' to do it."

"If you do," she said, "I—I'm through with you. For good."

"Now, Melody ——" he began, and put his hand on her shoulder.

She shook it off. "For good," she repeated, and moved out of his reach.

Bushrod stood staring at her, disturbed by the turn things had taken. He suspected she was right, and might have reconsidered if Pud Wilberforce hadn't come up just then.

"Excuse me," Pud said. "Everybody's waitin'."

That settled it. He gave Melody a defiant look and, surrounded by the excited group, walked to the corner of the barn. It had been supported by a pile of stones which somehow had fallen down, and the great structure drooped sadly, threatening collapse; seven or eight men had gathered more big flat stones and already built some of them into a new pile just below the sagging corner. Bushrod got into position with his knees bent and his great shoulders under a beam.

"Does I get her h'isted," he said, "work quick. If'n you don't, I'll come out of here flatter than ary tick."

The men picked up the stones and moved in. Bushrod took a breath, gritted his teeth and let go. His face turned an alarming shade of purple; his eyes stared

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like a madman's; his great bush of hair stood out in all directions and was seen to give off tiny blue sparks, and he moaned like Laocoön in the coils of the serpent. Slowly, awesomely, the barn rose, cracking and groaning in all its timbers; the men frantically placed the stones, and finally one of them took Bushrod by the shoulder and shook him. He eased off; the held breath came out of him explosively and he climbed out of his own tracks, for he had sunk to his shoetops in the earth. He walked into the sunlight and stood there heaving, while Pud Wilberforce crept off home and pandemonium broke loose.

When Bushrod went under the barn the two tourists had got out of their car and moved into the throng. One of them was a keen-looking, well-dressed, gray-haired man, obviously the father of the other, a girl—such a girl as the citizens of Upper Black Eddy had only read about. She was golden-haired and tall and slim; her complexion surpassed the tenderest blossom, and her features and conformation the angels of legend; her eyes were blue as the sky, and willful.

She watched breathlessly as Bushrod emerged into the sunlight, and said, "Oh, daddy, I must have him."

The man turned toward her and frowned. "Now, Del," he said, "stay in your own class and let the poor man alone. You'd be tired of him in two weeks, and I won't have it."

"You could give him a job. Besides, I'm tired of my own class. They know all the answers. I can manage this one."

"No. He seems a decent sort. Go get in the car."

"Daddy," the girl said, "I won't go to the North Cape with you. I'll move down here, and get him anyhow."

"Del, I mean it."

"I mean it," she said.

The man looked at her for a moment, and the corners of his mouth turned down unhappily. "Del," he said, "if you mess up this man's life, I'm through with you. You'll be on your own." He made his way through the crowd to Bushrod, who had got his normal color and respiration back, and put out his hand. "I'm Ronald MacRae," he said. "I want to congratulate you on one of the most astonishing feats I've ever seen." While Bushrod was shaking hands, the girl came up, edging herself in front of Melody. "And this is my daughter, Delilah."

The girl took his great paw in both her soft hands and turned the ruinous battery of her eyes upon him. "You were marvelous," she said, "and they can't appreciate you here. We both want to know you better, and daddy wants you to work for him. Won't you come with us now?"

She swayed toward him, her hands tightened on his. Bushrod, staring at her golden perfection and inhaling her delicate fragrance which promised unimaginable delights, had the fleeting thought that she was too fancy for him, but he was filled with the need for teaching Melody a lesson. This overbalanced him; with Del's hand on his arm, he was led to the car.

For a few days life was a confusing blur in Ronald MacRae's big house a few miles beyond the city. Inside, there were acres of halls and rooms big as cabins, full of fragile and spidery furniture, miniature waterfalls to stand under, servants who pussyfooted about and did everything for a man, beds soft as clouds, remarkable things to eat and drink, and people who came in with tape measures and such, and later brought back a bewildering array of clothes for Bushrod to wear. Outside, there were acres of level ground which grew nothing but grass and flowers.

At first she was all honey and demure softness, until, one evening at dinner, MacRae, who had come to like Bushrod and was casting about in his mind as to how best to place the man in his business, caught Del looking at Bushrod with a hint of her old, petulant expression when he used the wrong fork again. MacRae had come to hope that things would work out after all, and this alarmed him; later that evening he managed to get Del alone.

"You shouldn't mind a little mistake with a fork, Del," he said. "He's clever, he's learning fast. Be a little patient."

Del turned up her exquisite nose. "I ain't aimin' to wait forever," she said, parodying Bushrod with cruel accuracy. "Once a peasant, always a pea——" she began, and stopped when she saw her father's face.

"You will recall that I warned you."

"But, daddy, how can I take him out when he makes such stupid mistakes? Surely you don't expect me to stay home for months on end."

"It wouldn't be months, and you know it," he said, depressed and angry. "I'd better remind you that I also said at the time that you'd be on your own if you messed this up. I've had enough, Del."

She saw that he meant it, and this frightened her sufficiently so that for a time things went along well enough, even though sometimes at night Bushrod would waken with an oppressive, caged feeling within himself, a feeling he would forget the next day in his infatuation with the girl who was so maddeningly close and yet so maddeningly out of reach. Things went along until the day a mincing and dubious fellow appeared and announced that he was to dress monsieur's hair.

"Dress my hair?" Bushrod asked, baffled, but interested. "They done dressed me everywhere else, but how do y'all do that?"

"Monsieur jokes, yes?" asked the man. "Monsieur has been away so long doubtless on an expedition, that he appears as the savages. If monsieur will seat himself, thus." He laid hands cold as frogs on Bushrod's arms and propelled him to a chair; then he stood off, opened the bag he had brought and whisked out a barber's apron, a comb and scissors.

Bushrod eyed the scissors unbelievingly. "You mean you're aimin' to cut it?" he asked.

"But certainly," the man said. He snicked the scissors several times.

It was too much for Bushrod. In some vague, subconscious way his hair symbolized freedom to him, and to have this outlander creeping behind him to cut it off aroused the trapped feeling of his nights. He arose with a roar and started for the man, who screamed, fled out the door and ran screeching along the hall.

There was immediate uproar, shouts and running footsteps. Bushrod pulled up in the middle of the floor, confused by a feeling that he had made a fool of himself. He was still standing there when Delilah came in, followed by the barber, marching between two large and slyly grinning menservants.

Delilah stopped and transfixed him with a stony, blazing blue stare. "What is the meaning of this childish nonsense?" she demanded. "Or didn't you ever hear of a barber in that ridiculous backwoods village?"

It was the wrong approach, and she realized it instantly when his brow drew down and his lower lip crept out, for she had had vast experience with amiable people who could be pushed around and with tiresome ones who could not. She had said she could manage him, and she knew, by the way her father had talked, that she had better do it. With magical swiftness, she was the girl he yearned for, fragrant, demure, elusive and lovely. She came up to him.

"Oh, Rod," she said. "You frightened me. You're so terribly strong."

He gave her a skeptical look, whereupon she put her hands on his shoulders and smiled her heartbreaking smile. "It's time we started going out together," she said, touching his cheek, "and I want you to look your best. You will let him cut it, won't you?"

Bushrod quivered, but stood his ground. "No, ma'am," (*Continued on Page 140*)

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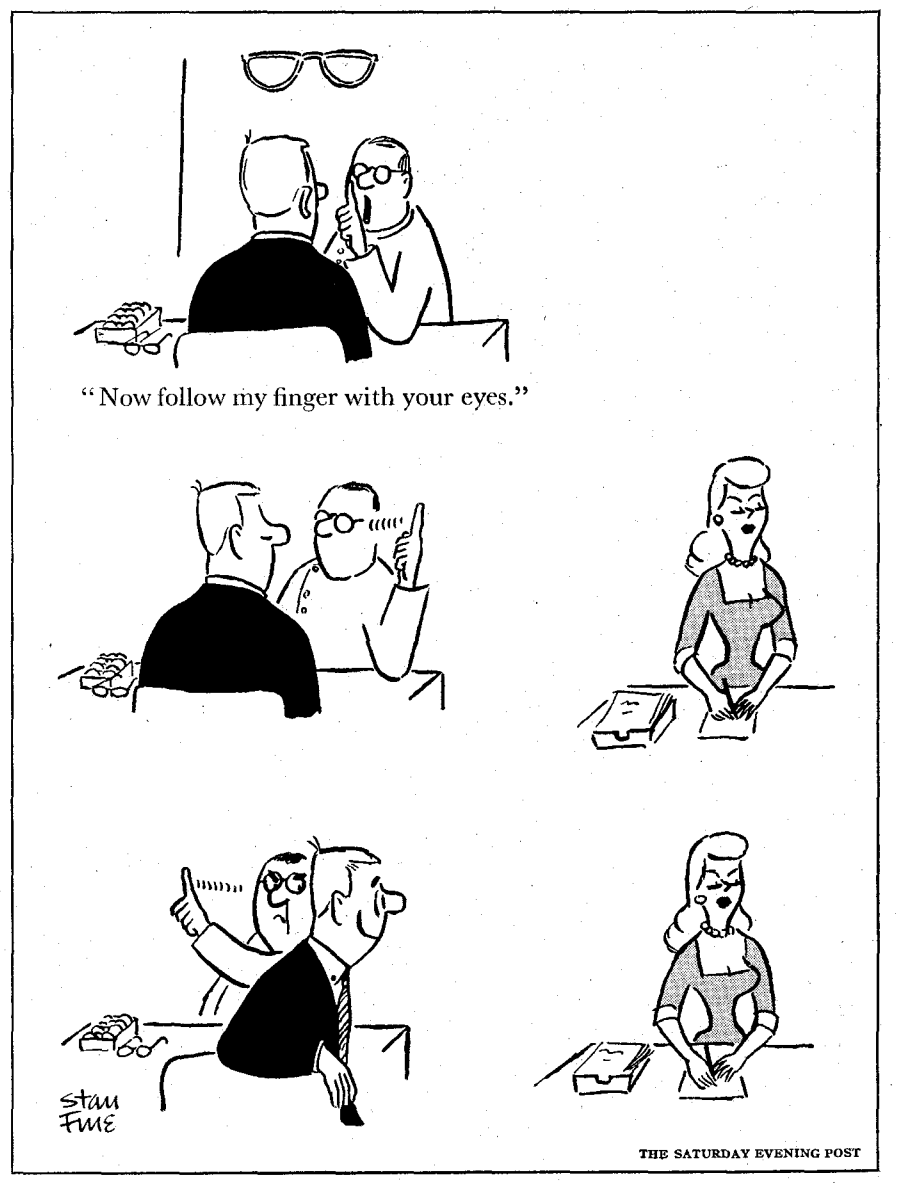

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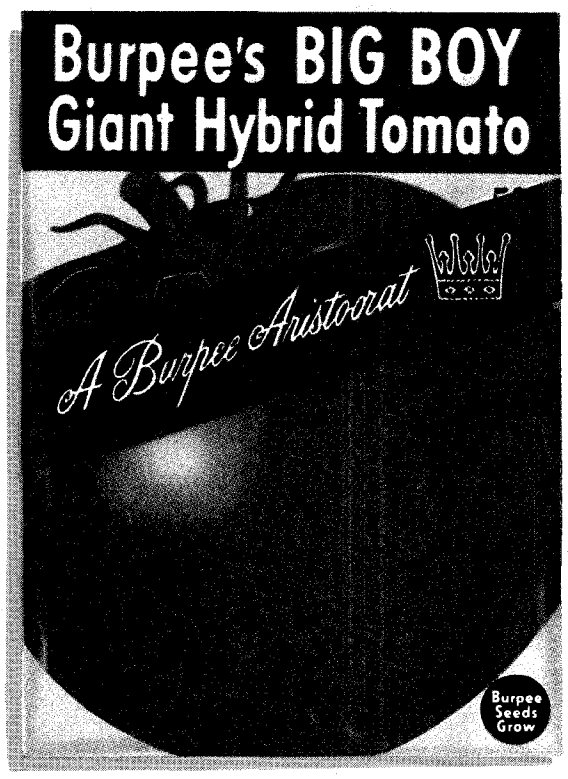

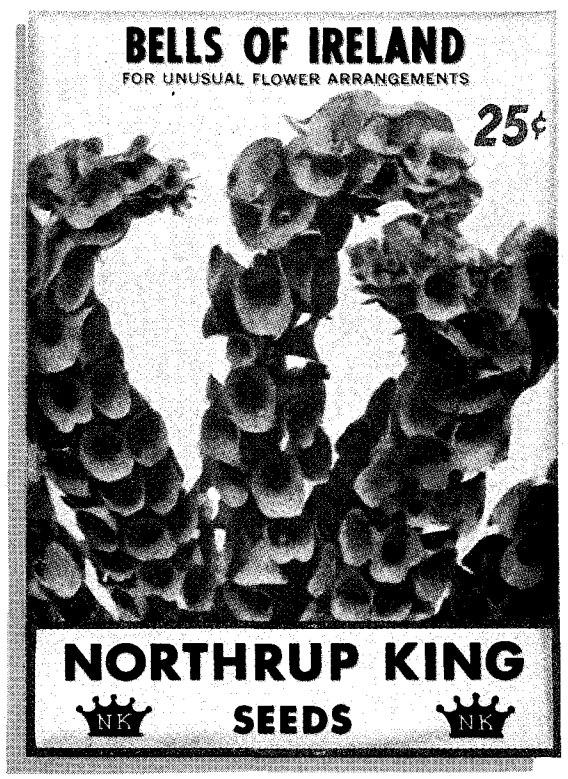

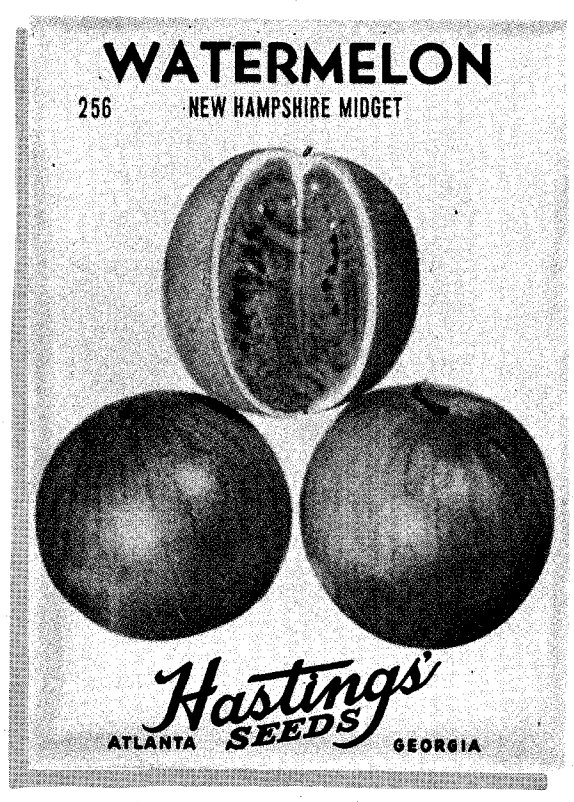

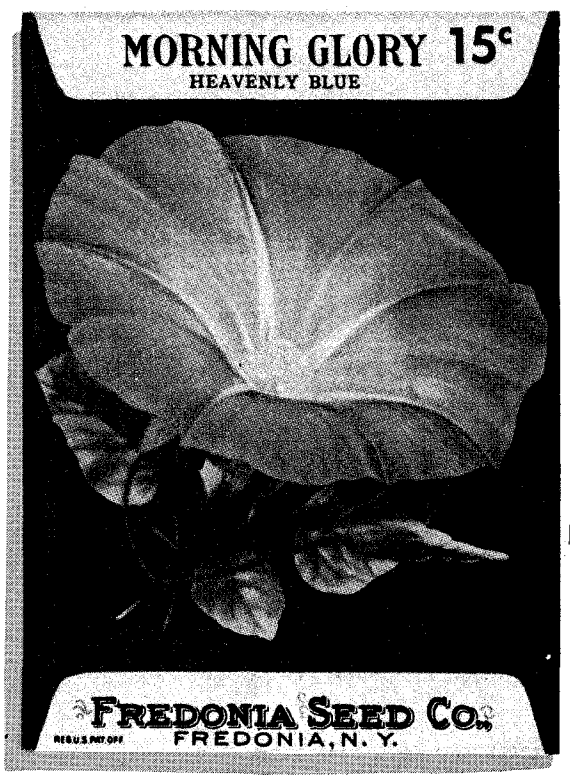

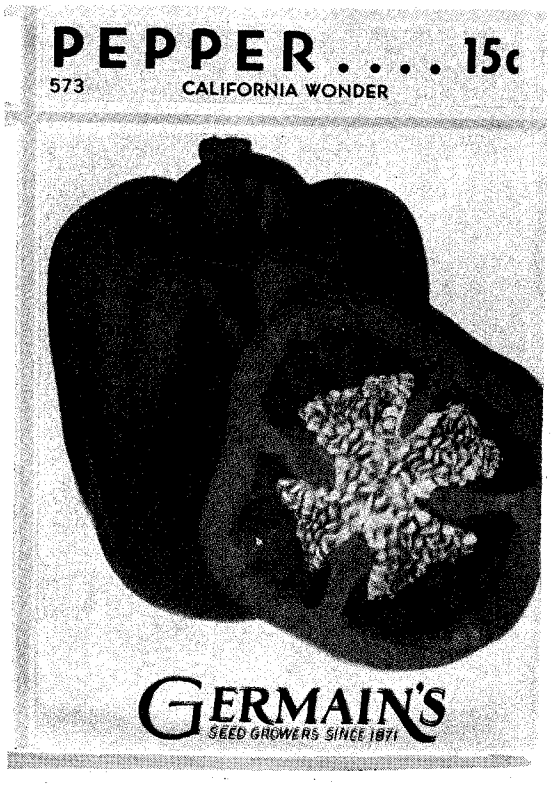

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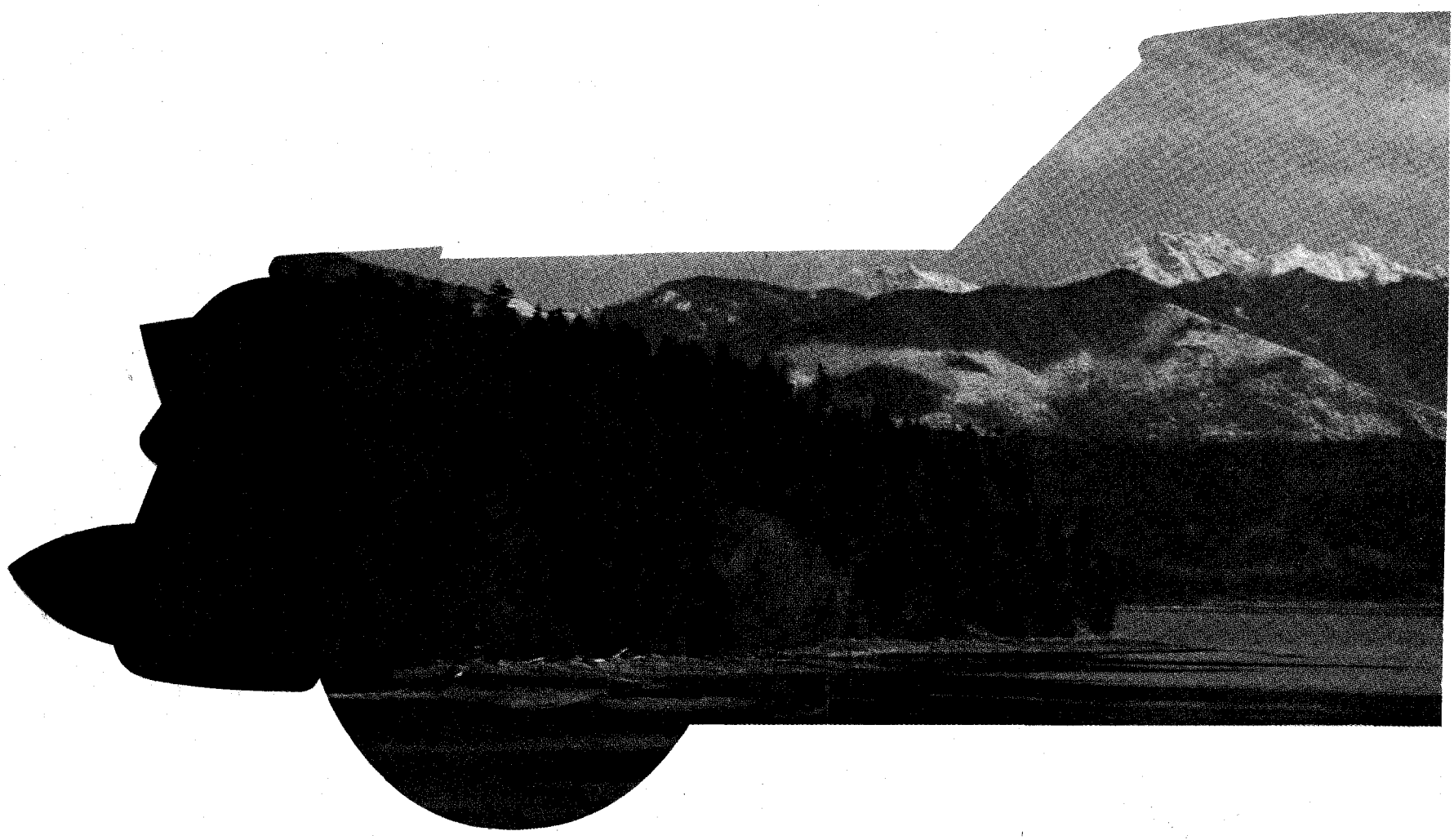

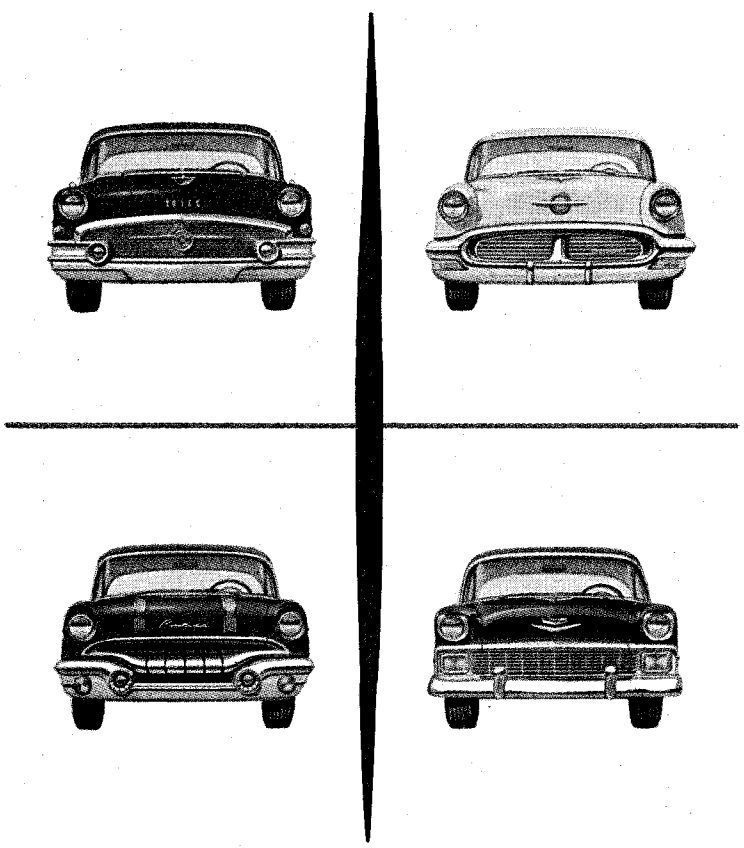

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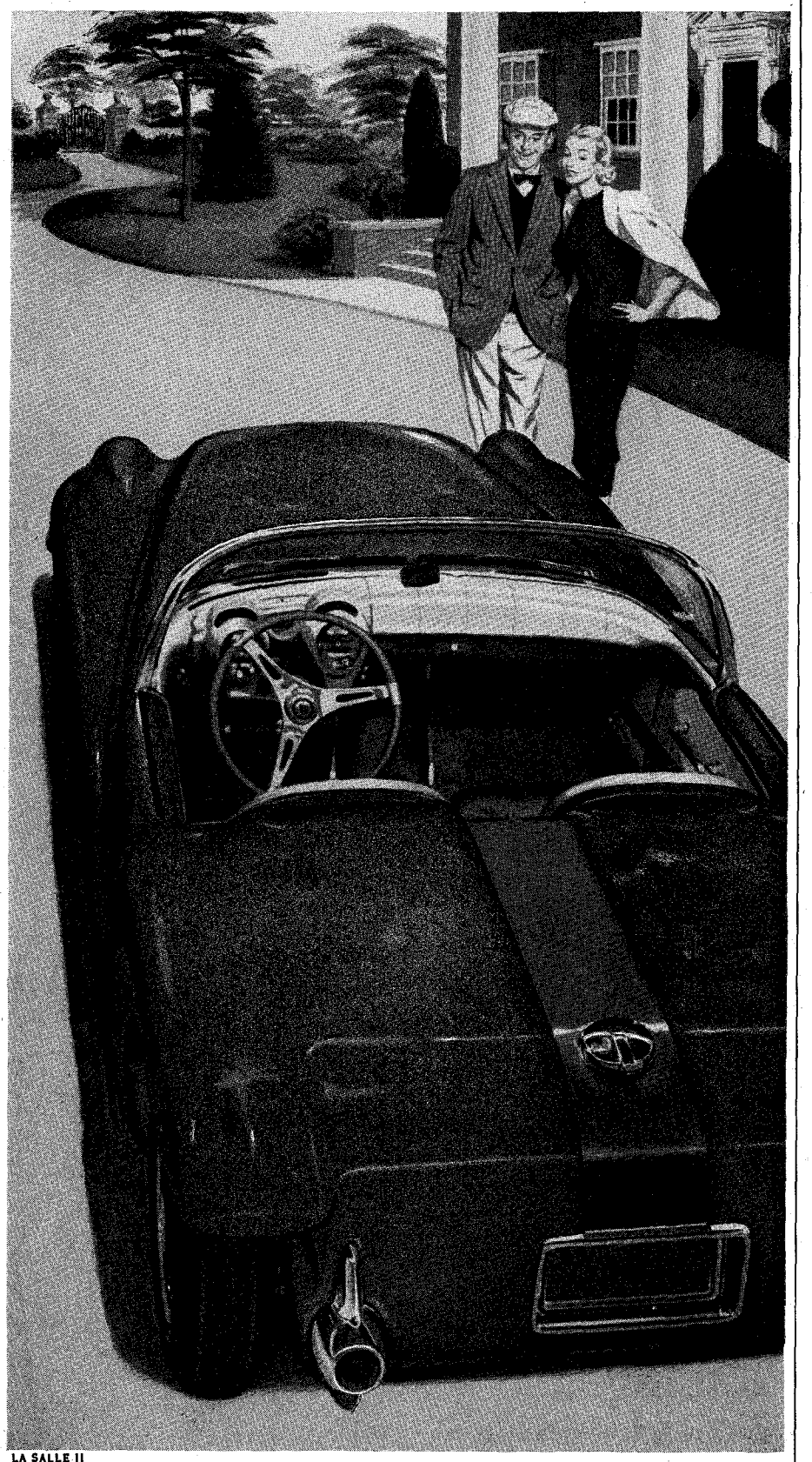
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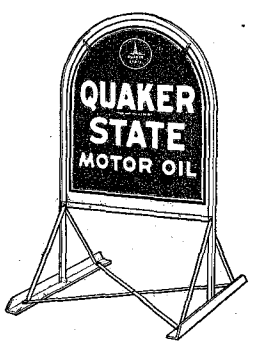

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(*Continued from Page 136*) he said. "I reckon I aim to keep it the way it is."

She could hardly believe her ears, and controlled herself with an effort. "Please," she said, touching him again. "For me?"

He didn't reply, and she gestured to the barber to approach, but at his first step Bushrod looked so ominous that they all fell hurriedly back.

"Take him out of here," Bushrod said, "before I tromp on him. Like I said, I ain't goin' to have it cut."

She gestured to the servants to take the barber away, and turned to look balefully at Bushrod. She was already thoroughly tired of him and the situation she had got herself into, and this intolerable frustration, coming on top of it, was too much. She took a breath to let fly a torrent of words that would crush him, and thought of her father. This checked her, and casting frantically about, she fell upon an idea that she thought would wreck him and free her. She turned quickly and walked out.

In the afternoon, Delilah, after making a pretty excuse about a tiresome engagement, went out and he didn't see her again that evening. MacRae was away and he had no one to talk to; he wandered about, disturbed and low in his mind, fighting off the disastrous evidence that his eyes and ears had shown him and his native canniness kept thrusting at him. He slept badly, heard the girl come in around three o'clock, and dreamed later of the wild ridges of home and Melody, constant and unequivocal. It was a bad night.

There was a note on his breakfast tray the next morning from Delilah, touched with her scent, affectionate and, like herself, hinting of elusive promise. It dispelled the evil shadows of the night; it said that she must be away all day, but that they would go out for dinner together to a wonderful little place. It would be their first party; it told him what to wear and said to be ready at nine o'clock.

Whatever doubts remained with him until evening were mostly swept away by her filmy *décolletage*, along with his breath; and her wild disregard for the probabilities of survival as she drove the improbable car into town never let him get it back. The wonderful little place was not so little; it was dim but glittering, and full of people who came to their table, stared at him in a way that seemed strangely unfriendly, and laughed at remarks which made no sense.

Presently they were all back at their own tables, grinning and covertly watching him, and then a very large young man with a broken nose came up.

He stood there and stared at Bushrod for a long moment; then asked, "Is this it?"

"Yes, Nevil," Delilah said.

"He looks handy," Nevil said. "Maybe something will get smashed."

"You needn't worry. Everything has been arranged, and they'll all swear he started it."

"It still seems like a fool idea."

"Not to me," Delilah said. "He's been the most horrible disappointment of my life, and I want him taught a lesson. Here, where all my friends can see it. If you want to take up my time from now on ——"

Nevil shrugged and sat down; then reached for a glass of water and spilled it calmly into Bushrod's lap. A great laugh went up. For a moment Bushrod sat there, taking a little time to realize what had happened to him, co-ordinating the stares, the conversation between Delilah and Nevil, the water and the laughter; and his illusions fell about his ears.

While they were doing it, Nevil poured a second glass of water after the first, and Delilah sneered, "Get up and hit him, you clown. Not even a hillbilly would take that."

He got up, reluctant and sore to his soul, and moved around the table. Nevil was ready for him and threw a long, looping right at his chin, but Bushrod's big hand came up, caught his fist, and twisted it with such force that Nevil was picked up, turned a cartwheel in the air and dropped on the next table with a crash. The table collapsed, wrapping Nevil in the cloth and crockery, and he didn't reappear. Bushrod stood over him for a moment; he would probably have left matters where they stood and gone sadly away if the waiters hadn't moved in on him.

Their interference outraged him; they suddenly embodied all the incomprehensible and malicious outlanders who somehow had made a sort of yard dog of him, had shamed and mocked him and brought him lower than the sorriest varmint. He let out a bellow and charged among them, and after he'd dealt with several he began to warm to his work.

It was a spiritual catharsis the like of which the wonderful little place—or any other—had never seen. Furniture was smashed, carloads of glass and china were broken, casualties were laid in rows; some customers fled, others misguidedly joined the melee, and presently Bushrod could stand in the middle of the floor and by a small and simple gesture stampede the herded survivors from one wall to the other. He soon wearied of that and, looking about for something to make a farewell gesture with, spied the long copper-and-chromium bar.

He marched up to it; he got a hold on it and set himself, and then he heaved. It tried to resist him, but he was irresistible. There was a shrieking of metal, a shuddering tremor of the earth, and the bar came up by the roots, followed by fountains of water and beer from the broken pipes. It was just about then that the police came in the door and Bushrod left by the men's-room window. There was water gushing everywhere as he moved through the streets, for he had pulled apart half the water system of the city and soon fire engines and Civil Defense cars began to rush pell-mell past him.

Very weary and somewhat the worse for wear, he finally came to Upper Black Eddy. It was dinnertime, and a pastoral calm held the place; he raised his head, breathed deeply of his native air and felt a little better. He had been thinking a great deal of Melody during his long march, and now he wanted to see her. He felt himself again, but bone-weary and empty and disconsolate; and he remembered with longing how she'd always been waiting for him at times like this before, a sure comfort and solace. He walked through the village and climbed the hill to her family's cabin, so neat between the daffodils in front and the plowed truck patch in back, and found her little brother Jefferson, on the porch.

"Hi, Bushrod," that worthy said. "We been keepin' Tom in the springhouse, but I ain't sure Melody's hankerin' to see you."

"You ask her," Bushrod said.

The boy went into the house, and Bushrod, recalling the manner of his going, stood uneasily in the path. A long time passed; voices were raised within; another long time went by, and finally Melody and Pud Wilberforce came out the door and stood looking at him. Her face was composed and cool, and that was very bad, but the fact that Pud was there and had even been asked for dinner, was infinitely worse. He had been there since noon and Melody had been unable to get rid of him but nobody mentioned that

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Nobody said anything; Bushrod unconsciously raised his hand and wiped his forehead which had become clammy and damp.

He opened his mouth and closed it several times, and finally said, "Melody, I—I sort of thought I could see you alone."

"Oh," Melody said. "I got tired of being alone."

Bushrod swallowed and edged around that. "What's he doin' here?" he asked.

"Maybe he was going to take me to a dance."

"It ain't Saturday night," Bushrod said. "And there ain't no dance."

"Maybe we were going somewhere else, then. Maybe I just got tired of having all my pretty dresses from the mail order just hang in the closet."

Bushrod swallowed again. "Melody ——" he began.

"I think you had better go home," Melody said, with chilling calm. "There must be a bigger turkey than Tom somewhere that you can go chase by yourself. Or another blonde," she added, as though by an afterthought. "With the same beautiful fancy-woman figure and the same nice generous blue eyes. If you go home and wait, probably one will come and lead you off by the hand, like a—a sheep."

"That's it," Pud said suddenly, encouraged above himself by all this after half a day of Melody's monosyllables and inattention. "A sheep. Go on home like a sheep, Bushrod, and leave us be."

Bushrod, tongue-tied and defenseless, sinking deeper and deeper into despair, was jerked back to a semblance of life; for Pud was someone he could handle. His big fists clenched and he took a step toward Pud, but Melody stopped him again.

"No," she said. "I won't have any fighting here. You should have learned in the city that muscles can't settle everything, but apparently you didn't even learn that. Or anything else, for that matter."

Bushrod looked wildly around for help or a way of escape; his eye fell upon Jefferson, and something he had learned did come back to him. "Jeffie," he said, "get me the water pitcher off the table, quick."

Jefferson whisked in and out again, bearing the pitcher. Bushrod took it, moved over to Pud and poured the water over Pud's head. Pud emerged from the cascade with his lank hair over his face, dismal, dripping and ridiculous. Melody began to laugh, Jefferson ran whooping into the house, and Pud retreated ingloriously down the path. Bushrod put the pitcher down and stood there.

Presently Melody stopped laughing and looked at him. "Well," she said finally, "you did learn something, after all."

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I learned I made a bad mistake. But it was a sight of work, and I done walked a powerful way."

"You do look awful," she said, and her eyes seemed to see him for the first time. "Come here," she said, and sat down on the step. "Come and sit beside me here."

He came to the step and sat down close to her, and her warmth and comfort encompassed him. He closed his eyes and sighed, and leaned against her just a little.

"Melody," he said sleepily, after a moment, "I ain't goin' away any more."

"Not ever?" she asked.

"No, ma'am." His head nodded, and he pulled it up. "I dreamed about you, Melody," he mumbled, and his head nodded again and he was asleep with one of her arms supporting him.

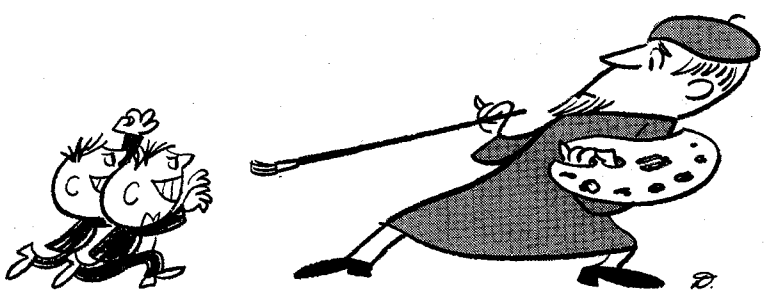
The little boy came out again. "Great day," he said. "You glad to see him, huh?"

"I'll always be glad to see him," the girl said. She looked up. "Run down to the village and bring the preacher back here. This Bushrod's going to grow up someday, and I'm going to have him while he's doing it."

"You goin' to marry with him, huh?" the boy asked. "Then we can eat Tom?"

"Yes," she said, and the boy grinned and ambled down the path.

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

If children were classified according to behavior, these two boys easily would have earned ratings as superhellions. So when they appeared with their wealthy, doting aunt at a small, one-man art exhibit, the artist immediately began to have a bad time. For half an hour, he and his guests endured noise and acrobatics.

Just after one youngster managed to dislodge one of the pictures and bring it crashing to the floor, the aunt approached the artist. "They're so full of fun," she beamed. "So alive. You know, I really must have you do my nephews in oil."

Curbing an impulse toward violence, the artist managed a thin smile. "Delighted," he said. "Would you like them painted or boiled?"

Mrs. Karl Kopplin

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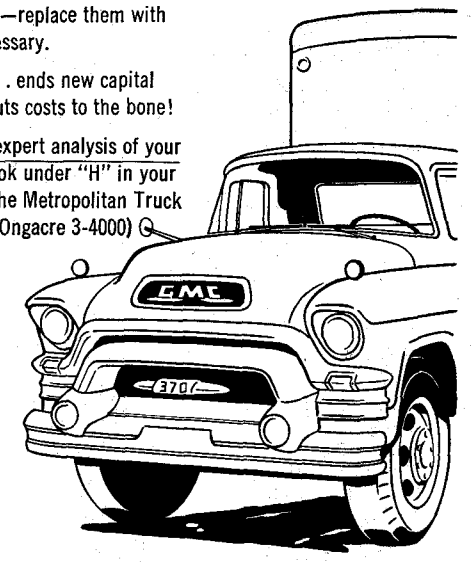

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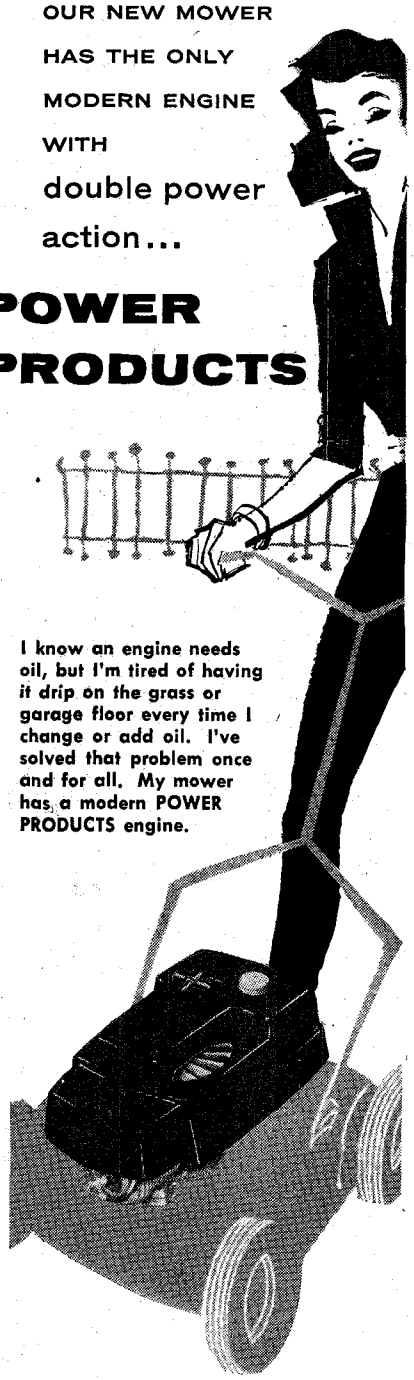

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The Landlady's Daughter (Continued from Page 36)

down his carpetbag, he crossed his arms and examined me.

"You know not," he asked, "the seat of the Frankish kings?"

It was not the usual thing to hear a question of that kind in Calico. I shook my head, for I'd never seen the seat of any king.

"What, then, do you know of that noble Roman, Caesar?"

But I could only shake my head at Caesar too.

"Can we converse upon Ulysses, friend?"

I felt really bad that I had nothing to say about Ulysses.

"Have you knowledge of Galileo?" And when I said I hadn't, he clicked his tongue at me. "What of James Watt? What of Dante? What of Burke?"

There were more, and they were all the ringing names of emperors and dragon slayers, the chemical names of scientists, and the papery names of poets and philosophers. His voice rose and fell, and his arms moved in the air, but I knew none of them.

Mr. Dean laughed gently and made a gesture in the air. "Their greatness lay in their aspirations, Samuel," he said. "They were all of high heart, children of wonder."

He fixed his hand in a fist and beat upon his own high heart. He smiled at me once more and raised his finger.

"Mayhap I should be your mentor, Samuel," he said. "Together, we might give pursuit to the wonders which they wrought. Aye, and many another marvel too. In time you could be educated."

I began to say the school in Calico was educating me for nearly six months every year, but at that moment my mother and sister came out of the door.

"Ah," said Mr. Dean, sweeping off his beaver and bending like a reed above it, "the fair Penelope; and, lo, a vestal virgin in attendance."

This made my sister turn the color of sunset, but my mother had been in the boarding business quite a while. All she did was primp a little at her hair.

"What are you selling?" she said to Mr. Dean. "I'll hear you out, but I give no promise to buy."

"Madam, I come not peddling trifles to your annoyance," Mr. Dean said, his thumbs now in the armholes of his waistcoat. "My traffic is all of replevins, torts, briefs and letters testamentary. Permit me, if you will"—and he bowed again—"the name is Dean, Edwin Corinthian, barrister, solicitor, counselor at law. I seek in this salubrious clime a haven from my wanderings, and I seek lodgings at your hands."

When he finished, my mother looked at him for some time. In Calico, where people did their litigating with their fists or with an ax or pick, lawyers were unknown. Elaine looked at him, too, and I remembered a doe which I had startled in the hills one time when I was hunting with my father.

"It's a lawyer you are, I gather," my mother said in a moment. "And you want a room."

"Precisely so," said Mr. Dean, with still another bow.

My mother regarded him again.

"Very well; I have a room, if you wish to see it," she said. "It's small, though, and at the back."

"Lead on," Mr. Dean replied. "Let us see to the appointments of the suite."

Although that song about the first man up being the best man dressed is stretching the rope, a boardinghouse is still an interesting place. While individuals like my father often had their little gopher pockets, Calico depended on the Copper Princess for its bread and butter, and the men who lodged with us were hunkies at the Princess. They were men with complicated names, who dug and drilled all week, and then, on Saturday nights, engaged in terrible recreation in the honky-tonks. On these nights of payday revels they would drink, swear, prance and fight. Often, mother locked them out when they came home, and other times the marshal, Mr. Bolt, would lock them up. Sometimes it was necessary for Mr. Bolt to damage them, and there was none among them that he hadn't beaten once or twice; he liked to have his authority understood. Other evenings they sat wearily on the gallery, each beside his cuspidor, where they could see the roasters fill the night with flame and hear the stamp mills pounding out the gold and silver.

Besides the lodgers, there were some who only boarded there, like Mr. Bolt, who came to take his evening meals. My father used to say that we would all be better off, Elaine especially, if Mr. Bolt spent more of his time at the jail. It was a curious thing how other men became discouraged when Mr. Bolt was calling on her.

Now it might be thought that a man like Mr. Dean would feel himself a stranger in such an atmosphere, but the odd thing of it was that he got on with everyone for quite a while.

I expect this was because he had a way of making people laugh. On those evenings when the men were sitting by their cuspidors, he told them stories. Sometimes they were animal tales which had been written long ago by Mr. Aesop. They always laughed to hear about the fox and grapes, and the dog that dropped the meat on seeing his own reflection in the river. There were quite a few like that, and yet, when thought of later, some of them had parts that didn't seem so funny as they had at first.

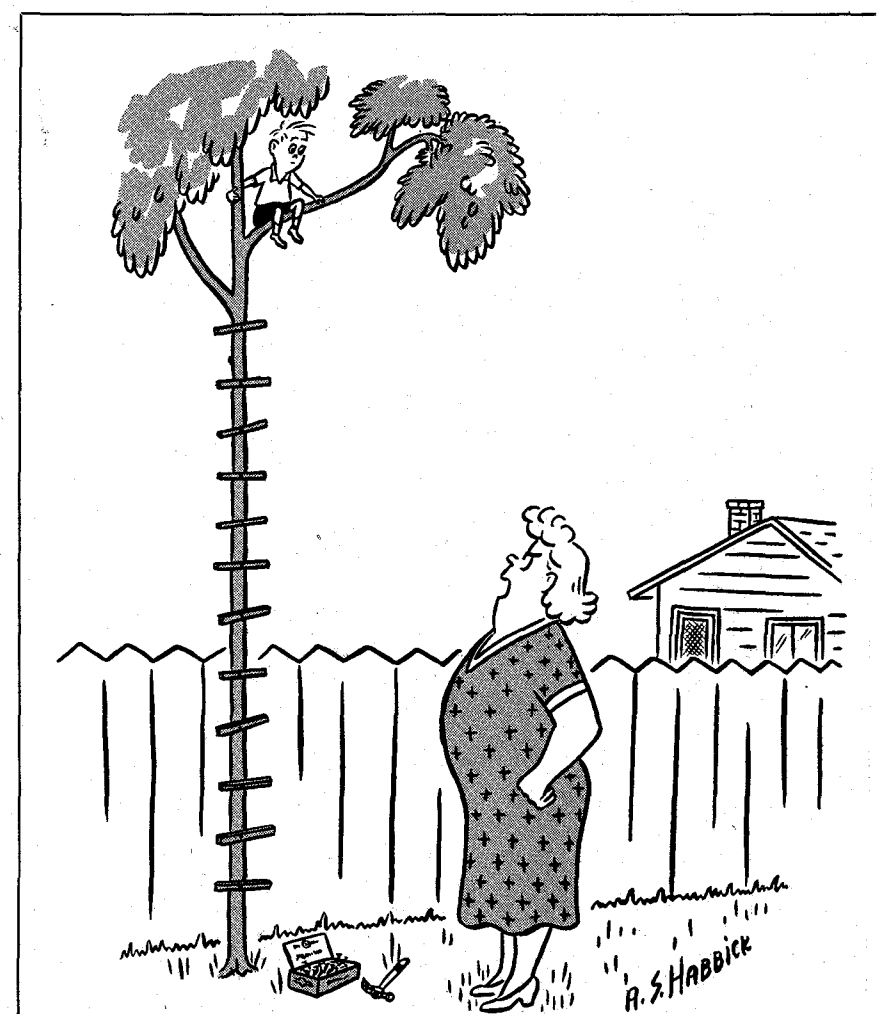
Maybe it was just the way he told them that was funny, waving his arms about and making his voice go high and low. Once, while he was doing a part in an old-time play called Hamlet, the men went black in the face with laughing.

Then there were the things he'd say. One time when Elaine went riding in a rig with Mr. Bolt, the horse was so slow in starting that Mr. Bolt was forced to smack it with a club. It was after they'd gone that Mr. Dean remarked that there would come a time when a rig would run without a horse. Another time, when they were speculating on the blind side of the moon, he said a man would one day go and look at it!

You can see how anyone who talked that way would be appreciated in our boardinghouse. Some of the lodgers even bragged him up to those of other houses not so lucky as to have a Mr. Dean to entertain them. In a couple of weeks, when he began to play the Game with them, they came even to look upon him as a kind of regular.

As a test of skill, the Game was played to see which man could stream a cheekful of Old Puma Pelt the farthest into the yard, with the loser going down to the Apex for a bucket of beer. In a while he got so good at this that on occasion he bested even Mr. Bolt, a master. The only time he wouldn't play was when Elaine was on the gallery too. And when that was understood by Mr. Bolt, he made his greatest efforts in those moments, when Mr. Dean was out of action.

But it wasn't all sitting on the gallery with Mr. Dean. In those early days when mandamuses and habeases were slow in coming, I sometimes tramped the country with him, and there would often come a moment (Continued on Page 144



"You'll be sorry if I have to come up and get you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 142*) on some hill, where there would be a view, and he would be apt to paint a picture for me.

"Samuel, let us sail the ocean blue," he said to me one time. "What do you see below us there in the valley?"

"Grass," I said, for I did not see any ocean blue. "It looks white and shining in the sun."

"Aye, the burnished look; the glint the westering mariner finds upon the face of the sunlit sea."

I looked very hard, but couldn't tell if I saw the sea or not, until he launched a ship upon it.

"Let us consider that we sail upon that vessel there," he said. "It is very small, merely a caravel, not anything like the ironclads we know today. And the men who sail with us are frightened, for they go upon an unknown water in whose deeps may lurk great serpents, and which ends in a timeless fall at the lip of the world."

I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, it was as he said. The ship was frail and made of wood. The scuppers ran with smelly water, and little bugs crept out upon the planks. The eyes of the men showed white and wide when looking west, and they scratched themselves at all times. It was strange how I could feel the pitching decks and hear the storm winds howling in the yards, and hear the flapping of the sails when we lay panting in a calm. Sometimes the men bent over the rails in agony, and other times they cursed the captain in a rage. But the captain simply stood upon the poop above us, resolute and tall, and it was hard to tell if he was afraid of serpents too. Mr. Dean said the captain's name was Christopher Columbus.

Another time, he pointed at the far-off mountains. "How tall would you say they were?" he asked.

"Close to a mile, my father one time told me."

"Then, imagine them at twice that elevation. Nay, make it two and a half times, close to thrice."

I did, and they lifted high until they filled the sky. The rocky flanks soared sheer beyond the timber line, the peaks remote and icy with eternal winter.

"Now, let us look for elephants," he said.

It took some doing to see elephants in Arizona, but when I found them we were not in Arizona any more. We'd gone to the middle of Europe and were in the Alps. It was cold, and the wind shrieked through the mountain passes where we traveled. In certain places there were chasms to the sides, and when an elephant would slip and fall, I'd hear him trumpeting away on down to bottom. The people, who were dark and small, gathered up their cloaks for warmth. Some of them wore leopard skins or lion skins, and their shields were made of bullock hide and even the hide of crocodiles. A few of them slipped over, too, with their burnooses streaming out behind them as they dropped. They carried spears and (*Continued on Page 146*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

BY HARRY SIMMONS

Some rules aid the defense, some the offense. Here is an odd situation, based on an actual major-league play, where the rules led to a surprising decision.

Say the Milwaukee Braves lead the Chicago Cubs, 4–3, at Chicago, as the Cubs bat up in the seventh. With one out, Ernie Banks hits a single to right field. He moves to third on a ground single by Don Hoak.

Eddie Miksis arches a fly deep to right center. Banks tags up, but Hoak, off at the crack of the bat, is almost to third when the coach's frantic shouts turn him back.

Milwaukee outfielder Bill Bruton hauls down the ball and throws it to the shortstop, who touches second ahead of Hoak. Hoak continues back to first, and the ball is relayed there ahead of him to make doubly sure he is out. But Banks, who broke for home after the catch, already has crossed the plate.

Does his run count?

See page 146 for answer.

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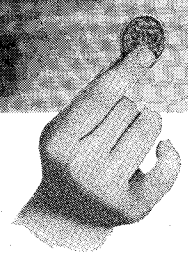

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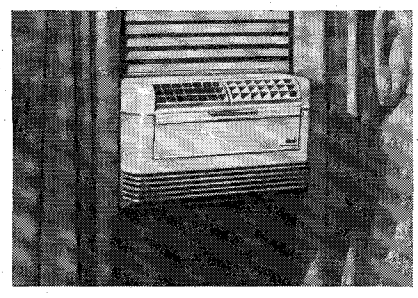

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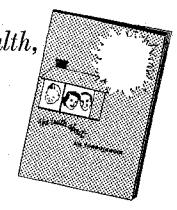

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(*Continued from Page 144*) swords, and going at the head of them was Hannibal.

Mr. Dean made other pictures too. It sometimes seemed as though he opened up great doors and windows, and when looking through them I was near to thoughts and meanings which would be too big to know when they had closed.

They weren't all in distant places, though. One day I took him up a canyon to an Indian ruin that I knew of. There was nothing left to it but broken pottery, some old metates and a few adobe walls, but he was able to build the ruins into what they were in the beginning. He put people in them for me, too; and for a while I saw them work and play, and I heard shouts and laughter in that place where there had been no sound at all for nearly a thousand years.

That was the time he found the pot. It came out of a hole in one of the walls, and though there wasn't much to it, he gave it to Elaine when we got back. He gave a little poem with it, too—Ode on a Grecian Urn, he said it was, by Mr. Keats. All the while he talked, Elaine held onto that dirty pot as if it had been made of gold, and when he finished, none of the hunkies knew if they should laugh or not. In some way it was different from the other things he'd said.

Later, though, when Mr. Bolt was helping wipe the dishes with Elaine, and broke it on the floor, they did. It was always good for a laugh when Mr. Bolt was being useful in the kitchen.

A peculiar time had its beginning with that pot. Take the conversations Mr. Bolt began to have with Mr. Dean.

"Mr. Dean," he said one evening on the gallery, "there's certain things that you don't seem to know about this country."

"Yes, how lamentably true that is," said Mr. Dean. "But then, are we not all of us slaves to ignorance in some way? I can but hope that familiarity comes with the passing of time."

"Calico ain't so big," said Mr. Bolt. "P'raps there ain't enough to it to make your stayin' on worth while."

"Oh, even the smallest of things have virtues and significance," said Mr. Dean.

Prying the nail of his thumb between his teeth, Mr. Bolt removed a shred of beef and flicked it over the railing.

"I been thinking, Mr. Dean," he said, "that a pettifogger's a surprisin' thing to find in Calico."

"The world is full of surprises, Mr. Bolt. They stand among the pleasures of life."

"That's as may be," said Mr. Bolt. "But it never seemed to me that the law in Calico was suitable for argufyin'."

"Mr. Bolt, I wonder if your thinking on that point is not disorganized," said Mr. Dean. "I think it is clear that the law in these United States is vested in the Constitution. Men have worn themselves down to an early grave through arguing interpretations of that document."

"Arguing the law in Calico has done the same for others, Mr. Dean," said Mr. Bolt.

That was the kind of talk that Mr. Bolt began to make at Mr. Dean. On the face of it, it didn't look like much, and yet there was an undercurrent there; a feeling, like. Whenever they talked that way, the men sat at attention by their cuspidors. Elaine would listen at the door, and even my mother, who never set foot on the gallery in the evening, for fear they might be playing the Game, would bring her broom and sweep the whole of the time, and no matter that I'd swept it all before.

Take the things my mother said to Mr. Dean one day when he came into the parlor to pay his weekly rent. After she put it in the book, she held him there a moment.

"Mr. Dean," she said, "as a man of culture, I expect you've seen some far places in your travels."

"Indeed," said Mr. Dean, "I have been privileged to journey widely. It has been a passion with me."

"I wonder, Mr. Dean, if you have ever been to California. I've heard so many interesting things about it."

"No, unhappily not," said Mr. Dean. "I have never been into this Western part of our country before."

My mother smoothed her dress across her knees. "I should think a man of your interests would never rest until he'd seen it all. How I'd love to stand on the shores of the Pacific."

I'd never heard her speak before of California, and yet she made it sound as if a visit there was her principal wish in life.

"Oh, I dare say California is a splendid place," said Mr. Dean, "but I have come to the point of thinking that travel is a search for something, and I feel my own particular search has ended. I would be pleased to spend the rest of my life in Calico."

"Oh," my mother said. "Oh, dear."

Even Elaine was acting differently. She gave up joking and talking with Mr. Dean. Mr. Dean was just as nice to her as ever, but she was stiff and pale around him, and hardly spoke at all, unless there was a need. Once I asked her why she'd turned so rude to him, and she went to her room and cried an hour.

So maybe it was that pot that was in back of it. Maybe the pot was *taboo*, in the way that relics of the Old Ones are said to be among the Navajos. Then maybe the pot was just a sign of it, the way an ore outcrop may show what lies below the surface in the vein. It was hard to put your finger on.

It took a burro to bring it into the open. It was one of those which Mr. Kee kept taking home with him. Mr. Kee was an old Chinaman who came each week to talk with Mr. Dean in what was called the Canton dialect by Mr. Dean. Mr. Kee knew only a little English because a mine cave-in had hurt his head when he was learning it, and until the arrival of Mr. Dean in Calico, there was nobody he could talk to.

So, on Sunday, Mr. Kee would stand there pulling on his queue, and smile as if a warm light lay all over him, while they talked of nobody could say what. Sometimes it seemed that there were tears in the eyes of Mr. Kee, but Mr. Bolt said that could not be, since Celestials had no feelings.

Sometimes Mr. Kee came with a black burro, sometimes with a gray one, other times with something else. Mr. Kee's own burro hadn't come out of the cave-in, yet he seemed to think that he would find it if he only looked. These that he took home did not belong to him, but after he'd had them for a time, he'd come to see that for himself, and take them to their rightful owners. Nobody ever cared, because Calico was full of burros anyway.

Mr. Kee had brought a reddish one this time, and Mr. Dean was admiring it in the Canton dialect when Mr. Bolt came up. At first he made as if to walk up on the gallery where the hunkies all sat blinking in the sunshine of the morning after, but a couple of yards beyond the burro he turned around and looked at it. He looked at it for some moments, and the hunkies all edged forward in their chairs.

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 144

Banks' run counts. Hoak's base was first, not second. He could be put out only by a touch at first or by being tagged with the ball while returning. Therefore Banks scored before Hoak was retired for the third out.

(Section 7.10A: "Any runner is out, on appeal before the next legal pitch, when after a fly ball is caught, he fails to re-touch his base before he or his base is tagged.")

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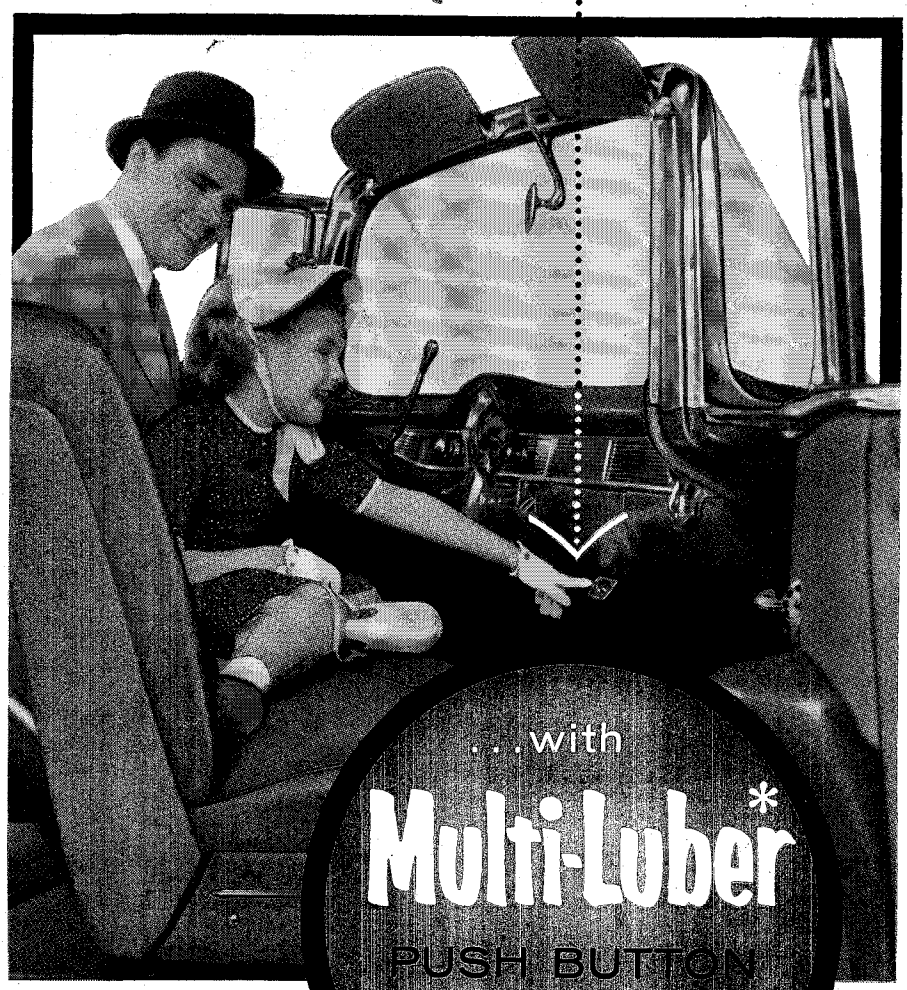

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"Say," said Mr. Bolt in a little while, "I seen that red jack on a rope somewhere. Where'd you get him, Chink?"

Mr. Dean spoke to Mr. Kee; Mr. Kee pulled at his queue and spoke to Mr. Dean, and Mr. Dean then spoke to Mr. Bolt. "It is a wanderer, Mr. Bolt. In his compassion, Mr. Kee has fed and watered it."

"Yair?" said Mr. Bolt. Mr. Bolt backed off from the burro more and squinted at it. "That thing come from Sig Czerney's place; I'd know it anywhere."

Mr. Dean did not speak to Mr. Kee this time. "If it has, it shall return," he said to Mr. Bolt. "Mr. Kee has always found their proper homes. Everybody knows that."

"Yair?" said Mr. Bolt. "All I know is that he's got an animal as don't belong to him. That Chink's got a long record of stock theft in this town, and stock theft is a hanging crime."

It was strange to hear a burro elevated to the dignity of cows and horses, but nobody laughed, for this began to look as if it was going beyond the burro business now. In a way it seemed that Mr. Bolt was only using the burro for something else. On the gallery, the men were leaving their chairs and coming down the steps, as if they saw a treat in store for them. My mother and sister came to the door and looked.

Mr. Dean studied Mr. Bolt a moment before he spoke to Mr. Kee again. Then, when Mr. Kee, who looked unhappy and confused, had wrung his hands and nodded, Mr. Dean said to Mr. Bolt, "I have been retained as counsel for Mr. Kee. In order to charge a theft, the plaintiff must identify the evidence."

"I one time mentioned there was things you didn't seem to know about in Calico, Mr. Dean. Stand aside."

Mr. Bolt began to walk toward Mr. Kee, but Mr. Dean didn't stand aside. "You'll not take him into custody without due process, Mr. Bolt," he said. "You cannot jail or hang a man on allegations."

"Get out of the way," said Mr. Bolt as he approached.

"Under constitutional guarantee, Mr. Kee enjoys a freedom from unreasonable search and seizure, Mr. Bolt." Mr. Dean raised up his finger. "You'll not infringe upon his rights of person."

No one had ever talked that way to Mr. Bolt before. Mr. Dean had a wonderful way with words, but this did not seem to me to be the time for them, and I began to feel uneasy. This was different from yarning on the gallery or walking in the hills.

"I'm takin' him, Mr. Dean," said Mr. Bolt.

But Mr. Dean still stood in front of Mr. Kee. Mr. Bolt came up to them, and then his arm came over, his fist caught Mr. Dean beside the jaw. Mr. Dean sat down in the road and his mouth began to bleed. Mr. Kee jumped all around him in an agony, and the hunkies yelled and shouted.

On the gallery, Elaine began to cry. My mother pushed her through the door, and then she brought her broom to the head and began to hit the miners with it. Never had she done a thing like that in any other fight, but they paid no attention to her.

"Stop them!" she kept shouting as she swung the broom, but still they would not listen. They just shouldered off her swats and kept on yelling, and at last she cried out, "Scum! Monsters!" at them, and turned back into the house, herself.

By this time Mr. Dean was on his feet again. He held his arms in front of him and danced about in so elegant a way that I forgot to be afraid for him at first. Mr. Bolt was fighting Calico style—arms low, his head pushed forward like a stump. The hunkies all went bulling in like that, but Mr. Dean's approach was new, and made them laugh.

When Mr. Dean went down the second time, and then the third, he wasn't getting up so quickly. His nose was bleeding now, and he didn't dance so much. Mr. Bolt had fists as large as melons, and whenever he landed one on Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean would sway like a sapling in the wind. Except that he was tall and springy, Mr. Dean would long ago have been unconscious, because Mr. Bolt was noted for his strength.

But Mr. Dean was wearing down. Each time he fell, he was slower gaining his feet again; the whole of his face was bloody, he had given up his dancing, and stood in front of Mr. Kee. If he had just stayed on the ground when he went down, it would have ended, but he seemed more intent on defending Mr. Kee than watching for his ownself.

That was when I remembered to be afraid for him. I knew certain things about him then that hadn't shown before, and I was frightened, for Mr. Bolt was raging like a bull. As if one of the doors that Mr. Dean had shown to me had opened up, I knew that he would never quit so long as he had life in him. More than his springy height that kept him coming back, there was his high heart and his aspiration. Those had been fine words describing men of other times before, but now I knew them to have dreadful and expensive meanings.

And I knew certain things about the miners too. I knew them to be hard and callous men of fleshly lusts and appetites.

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They enjoyed a fight above all things, and a beating they could take in stride. Mr. Bolt had beaten all of them at different times, and they didn't mind that Mr. Dean was being beaten too.

Mr. Dean went down again, and stayed, but it didn't end with that. Mr. Bolt backed off and ran at him, but the murder in him threw him off his stride. The kick he aimed at Mr. Dean went wide, and the force so made him slew that he lost his balance and fell beside him. When, with the strength he had left in him, Mr. Dean pinned down the legs of Mr. Bolt, Mr. Bolt went for his gun.

It seemed to me that time stopped moving for a while, and there was such a silence as I'd never heard. That gun kept coming from its scabbard, and all the miners looked at one another. Then I heard a shout, and it was me; I began to run, and that surprised me too. I don't guess I thought to be afraid of what might happen to me, for all I thought of was that Mr. Dean was going to die. Mr. Dean was kind and good to me, for he had opened up the doors and windows, and now they would be closed forever.

So I ran toward Mr. Bolt, and I had almost reached his arm when one of the hunkies caught me at the middle and swung me back. At the same time he grabbed the barrel of Mr. Bolt's revolver, wrenched it from his hand and slung it over the road. Then he bent his face down to the face of Mr. Bolt.

"Nah, there, Mr. Bolt; you'll fight him fair," he said. "He's shown his mettle today, and the beating he's had at your hands has made him one of ourselves. And we'll no more stand for his killin' than for that of another among us."

It was a strange thing to hear, and Mr. Bolt did not believe it until he'd pulled himself to his feet and looked at each of the miners in his turn. He believed it then, and there came over his face the look of a man upon whom an animal that he had brutalized has turned. He stood for the whole of a minute while the knowledge of his danger grew in him, and then he turned around and walked quickly down the road. He didn't even stop to get his gun.

Mr. Dean lay up in his room for seven days, and as Elaine was doing for him every minute of it, dust balls floated through the place like tumbleweeds, and everybody slept in rumpled piles of sheets and blankets.

My mother set a penance on the miners too. Every night that Mr. Dean was in his bed of pain, she fed them cold potatoes. It made no difference how they pleaded that a man must prove himself alone, she held them full of beastly sin for being slow in helping Mr. Dean, and all of the evenings of that week they sat glumly on the gallery with the cold potatoes in them. Nobody played the Game at all, and none of them went wallowing in the honky-tonks on Saturday. Not till Mr. Dean was well enough to play the death of Romeo did any of them laugh again.

I guess I blubbered some when I was allowed to see him and he said I was a foolish but a gallant boy. That was when I told him of the doors and windows, and how I'd been afraid I'd never get to see through them again.

"Ah, the doors," he said with a ghastly smile on his battered face. "You were able to see through them. And they made you want to know? They made you curious?"

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Ah, blessed curiosity," said Mr. Dean. "It is the mark of the educated man."

It was on the day that Mr. Dean got out of bed that my father returned from the assessment work and the fishing. He was not a bookish man, but he had gained a deal of learning in the wild, and as he looked suspiciously at Mr. Dean, at first, I sensed an encounter of powerful minds to be in the making.

"Mr. Dean," my father said, when he was told what had occurred, and had drawn conclusions from the way Elaine was taking care of Mr. Dean, "I'll ask you but a single question."

Mr. Dean drew himself up as best he could with all his injuries, and waited.

My father closed his eyes and seemed to dream a moment. "Given a sprightly day in May beside a tumbling mountain creek," he said, "what would the finding of a stone nymph suggest to you?"

Oh, it was a devilish question, and I feared again for Mr. Dean, but Mr. Dean was not afraid. He thought mightily for a minute, though, and a vein stood out on his temple.

"I would take the stone nymph," Mr Dean began, "and I would put it on a small hook and cast it out."

"Ah," my father said, but then he sharpened again. "Downstream?" he asked him slyly.

"Nay," said Mr. Dean. "Up. Against the current, and just below a rapids where the trout feed best."

"Ah," my father said again, and this time he smiled benignly upon Elaine and Mr. Dean. "What a pleasure it is to have a man of wisdom join the family."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That Hollingsworth boy certainly seems to have a way with the girls. . . ."

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The New Marilyn Monroe (Continued from Page 27)

up a couple of times before you meet her. Then she'll be late, and when I say late, I mean real late. You'll be so burned at her before she walks in that you'll wrap up your little voice-recording machine and get ready to leave at least three times—maybe four times—before she shows. But somebody will persuade you to wait, and finally Marilyn will come in, and before you know it, she'll have you wrapped up too. For she's warmhearted, amusing and likable, even if her lateness is a pain in the neck. And after that, if somebody says, 'That was mighty thoughtless of old Marilyn, keeping you waiting like that,' you'll want to slug him for being mean.

"What you won't know," that studio publicity man went on, "is that while you're having hell's own headache waiting for her, whatever publicity worker is trying to get her to see you is having an even bigger headache. Marilyn will be telling that publicity worker that her stomach is so upset that she's been throwing up for hours; she hasn't been able to get her make-up on right; or that she's got a bum deal in the wardrobe department and hasn't anything to wear."

So, in an effort to be witty, when Marilyn said, through the closed door, "I'll be out in just seven minutes," I said, "I'll settle for eight." Time was to prove it the unfunniest remark I've ever made. One hour later I asked Lois Weber, "What do you suppose she's doing in there?"

"You know how it is," my publicity-girl chaperone said soothingly, "a girl has to put on her face."

"What has she got, two heads?" I asked politely. A half hour later I suggested that Lois Weber go into the next room and see what was causing the delay.

Waiting for Lois Weber, I roamed the apartment. On a table lay a play manuscript. Typed on its cover was: Fallen Angels, by Noel Coward. Among the books which seemed in current use were Bernard Shaw's Letters to Ellen Terry, Shaw's Letters to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A., by Richard Aldrich.

Mute evidence of Marilyn's widely publicized drama studies at the Actors' Studio, where she was said to be seeking out the secrets of artistic acting, was a copy of James Joyce's Ulysses. Several lines of dialogue from that volume had been penciled on a piece of paper, obviously to be recited by or to a group of drama students; then the piece of paper had been thrust part way into the book. Lying on the floor was a large recording of John Barrymore as Hamlet.

That dialogue from Ulysses and the Barrymore recording represented one of the reasons why I was there. I'd read that Marilyn had gone "long hair" and "art theaterish," and I wanted to see for myself. Just seeing it in print didn't make it true.

Millions of words had been written about the alluring blonde in whose living room I sat, but most of those words had been of the "authorized" or "with-Marilyn's-blessing" variety. Several millions of them had appeared in fan magazines—after having first been O.K.'d by the 20th Century-Fox publicity department.

I'd read a lot of those words, but I still felt that I didn't understand this dame and I was sure that a lot of other people felt the same way about her and that, like myself, they'd been asking themselves for years, "What's she really like?"

On top of that, they were probably asking themselves other questions—as I was doing. "Why did she blow her marriage with Joe DiMaggio? Why did she walk out on a movie career which was paying her heavy money? Why did she duck California in favor of New York? Why, after she holed up there, did she attend the art-for-art's-sake Actors' Studio—surely an unlikely place for a girl who, up to that time, had done most of her acting with her hips?"

I hoped that when I talked to her she would tell me the answers to some of these things. Maybe I'd even see the "new Marilyn Monroe" I'd heard existed.

Lois Weber came back to report: "She thinks the maid must have gone off with the top of her tapered slacks. She's running around without a top on."

In an effort to keep me from brooding, Lois Weber said, "The azalea people down in Wilmington, North Carolina, want her for a personal appearance in April, but I told them they'd have to call me in April. Who knows where she'll be then?"

The minutes crawled by and I thought of various things that people had told me about Marilyn before I'd begun my marathon wait in her Sutton Place apartment. Every male friend I had told I was doing a story about Marilyn had asked me, "Can I go along to hold your notebook?" or "You call *that* work?" or "You get *paid* for that?" or "Can't I go along and hold the flash bulbs?" Apparently they felt that if they failed to go into a blood-bubbling, he-man routine at the drop of her name, their maleness was suspect. When Marilyn appeared breathless and friendly as a puppy, I told her of this phenomenon. "How do you explain it?" I asked. "Have you become a symbol of sex?"

She gave my query thought before answering. "There are people to whom other people react, and other people who do nothing for people," she said. "I react to men, too, but I don't do it because I'm trying to prove I'm a woman. Personally I react to Marlon Brando. He's a favorite of mine. There are two kinds of reactions. When you see some people you say, 'Gee!' When you see other people you say, 'Ugh!' If that part about my being a symbol of sex is true, it ought to help at the box office, but I don't want to be too commercial about it." Quite seriously she said, "After all, it's a responsibility, too—being a symbol, I mean."

I told her I'd heard that among the titles bestowed upon her were Woo-Woo Girl, Miss Cheesecake, The Girl With the Horizontal Walk. "I don't get what they mean by 'horizontal walk,'" she said. "Naturally I know what walking means—anybody knows that—and horizontal means not vertical. So what?" I thought of trying to blueprint it for her; then decided not to.

The Hollywood publicity worker who had warned me that she would be "real late" had talked to me quite frankly about Marilyn; he had pulled no punches; but since it is unfair to quote a publicity worker by name, I'll call him Jones. And since "flack" is Hollywood slang for publicity man, I'll call him Flack Jones.

Jones worked for 20th Century-Fox during the years before Marilyn staged her walkout. Since then he has moved on to bigger—if not better—things. He has opened his own public-relations office, with branches in Paris and Rome. He is bald as a peeled egg. He is as broad as a small barn door; a junior-executive-size Mister Five-by-Five. He wears black-rimmed glasses instead of the clear tortoise-shell plastic variety.

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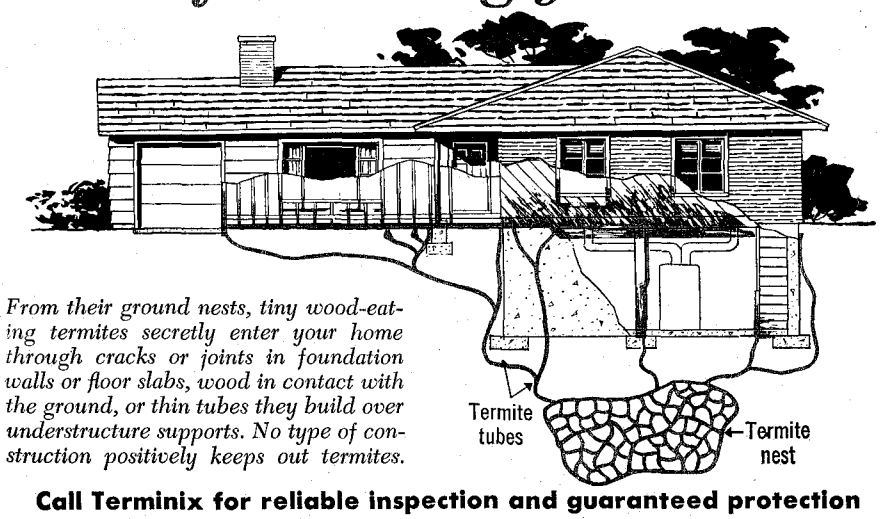

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"A thing that fascinates me is this," I told Flack Jones: "the first time I ever saw her I was sitting with a friend in the Fox commissary and this girl came in without any make-up on. She was wearing a blouse and skirt, and she sat against the wall. She bore no resemblance to anybody I'd ever seen before, but, to my amazement, my friend said, 'That's Marilyn Monroe.' What I want to know is: Does she have to get into her Marilyn Monroe suit or put on her Marilyn Monroe face before she looks like Marilyn Monroe?"

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"This is true of all platinum blondes or whatever you call the highly dyed jobs we have out here," Flack Jones said. "If their hair isn't touched up and coiffured exactly right; if they're not gowned perfectly and their make-up is not one hundred per cent, they look gruesome. This is not peculiar to Monroe; it's peculiar to every other synthetic blonde I've ever known in picture business. There are very few natural blondes in Hollywood and, so far as I know, there have been no natural platinum blondes in mankind's history, except albinos. They are strictly a product of the twentieth century. They're created blondes, and when you create a blonde you have to complete your creation with make-up and dramatic clothes, otherwise you've got only part of an assembly job."

I also talked to a member of the Fox Studio legal staff, who told me a Monroe story I found provocative. "One day," he said, "she was in this office, and I said to her, 'It would be better for you to sign this contract this year instead of next. It will save you money.' She looked at me and said, 'I'm not interested in money. I just want to be wonderful.' Then she walked out." The legal light looked at me helplessly and shrugged. "What do you suppose she meant by that?" he asked. I said I had no idea, but that I'd try to find out.

And I asked a friend high enough up in the Fox hierarchy to know the answer, "Why do you think your studio let her come back to work for it after she walked out and stayed in New York for fifteen months?"

"Our attitude was that she'd never work on our lot again," he announced firmly; then he grinned, "unless we needed her."

One of my longer talks was with Billy Wilder, who directed her in the film The Seven Year Itch.

"What do you want to know?" he asked when I went to see him in his Beverly Hills home.

"One of the interesting things about this Monroe girl, to me," I said, "is she seemed in danger of spoiling what had begun as a successful career by running away from it. I began to ask myself: How long can a movie actress afford to stay away from movie-making and still remain a star? The mere strangeness of her staying away gets her a terrific press for a while and makes everyone in the country conscious of her, but is it possible to stay away so long that you're forgotten? Was that about to happen to Marilyn?"

"I don't think there was any danger of Marilyn sinking into oblivion," Wilder said. "A thing like her doesn't come along every minute."

I asked, "What do you mean 'a thing like her'?"

"She has what I call flesh impact," he told me. "It's very rare. Three I remember are Clara Bow, Jean Harlow and Rita Hayworth. Such girls have flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it."

"I've heard that it's a moot question as to whether Marilyn's an actress or not," I said.

"I've heard that, too," he replied. "Before we go further I must tell you that I like the girl, but it's also moot whether you have to be an actor or an actress to be a success in pictures. I'm sure you've heard the theory that there are two kinds of stars—those who can act and those who are personalities. I'll take a personality any time. Something comes down from the screen to you when you see them, in a way that it doesn't always come from the indifferently paid actors, although they may be perfect at their jobs."

"It's nothing against them or for them," Flack Jones said, when I repeated Wilder's idea to him. "It's the way this business is put together. If the public likes a personality, he or she goes over. You take Tab Rock," he said (only Tab Rock is not the name he used). "Old Tab's a terrific personality. I doubt if he's ever made a flop picture, but he's never made a really good picture. This fellow can't pick up his hat without instruction, yet he's always picking up villains and throwing them across a bar singlehanded. He can clean up any barroom on the frontier, but he can't clean up a kitchen. He's a nice guy, but no one has ever called him an actor. You take Lloyd Nolan now, or Van Heflin. That's acting for you. You believe them. There are lights and shades and meaning to what they do. But when old Tab Rock comes on the screen, he's got to throw somebody around to prove his art. He can do this quicker than anybody in Hollywood, and this is his great value."

"He sounds brave," I said.

"No one is braver or more scornful about it," Flack Jones said. "His bravery is without parallel in the industry. He's the only man I ever saw who could take a forty-five and go to the Near East and clean the whole mess up in a day or two. He never fails. That's the difference between a personality and an actor."

When I talked to Wilder I said that I'd read that when Marilyn had announced that she wanted to appear in a movie version of The Brothers Karamazov, some people hooted.

"The hooters were wrong," Wilder told me. "She meant that she wanted to play the part of Grushenka in that book, and people who haven't read the book don't know that Grushenka is a sex pot. People think this is a long-hair, very thick, very literary book, but Dostoevski knew what he was doing and there is nothing long-hair about Grushenka. Marilyn knows what she's doing too. She would be a good Grushenka.

"It was after she said that she wanted to be in The Brothers Karamazov," Wilder went on, "that she started going to the Actors' Studio School of Dramatic Arts in New York. She didn't do it for publicity. She's sincerely trying to improve herself, and I think she should be admired for that. She could have sat here in Hollywood on her pretty little fanny and collected all of the money any ordinary actress would ever want, but she keeps trying.

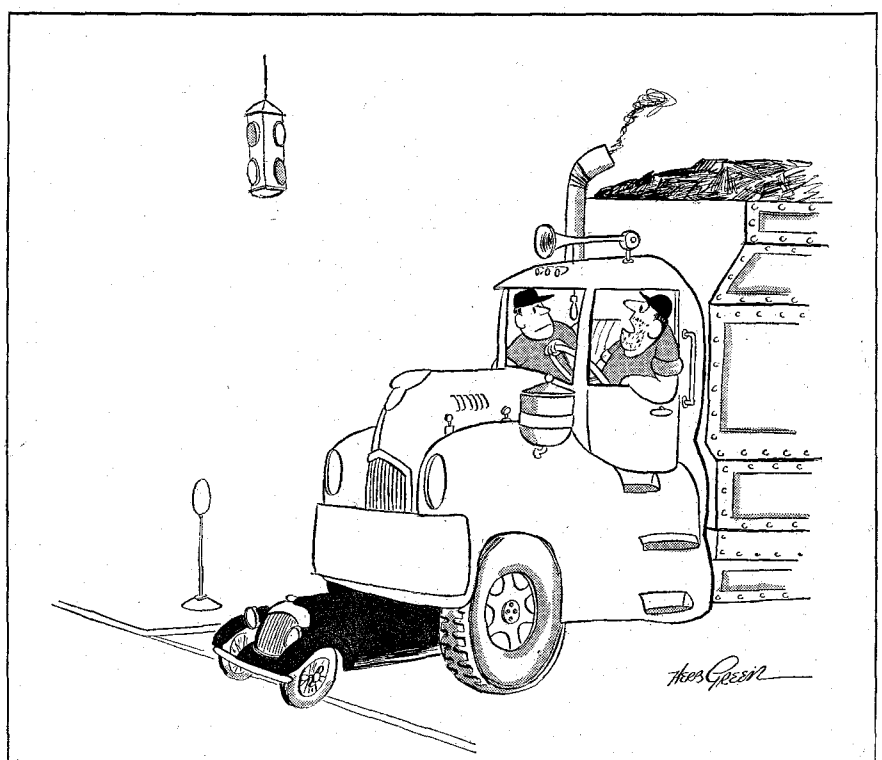
"Right now, as of today, no matter what she thinks, Marilyn's great value is as a personality, not as an actress. [Wilder told me these things while Marilyn was still in New York being groomed by the Actors' Studio. It may be that what happened to her during her Eastern schooling in new dramatic ways may change his opinion, but I haven't talked to him since her return to Hollywood.] If she sets out to be artistic and dedicated, and she carries it so far that she's willing to wear Sloppy-Joe sweaters and go without make-up and let her hair hang straight as a string, this is not what has made her great to date. I don't say that it's beyond the realm of possibility that she can establish herself as a straight dramatic actress—it is possible—but it will be another career for her, a starting all over."

Back in New York, when Marilyn made that long, long journey from her bedroom to her living room in her apartment, I said to her, "I've heard your childhood referred to as 'the perfect Cinderella story.'"

"I don't know where they got that," she told me. "I haven't ended up with a prince, and I've never had even one fairy godmother. My birth certificate reads Norma Jean Mortenson. I was told that my father was killed in an automobile accident before I was born, so that is what I've always told people. There was no way I could check on that because my mother was put into a mental institution when I was little, and I was brought up as an orphan."

I had read that she spent her childhood being farmed out to foster parents and to orphanages, but, talking to her, I discovered that there'd been only one orphanage, although it was true about the foster parents. "I have had eleven or twelve sets of them," she told me, "but I don't want to count them all again, to see whether there were eleven or twelve. I hope you won't ask me to. It depresses me. Some families would keep me longer; others would get tired of me in a short time. I must have made them nervous or something."

She thought of something else. "I had one pair of foster parents who, when I was about (*Continued on Page 152*)



"Do you keep hearing muffled shouting?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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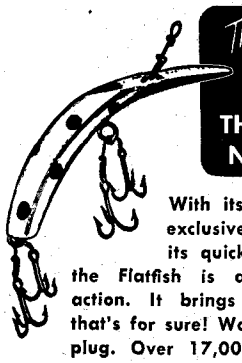

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(*Continued from Page 150*) ten, made me promise never to drink when I grew up, and I signed a pledge never to smoke or swear. My next foster family gave me empty whisky bottles for playthings. With them I played store. I guess I must have had the finest collection of empty whisky bottles any girl ever had. I'd line them up on a plank beside the road, and when people drove along I'd say, 'Wouldn't you like some whisky?' I remember some of the people in the cars driving past my 'whisky' store saying, 'Imagine! Why, it's terrible!' Looking back, I guess I used to play-act all the time. For one thing, it meant I could live in a more interesting world than the one around me.

"The first family I lived with told me I couldn't go to the movies because it was sinful," Marilyn said. "I listened to them say the world was coming to an end, and if I was doing something sinful when it happened, I'd go down below, below, below. So the few times I was able to sneak into a movie, I spent most of the time that I was there praying that the world wouldn't end."

Apparently I had been misinformed about her first marriage, to a young man named Jim Dougherty. I'd got the idea that she'd married him while they were both in Van Nuys High School; that she'd got a "crush" on him because he was president of the student body there, and a big wheel around school.

"That's not true," she told me. "In the first place, he was twenty-one or twenty-two—well, at least he was twenty-one and already out of high school. So all I can say is that he must have been pretty dumb if he were still in high school when I married him. And I didn't have a crush on him, although he claimed I did in a story he wrote about us. The truth is the people I was staying with moved East. They couldn't afford to take me because when they left California they'd stop getting the twenty dollars a month the county or the state was paying them to help them clothe and feed me. So instead of going back into a boarding home or with still another set of foster parents, I got married.

"That marriage ended in a divorce, but not until World War Two was over. Jim is now a policeman. He lives in Reseda, in the San Fernando Valley, and he is happily married and has three daughters. But while he was away in the merchant marine I worked in the dope room of a plane factory. That company not only made planes, it made parachutes.

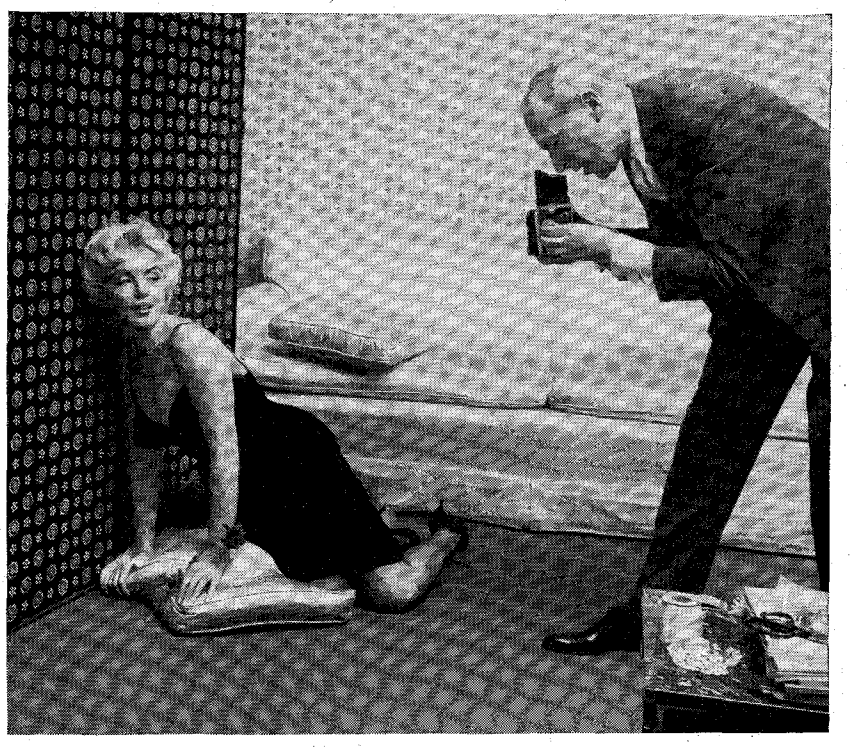
"For a while I'd been inspecting parachutes. Then they quit letting us girls do that and they had the parachutes inspected on the outside, but I don't think it was because of my inspecting. Then I was in the dope room spraying dope on fuselages. Dope is liquid stuff, like banana oil and glue mixed.

"I was out on sick leave for a few days, and when I came back the Army photographers from the Hal Roach Studios, where they had the Army photographic headquarters, were around taking photographs and snapping and shooting while I was doping those ships. The Army guys saw me and asked, 'Where have you been?'

"'I've been on sick leave,' I said.

"'Come outside,' they told me. 'We're going to take your picture.'

"'Can't,' I said. 'The other ladies here in the dope room will give me trouble if I stop doing what I'm doing and go out with you.' That didn't discourage those Army photographers. They got special permission for me to go outside from Mr. Whosis, the president of the plant. For a while they posed me rolling ships; then they asked me, 'Don't you have a sweater?'



The famous British photographer, Cecil Beaton, shoots Marilyn. For the results, see page 25. Says the lady: "It's a responsibility—being a symbol of sex, I mean."

"'Yes,' I told them, 'it so happens I brought one with me. It's in my locker.' After that I rolled ships around in a sweater. The name of one of those Army photographers was David Conover. He lives up near the Canadian border. He kept telling me, 'You should be a model,' but I thought he was flirting. Several weeks later, he brought the color shots he'd taken of me, and he said the Eastman Kodak Company had asked him, 'Who's your model, for goodness' sake?'

"So I began to think that maybe he wasn't kidding about how I ought to be a model. Then I found that a girl could make five dollars an hour modeling, which was different from working ten hours a day for the kind of money I'd been making at the plane plant. And it was a long way from the orphanage, where I'd been paid five cents a week for working in the dining room or ten cents a month for working in the pantry. And out of those big sums a penny every Sunday had to go into the church collection. I never could figure why they took a penny from an orphan for that."

"How did you happen to sign your first movie contract?" I asked.

She tossed a cascade of white-blond tresses from her right eye and said, "I had appeared on five magazine covers. Mostly men's magazines."

What, I asked, did she mean by men's magazines? "Magazines," she said, "with cover girls who are not flat-chested. I was on See four or five months in a row. Each time they changed my name. One month I was Norma Jean Dougherty—that was my first husband's name. The second month I was Jean Norman. I don't know what all names they used, but I must have looked different each time. There were different poses—outdoors, indoors, but mostly just sitting looking over the Pacific. You looked at those pictures and you didn't see much ocean, but you saw a lot of me.

"One of the magazines I was on wasn't a man's magazine at all. It was called Family Circle. You buy it in supermarkets. I was holding a lamb with a pinafore. I was the one with the pinafore. But on most covers I had on things like a striped towel. The towel was striped because the cover was to be in color and the stripes were the color, and there was a big fan blowing on the towel and on my hair. That was right after my first divorce, and I needed to earn a living bad. I couldn't type. I didn't know how to do anything. So Howard Hughes had an accident."

I wondered if I'd missed something, but apparently I hadn't. "He was in the hospital," she went on, "and Hedda Hopper wrote in her column: 'Howard Hughes must be recuperating because he sent out for photographs of a new girl he's seen on five different magazines.' Right after that Howard Hughes' casting director got my telephone number somehow, and he got in touch with me and he said Howard Hughes wanted to see me.

"But he must have forgotten or changed his mind or something," she said, "because instead of going to see him, I went over to the Fox Studio with a fellow named Harry Lipton, who handled my photography modeling. Expensive cars used to drive up beside me when I was on a street corner or walking on a sidewalk, and the driver would say, 'I could do something for you in pictures. How would you like to be a Goldwyn girl?' I figured those guys in those cars were trying for a pick-up, and I got an agent so I could say to those fellows, 'See my agent.' That's how I happened to be handled by Harry Lipton."

Harry took her to see Ivan Kahn, then head of Fox's talent department, and also to see Ben Lyon, who was doing a talent-scouting job for Fox.

I asked her how it happened that she changed her name from Norma Jean Dougherty to Marilyn Monroe.

"It was Ben Lyon who renamed me," she said. "Ben said that I reminded him of two people, Jean Harlow and somebody else he remembered very well, a girl named Marilyn Miller. When all the talk began about renaming me, I asked them please could I keep my mother's maiden name, which was Monroe; so the choice was whether to call me Jean Monroe or Marilyn Monroe, and Marilyn won."

I asked Flack Jones, "What happened when she came to your studio?"

"She came twice," he said. "The first time was in 1946. We did our best with her, but she just hadn't grown up enough. She was great as far as looks went, but she didn't know how to make the most of her looks or what to do with them. That came with practice. Not that you have to (*Continued on Page 154*

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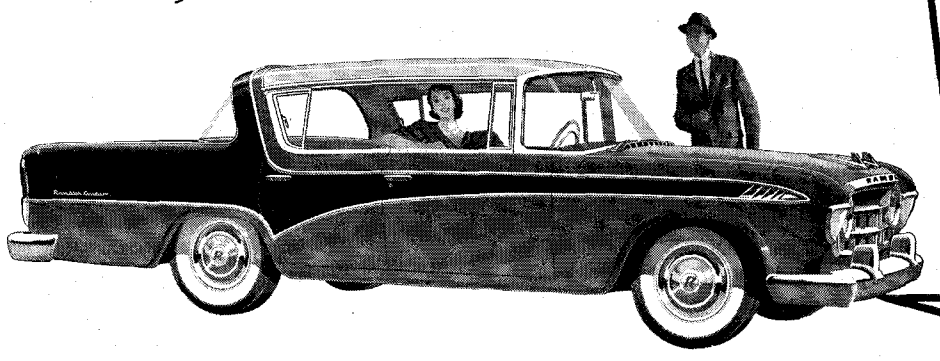

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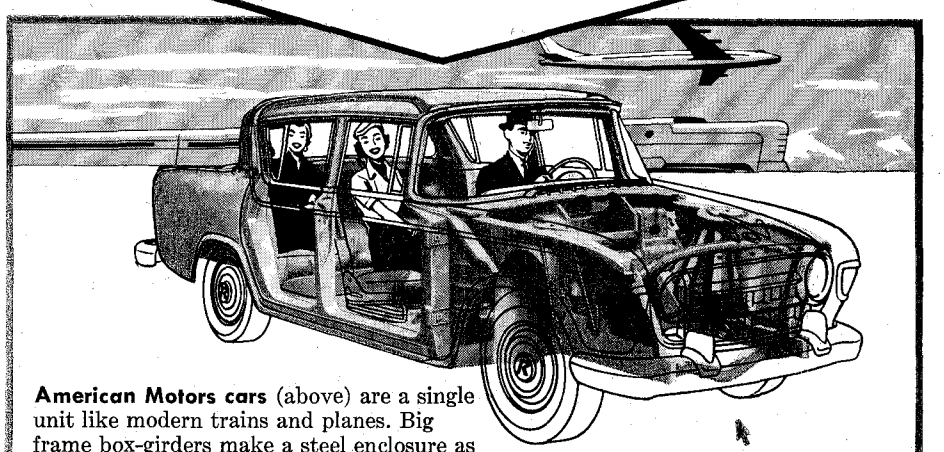

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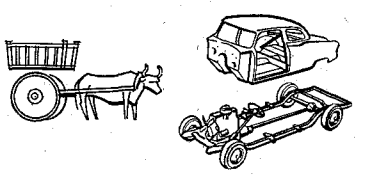

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(*Continued from Page 152*) mature mentally to be a star. In fact, it can be a holdback. It might even defeat you. Stars who are mature mentally are in the minority. But actually we had no stories lying around at that time in which she would appear to advantage. So we tried her out in a picture or two in which she played bit parts—secretaries, the pretty girl in the background. Then we let her go, and she went over to RKO and did a picture with Groucho."

"I didn't see the film," I said, "but you'd think with the Marx Brothers chasing her, like a bosomy mechanical bunny romping about the sound stage a couple of jumps ahead of the greyhounds, the fun would have been fast and furious."

"The trouble was that while the Marx Brothers always chased a dame in their pictures," Flack Jones told me, "they never caught the dame. And usually the dame never became a star, so the whole thing was a waste of time. It was amusing while you were watching it, but the girls usually outran the Marx boys and a career."

Marilyn gave me her own version of Flack Jones' story:

"Most of what I did while I was at Fox that first time was pose for stills. Publicity made up a story about how I was a baby sitter who'd been baby sitting for the casting director and that's how I was discovered. They told me to say that, although it strictly wasn't true. You'd think that they would have used a little more imagination and have had me at least a daddy sitter."

Flack Jones had filled me in on some more Monroe chronology: "After she left us she went to Metro and appeared in The Asphalt Jungle, directed by John Huston," he said. "Marilyn's role was small. She was only a walk-on, but she must have looked good to Darryl Zanuck, for when he saw it, he re-signed her. Asphalt Jungle was one of those gangster things. There was a crooked legal mouthpiece in it, a suave fellow, played by Louis Calhern. Marilyn was his 'niece'; which was a nice word for 'keptie.' She'd say a few lines of dialogue; then she'd look up at him with those big eyes and call him 'Uncle.'"

"When did you first notice her impact on the public?" I asked.

"Once we got her rolling, it was like a tidal wave," he said. "We began to release some photographs of her, and as soon as they appeared in print, we had requests for more from all over the world. We had the newspapers begging for art; then the photo syndicates wanted her; then the magazines began to drool. For a while we were servicing three or four photos to key newspapers all over the world once a week—and that was before she had appeared in a picture.

"Once this building-up process started," Flack Jones explained, "other people got interested in her. We called up the top cameramen around town who had their own outlets, and we told them what we had, and we asked them if they'd like to photograph her. They said, 'Ho, boy, yes.'

"We told them what the deal was," Flack Jones went on. "We said, 'We think this girl has a great future; she's beautiful, her chassis is great, and are you interested?' Each guy had his own idea of what he wanted, and he let his imagination play upon her. This is the way such things get done. They're not created by one person. They're the creation of all of the press representatives who cover Hollywood for all the publications in the world, which means about three hundred and fifty people.

"Everybody in the studio publicity department worked on her." Jones ticked them off on his finger tips, "The picture division, the magazine division, the fan-magazine division, the planters who plant the columnists, the radio planters, and so forth. Then, when you make a motion picture, a 'unit man' or 'unit woman' is assigned to cover its shooting, and he or she handles publicity for that film alone. In addition, the whole department works on the same picture. Our department is highly specialized, but each specialist makes his contribution to the personality we're erecting in the public's mind."

"I've met a couple of press agents who've been unit men on Marilyn's films," I said.

"But the unit man is not always the same for a certain star's pictures," Jones said. "Sonia Wilson's been unit woman on Monroe pictures, and Frankie Neal's been a unit man on her pictures, but Roy Craft has been her unit man more than anyone else. Roy likes her. He gets along with her fine."

There was something else I wanted to know. "In addition to distributing her photographs," I asked, "did you have her show up at different places where you thought her appearance would do her good?"

"We took her to all of the cocktail parties we thought were important," Flack Jones said. "For instance, one picture magazine had its annual cocktail party, and we told Marilyn she ought to show so we could introduce her to various editors, columnists and radio and TV people. She waited until everybody had arrived; then she came in in this red gown. That gown became famous. She'd had sense enough to buy it a size or two too small, and it had what Joe Hyams calls 'break-away straps.'

"When she came in, everybody stopped doing what they were doing and their eyes went, 'Boing, boing,'" Flack Jones went on. "The publisher of the magazine who was picking up the tab for the party shook hands with her a long, long time. After a while he turned to one of his associate editors and said, 'We ought to have a picture of this little girl in our book.' Then he looked at her again and said, 'Possibly we should have her on the cover.'"

Flack Jones grinned. "So that's the way things went," he said. "Some months there were as many as fifteen or sixteen covers of her on the newsstands at once. She came back to the Fox lot in 1950 to appear in All About Eve, but she was not anyone's great, big, brilliant discovery until we got our still cameras focused on her and started spreading those Marilyn Monroe shots all over the universe."

"What did she do in All About Eve?" I asked. "I don't remember."

"She's the dumb broad who walks into a party at Bette Davis' place leaning on George Sanders' arm," he said. "There's dialogue which shows you that Sanders is a critic, like George Jean Nathan; and he brings this beautiful dish Marilyn in, and he sights a producer played by Gregory Ratoff. Sanders points at Ratoff and says to Marilyn, 'There's a real live producer, honey. Go do yourself some good.' So Marilyn goes off to do herself some good while Sanders stays in his own price class with Bette."

"Do you remember the first day she came to work?" I asked.

"Do I remember?" he said. "She was in an Angora sweater out to there. While we were shooting her in photography, the word got around and the boys rushed across the hall to get an eyeful. Next we did some layouts with her for picture magazines. We put her in a negligee, and she liked it so much that she wouldn't take it off. She walked all over the lot in it, yelling, 'Yoo hoo' at strangers as far away as the third floor of the administration building. Pretty soon the whole third floor was looking down at her. The first and second floors looked too."

Flack Jones did an abrupt shift into the present tense, "It's a bright, sunny day; the wind is blowing and she has Nature working with her. It has taken Nature quite a while to bring her to the ripe-peach perfection she reaches on that day, but it finally makes it. The wind does the rest. She walks all over the lot, has a ball for herself, and so does everybody else."

Then he shifted back again, "After that we took her to the beach with a lot of wardrobe changes. But the basic idea was that this is a beautiful girl with a great body, and that idea was always the same, although we had different approaches to it. We had color shots, we had black-and-white shots, we had mountain shots, we had field shots, faked water-skiing shots—every type of approach we could think of. Picnicking, walking—anything a person does, we let her do it. When we began to see what she did best, we concentrated on it.

"Women always hate the obvious in sex," Flack Jones said, "and men love it." Apparently he had given this matter a lot of thought. He had even worked out a philosophy about it. "Guys are instinctively awkward and blundering and naïve—even worldly-wise ones—and subtlety in sex baffles them. Not only that, but they don't have the time. Women who are not supporting a husband have all the time in the world for it. But men have other things to do, like making a dollar; and they like their love-making without preliminaries which last four or five hours. Instinctively Marilyn knows this. She is very down-to-earth, very straightforward."

I asked Marilyn when I talked to her back on Sutton Place, "Do you think men like their sex subtle or fairly obvious?" This was a double check. I already had the male answer.

It seemed to me that she hedged. "Some men prefer subtleties and other men don't want things so subtle," she said. "I don't believe in false modesty. A woman only hurts herself that way. If she's coy she's denying herself an important part of life. Men sometimes believe that you're frigid and cold in the development of a relationship, but if they do, it's not always your fault. Religion has to do with it and how you're brought up. You're stuck with all that."

I remembered something else Wilder had told me before Marilyn's recent return to Hollywood to make the film version of the New York stage hit Bus Stop. "You take Monroe, now," he remarked. "Aside from whether she's an actress or not, she's got this lovely little shape, it twitches excitingly, and the public likes to watch it, either coming toward them or going away. There are two schools of thought about her—those who like her and those who attack her—but they both are willing to pay to watch her. Their curiosity is good for eighty cents or a dollar and a quarter or whatever the price of the ticket."

He shook his head thoughtfully. "And she went back East to study at a slow take arty place, where they feature under statement. Here's a girl who's built herself a career on overstating something and she's made up her mind to under state. It won't be long before we'll know whether she's right and whether she needs the wardrobe department and the hair dressing department as much as she needs artistic lines to say. It'll be interesting to watch and I hope it works out the way she wants it to, but the lines that the public really wants from her so far are not written in English. They are her curves."

The voice of Flack Jones echoed in the back of my head. "I forgot to tell you. When she finished that Marx Brothers picture, she went over to Columbia for a couple of shows, but she didn't click, and they released her too. After that she was around town for a while going broke. It was then that she posed for that famous nude calendar—the composition of glowing flesh against a red velvet background which threw the public into a tizzy when they learned about it."

I asked Marilyn to tell me the story of that nude calendar herself, and she said, "When the studio first heard about it everybody there was in a frenzy. They telephoned me on the set where I was working in a quickie called Don't Bother to Knock. The person who called asked me, 'What's all this about a calendar of you in the nude? Did you do it?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'Is there anything wrong with it? So they've found out it's me on that calendar. Well, what do you know.'

"'Found out!' he almost screamed. 'There you are, all of you, in full color.' Then he must have gotten mixed up, for first he said, 'Just deny everything'; then he said, 'Don't say anything. I'll be right down.'"

The author interviewing Marilyn. Says Pete Martin: "Every male friend I told I was doing a story about her asked me, 'Can I go along to hold your notebook?'"

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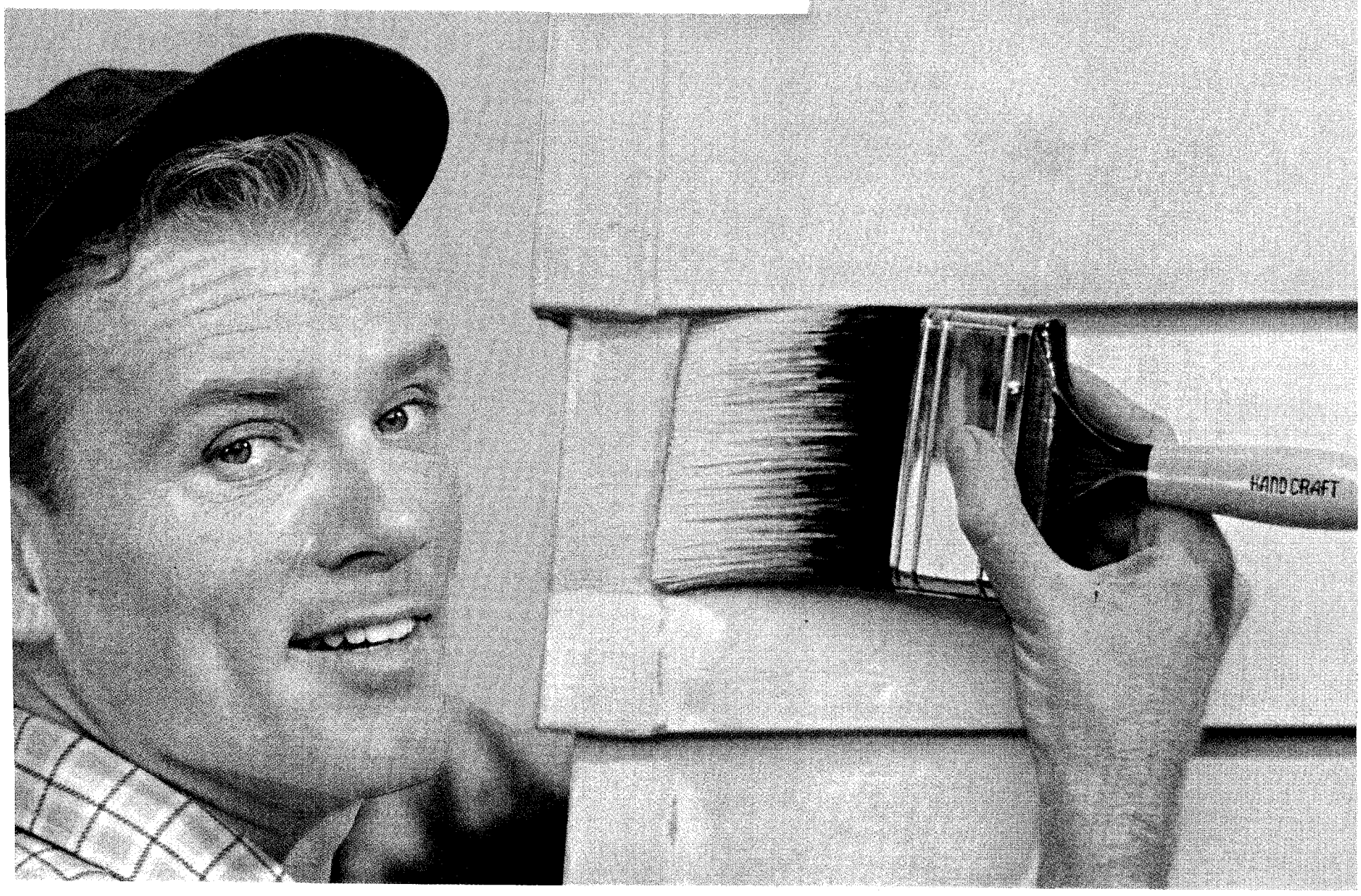

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They Smuggle Dope by the Ton

(Continued from Page 42)

currency it is worth $8,000,000. To an informer and the police and other officials involved in its seizure, it means sharing a reward of $1,200,000. To the smugglers, safe across the river, this particular twenty tons meant a large sum in gold bars. To the world at large, it meant that Red China, from which the opium is said to have come, was pressing its campaign to corrupt the democracies. It is no wonder, then, that the revelations provoked by the seizure disturbed a number of people around the world, and changed the face of the government here in Thailand.

The scene on the Maesai River was staged by Gen. Phao Sriyanond, a solid, red-faced man with a plump and smiling mien and intense, unsmiling eyes. At the time he was director general of police, deputy minister of finance, deputy minister of the interior and, as one of Prime Minister P. Pibulsonggram's trusted lieutenants, the country's "strong man."

It was to General Phao that the mysterious informer brought his valuable information. It was General Phao who ordered his deputy to seize the contraband and bring it safely to Bangkok. And it was General Phao, according to an authority too important to ignore, who—as director general of police—signed the request for the reward; and then rushed across town to the Ministry of Finance to grant the request—as deputy minister—when it passed his desk. When a storm of criticism broke, Phao was shipped off to Japan and the United States on a vague mission, while the government relieved him of his job in the Finance Ministry, curtailed his power elsewhere, and attempted to clean up the mess.

The great extent of the mess was revealed at the prime minister's weekly press conference, where newsmen tried to get answers to outstanding questions on the opium seizure. In the absence of General Phao, the brunt of the attack was taken by the finance minister, Phra Boriphan, a balding man with a long, sad face. His replies to questions seemed to indicate that he was not fully informed of the incident; yet the seized opium had been delivered to his excise department, and his ministry had paid out the huge reward.

It was the reward that most piqued the interest of the press. Rewards are based on the quality of the opium seized, thus necessitating some delay in payment while the excise department grades the drug. In this case, contrary to custom, the reward had been paid in what the press considered unseemly haste. General Phao had been quoted as saying that quick payment was necessary because the informer's life was in danger and an immediate tour of foreign lands was required. Later, this was denied. The finance minister apparently did not see the reward checks, for he said he did not know the identity of the informer. And three weeks after this nebulous gentleman had presumably pocketed his share of the reward, the finance minister had to admit that the excise department was still weighing and grading the opium—a process, as we have said, that affects the size of the reward to be paid.

"You are weighing the opium and you have already paid the reward?" a reporter asked incredulously.

The harassed minister flushed. "That is," he stammered—"well—uh—we stick to our first report."

The prime minister sat brooding through the cross-examination the press gave his finance minister, and offered no help when Phra Boriphan's eyes turned to him for support.

"Don't ask me!" Pibul said with a shrug at one point. "I don't know anything about the question."

Now, Prime Minister Pibulsonggram is not given to public displays of anger or irritation. He is a mild-mannered man, dapper in his Western suits and four-in-hand ties, and usually urbane and smiling. But he was just back from a goodwill tour of the United States and Europe, and the effect of the tour seemed threatened by the bad publicity the opium trade was giving his country. In addition, his aide had not thought fit to impart to him the intimate details of the opium transaction.

"I don't know any more about it than you do," the prime minister irritably told a reporter who persisted in asking him about the reward. "I don't like it either. I want to know about this as much as you do. Even my defense plans are not secret. But everything about opium is secret—very secret." And he turned with heavy sarcasm toward his cabinet members sitting behind him. "May I myself know who got the rewards?" he asked.

One reason for the prime minister's irritation was a new criticism of Thailand's approach to the opium traffic, by the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs. Harry J. Anslinger, the United States Narcotics Commissioner, had declared that "more illicit opium moves to and around Chiengrai (in Northern Thailand) than any other place in the world." Most of this, he charged, came from Red China's province of Yunnan, a few hundred miles north of the Thai border. Its export through illicit channels, Mr. Anslinger charged, was part of a communist policy to corrupt the people of the free world, and, with the foreign exchange thus obtained, support the communist underground in Southeast Asia.

The commission report issued last May left little doubt of its dissatisfaction with Thailand's role in the trade. The commission commended Burma for the "persistent efforts it has made and is still making in the face of many obstacles to suppress the flow of opium from north (China) to south (Thailand)." But, said the commission, "it feels bound to record its concern at the present situation in Thailand."

It had become apparent that Thailand's enormous opium traffic—estimated at between 300 and 400 tons a year—was more than a domestic issue. It was a question of growing importance to the world at large. With the entrance of the Chinese communists into the traffic, it seemed to involve much more than, as Prime Minister Pibul said, "the honor of my country." Yunnanese opium and its derivatives have been seized in Hong Kong, Macau, Singapore, Marseilles, Tokyo—and San Francisco, St. Louis and New York. The fact that much of it passes through Bangkok embarrasses the Thai people, but it is an embarrassment of long standing. Opium smuggling has been a part of the Thai economic and political scheme for many years.

To begin with, Thailand has a frontier in the north and east of mountain wilderness through which a thousand dim trails can lead smugglers to Thailand and foreign gold. Hidden among these mountains are hill tribes who have for centuries grown opium for export to the lowlanders, and behind them are the greater poppy fields of China's province of Yunnan. The entire Thai army and police force combined could not close this uncharted wilderness against smugglers.

The trade, both legal and illegal, was pretty much confined in the beginning to

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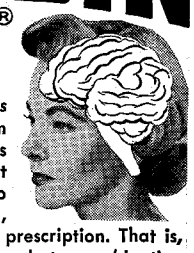

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e Chinese community in Thailand. ıere are about 3,000,000 Chinese here ɔw, most of them from southern provces of China where a pipe of opium is ought to be no more sinful than a prenner Martini. The Thais, who consider e habit degrading, hospitably permitted ıinese residents to operate divans d destroy themselves if they wished. ; for the Thais, they would merely tract a profit from the habit by licens- ; divans and monopolizing the sale of ium.

But government control created a ɔfitable traffic in illicit opium. Venal ɔmbers of the ill-paid police force disvered in opium a perquisite much ɔater than the customary squeeze aped to Chinese merchants. Businessmen ɔn recognized the profits to be made by ancing illicit opium imports for sale in ailand and overseas, and formed alliɔes with government officials to protect ɔir investments. By the end of the last r, the monster the country had pertted to grow up had become so large d its tentacles so widely spread that the vernment could hardly touch any part it without feeling a twinge in its own ıtomy. In 1949 and 1950, when it was ɔed the illicit traffic had reached its ık, the government was realizing from 000,000 to $5,000,000 a year from all ɔects of the legal opium trade. Smokers ɔe then consuming about twenty tons a r. Significantly, most of this was supɔd to the divans by the government nopoly from stocks of opium seized by police. The opium cost the governnt no more than the rewards it paid to ɔrmers and police participating in the ure.

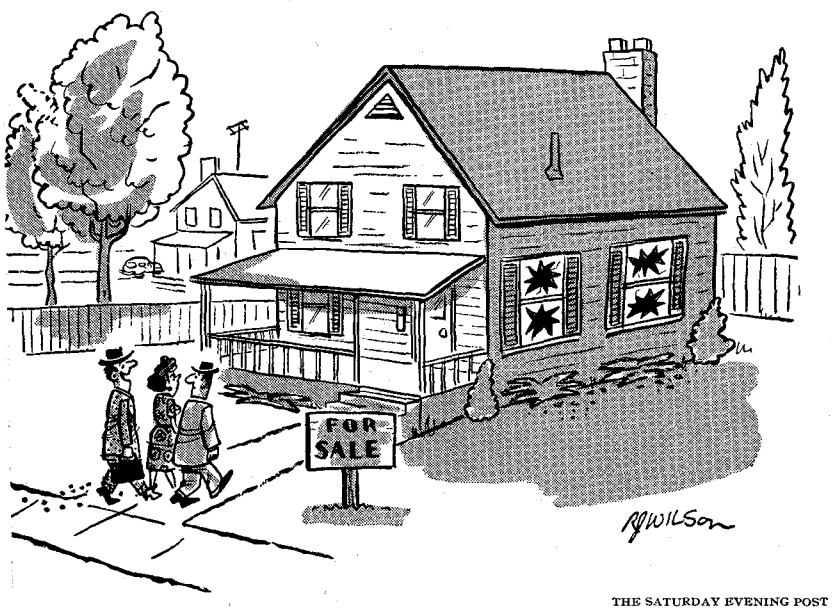
Those were the years when the United ions first took public exception to the it traffic through Thailand to other ntries in the Far East, Europe and erica. The government expressed reand announced the establishment of Opium Suppression Committee, aimed ard "complete suppression of the narɔs traffic in Thailand by the end of year, in compliance with a pledge le to the United Nations." An imant part of the program was an inse of the reward for the seizure of ɔed opium from twenty-five satangs gram—about one and a quarter s—to one baht—about five cents. The money quickly discovered that a er could buy opium from the northern ɔliers at one fifth of a baht per gram, ɔm the police of the date of its arrival ıe border, collect 85 per cent of the ırd—the remainder going to the police and other officials—and make a safe and comfortable profit on the transaction.

The press noticed that when large seizures of opium were made the police rarely captured any of the smugglers. Between February and June of 1950 the police seized almost sixteen tons of opium, worth at that time about $3,000,000—almost as much as the government monopoly's legal income from sales for that entire year. The police now claim that more than $8,000,000 worth of illicit opium is being seized annually. Officials estimate this represents about 20 per cent of the amount that slips through their fingers. Even if Thailand is seizing as much as claimed, the traffic is worth at least $69,000,000 a year to smugglers and agents who don't get caught. If United Nations estimates are correct, the take is much greater.

With profits so fat, the traffic was bound to interest some of the smartest members of the Thai and Chinese communities. As is usual with trade in Thailand, the opium traffic came under the control of the Chinese, with one man or a few men running the organization. The actual importing seems to have come under the control of the national police, whose duties along Thailand's demilitarized northern frontiers gave them an advantage over their rivals in the army.

Thailand, it should be explained, has been ruled by *coup d'état* for over twenty years. The last successful coup was staged in 1947 by young officers of the army and the police. Field Marshal Pibulsonggram was returned to the post of prime minister, which he had lost at the end of the war, but the coup leaders kept for themselves much of the power and the riches their daring had won. When the spoils were divided, a conflict developed over who was to control the opium traffic.

The Thai press called it the "Opium War" and its protagonists the "yellow uniforms" and the "green uniforms." The engagements were subterranean for the most part, but occasionally there was a clash that could not be kept secret. One of these occurred in 1950 at Lampang, the railroad center just south of Chiengrai. The police in their yellow uniforms halted an army convoy carrying several tons of opium from the border to a railroad rendezvous at Lampang. The army troops not only refused to surrender their cargo but set up machine guns and defied the police to take it. The police brought out their heaviest guns and took shelter facing their rivals. No shots were fired, but for forty-eight hours Lampang nervously



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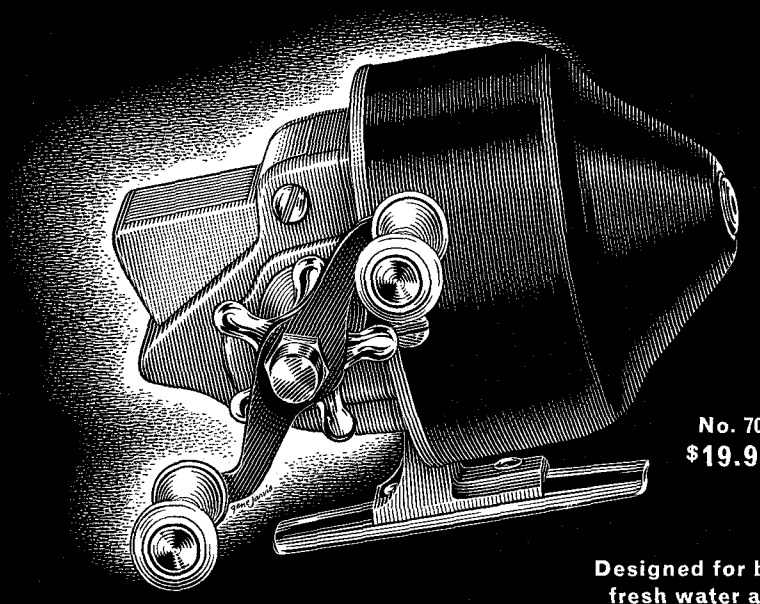

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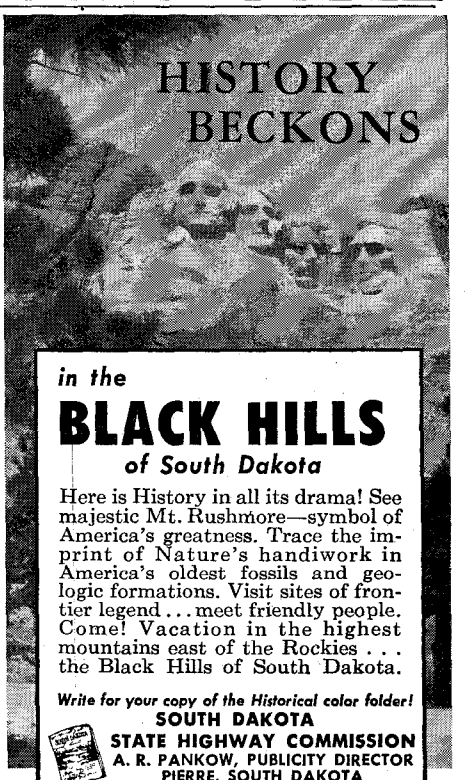

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watched the preservers of internal order face with deadly enmity the defenders of the country's borders. The impasse ended bloodlessly with the arrival from Bangkok of Phao Sriyanond, then a lieutenant general and deputy director general of police, and Maj. Gen. Sarit Thanarat, then commander of the First Army in Bangkok, now a full general and commander-in-chief of the army. These friendly rivals took possession of the opium and escorted it to the capital, where it disappeared into an ocean of official silence.

Meanwhile, the press recorded an alarming string of small opium seizures. Opium was found hidden in women's sarongs, concealed in baskets of dried fish, stuffed within the rinds of hollowed fruits, and once at least in the shoulder bag of a Buddhist priest. The trains bulged with it. It was found in the paneling of dining cars, in the cushions of chair cars, hidden in the cooks' pantries, and sunk in the water tanks of the engines.

Renegade police, air force and army officers, taking a lesson from their superiors, frequently were caught transporting a ton or two of opium to agents in the capital. Trucks and trains and airplanes from the north, often with the entire crews in the pay of traffickers, were relieved by the police of tons of illicit opium.

The Thai press covered this phase of the opium traffic thoroughly, but for some reason the papers rarely mentioned the part played by master agents in Bangkok's Chinatown. Dark rumors fly through the town that this Chinese banker or that rich Chinese businessman is The Man. Whoever the big boss is, when the communists were ready to attend to the Yunnan end of the business somebody here had outlets already organized. This permitted the communists to carry on their trade through men who could in no way incriminate the Red government.

The booming dope traffic in the Far East became overnight a political problem of major importance. Opium profits could buy guns for Malayan, Indonesian and Philippine insurgents, and finance Red agents in Thailand, Indonesia, Japan and Korea, even in the United States. International narcotics agents noted a disturbing increase in shipments of illicit opium from Yunnan passing through Far East ports to the United States and Europe. Narcotics grown and refined in China reached American troops in South Korea, Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines by way of North Korea, Hong Kong and Macau. Opium derivatives from Chinese communist factories were pouring through Bangkok and Rangoon into Pacific ports and Europe. The Red government of China was obviously increasing opium production for the dual purpose of subversion and profit.

In 1950, shortly after the Thai government set up its abortive Opium Suppression Committee, the Reds in China established their own "Anti-Opium Bureau"—so called. Its job was to control the "state enterprise" of opium growing, refining and exporting. "Special-products" companies were organized under government direction and a planning committee was set up to modernize the techniques of cultivating and processing the drug. Seven opium-growing districts are reported to have been established under the new order. The largest is in the Kwangsi-Yunnan area that borders Laos and Burma, and supplies Thailand with most of its illicit opium. By an accident of history, the middlemen between Yunnan and Thailand are anticommunist Chinese—about 3000 former Kuomintang troops who fled from communist-occupied Yunnan and carved out an uneasy domain in the Shan Mountains. They grow opium and add it to the supplies they get from China and neighboring tribal villages of Laos and Burma. It was they who turned over the famous twenty tons to the informer at the Maesai River last summer, if reports are correct, and their contact with the organization in Thailand is said to be very close.

It is known that the organization in this country is allied with others around the world, and that here in Thailand governors of provinces, mayors, police officers, customs officials and hundreds of other men in official uniforms have taken its bribes. It is known, too, that thousands of workers are in the ring's pay—crewmen on freighters traveling the seven seas, pilots and engineers on aircraft flying the world's airlanes, dockers, baggage attendants and a myriad of little men and women willing to risk a few months in jail for the profit in smuggling small quantities of opium into Bangkok.

The organization, until just recently, had "secret" airfields in the jungles of Laos and Northern Thailand, at which air-force and civilian planes could take on contraband. It commanded, and probably still commands, a fleet of fast motor launches to carry cases of opium by night from isolated Thai beaches to the coast of Malaya, where the cargo can be transferred into sampans. Its agents range from Bangkok to Hong Kong, Singapore, Macau, Manila, Tokyo, Calcutta, Cairo, Marseilles, New York and San Francisco.

Against this world-wide organization with its huge bank roll, the Thai government's early attempt to halt the opium traffic seemed feeble. Occasionally the police fought pitched battles with smuggling gangs along the frontier, and a number of courageous young men in yellow uniforms died trying to enforce laws some of their superiors were later arrested for breaking. But the traffic went on. Fear may have protected the big shots as much as the juicy bribes they offered, for goon gangs were hired to protect the trade. The least an independent informer could expect was a pulpy face and broken bones.

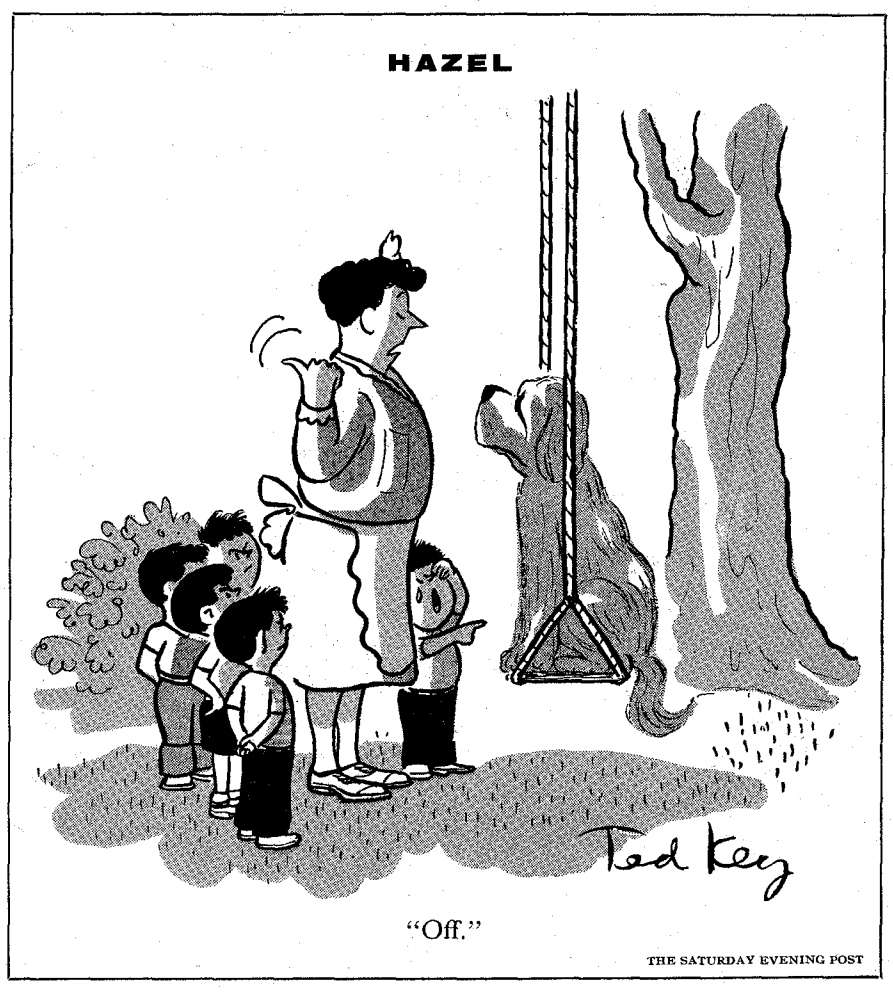
This state of affairs led the prime minister to remark some months ago that "the opium question is very complicated—full of murder and things." Shortly before the prime minister spoke, the body of a young man from the north had been found beside a country road in circumstances too public to ignore.

It is said that the young man had come to the city to question the police about a share in an opium deal he felt was due him. He was getting nowhere when one night he sat with friends having a meal at an open-air restaurant at the edge of town. Three police officers drove up in a "big black sedan" and alighted to speak to the youth. After a few moments, the young man excused himself and drove off with the three officers.

That was the last anybody ever saw of him alive. The next morning, less than a mile from the restaurant, the young man's body was found riddled with bullets. The identity of the police officers was well known. Two of them were arrested immediately. The other, named by one of his colleagues as the trigger man, disappeared. By a coincidence that caused much speculation, he had been sent to the north shortly after the murder, and thereupon vanished. By a second coincidence, the immediate superior of the three policemen was bundled off to study in the United States.

The Black Sedan Murder Case, as it became known, served to illustrate the growing irresponsibility of the police, but the real complications of the opium question were less easily solved.

The prime minister started out boldly enough to stem the flood of illicit opium. He ordered the police and other officials to enforce existing laws more diligently. He announced that no more rewards would be paid to informers or police for opium seizures. He ordered all government officials addicted to the pipe to take three months' vacation with pay and return to work cured or face discharge. General Phao, back from his chastening tour of America and Japan, also ordered his police to break the habit, if they had it, or lose their jobs. Secret airfields were defined by law, and it was made illegal for planes to land at any but designated airports except in emergencies.



"Off."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

These and other measures were announced without evoking public protest from the men affected. But when the prime minister announced that opium divans would be closed as of January 1, 1956, and that the use of opium thereafter would be illegal in Thailand, there was trouble. The finance minister confided to the press that the question was giving his ministry "a splitting headache." Not only was he having difficulty finding a way to replace the $6,300,000 annual revenue the opium monopoly brought in but the operators of Thailand's 1091 licensed opium divans threatened to sue the government for damages if they were forced to close before their two-year licenses expired. The excise department didn't know what to do with its opium-processing plant and the fifty tons of opium in stock. The ministry of health reported that it, too, was in a cleft stick. Where were they to find the money and the means to reclaim more than 100,000 opium addicts? How were they to finance the settlements that would have to be built to accommodate the addicts while they passed through the ordeal of withdrawal, and where were the needed doctors and nurses and psychiatrists?

Other problems, even worse, faced the police. The new laws were bound to be broken, because the price of illicit opium would rise and profits to traffickers would increase. Higher prices would force poorer addicts into crime. There would be illicit opium divans to ferret out, and more smuggling than ever to supply them. The mountains and jungles and dim trails were still there, unguardable, and tribesmen and Red Chinese would continue to produce opium out of reach of the law.

"We all know that this business must stop," a high police official complained bitterly, "but how are we going to do it with our present force? Let them stop growing opium in China and Burma and Laos, and we will stop its use here."

It is generally believed here that previous antiopium campaigns failed because the hands of too many men of importance were found in the till. If one haul of twenty tons could rock the government, people say, what might happen if the entire business were investigated?

Yet the prime minister has committed his government to an absolute ban on the opium trade, legal and illegal. When problems involved in enforcement were brought home to him, he and his cabinet decided to postpone the demise of legalized opium smoking until 1957, the year by the Thai calendar that will mark the 2500th anniversary of the birth of Lord Buddha. From that year onward the prime minister announced firmly the Thai people and its government will eschew all the pleasures and profits of opium as a merit offering to the Lord Buddha. In the meantime, he promises strong efforts to keep the traffic within legal bounds, and to begin a campaign to end addiction.

Thailand is a deeply religious country. It is entirely possible that the Lord Buddha will have more influence upon the consciences of certain officials and businessmen than the United Nations had in 1949. But the communists in China have no particular interest in Buddha's teachings, and a considerable interest in the corruption of the free world. And the hill tribes of Burma, Laos and Thailand aren't likely to abandon a cash crop simply because a government they hardly know has issued an edict.

Yet the prime minister sticks to his determination to stop the flood. "This matter," he told his people, "concerns the reputation of the nation."

This matter, he might have added, concerns the safety of this nation and of its allies across the seas. THE END

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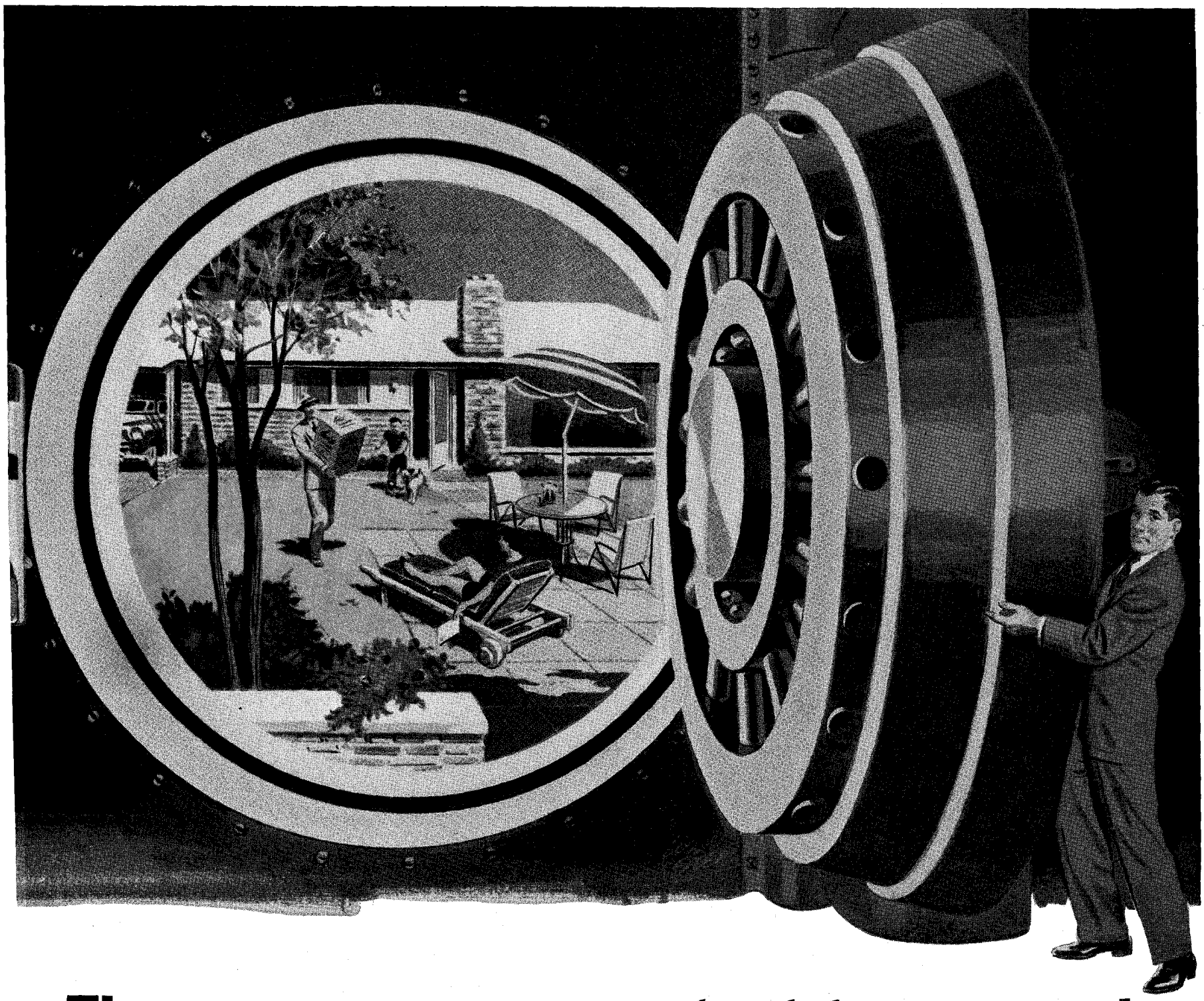

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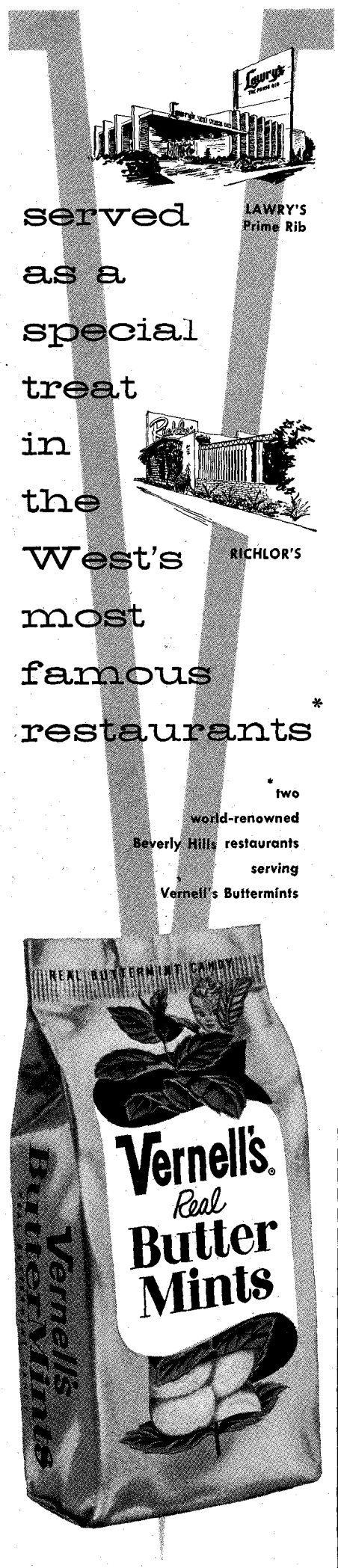

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Keeping Posted

Regarding Pete Martin and Marilyn Monroe

Pete Martin tells you, page 25, how Marilyn Monroe made him wait an hour and a half in her apartment for her to emerge from her bedroom for an interview. That, though, was their second meeting, when he was no longer a rookie waiter, but a seasoned veteran.

His first date with The Monroe, a week earlier, was for 1:30 P.M. As he was about

to leave his hotel, his phone rang and the date was postponed to 2:30; and pretty soon it re-rang, shifting things to 4:30. At 4:45 Martin checked into the fair lady's living room. Yes, Marilyn would be right out. Martin waited two hours, devising many things to do to kill hours. For example, he peeked at Marilyn's telephone, hoping to snitch her unlisted phone number to lay away in sachet among his souvenirs; but there was no number, and Martin could not find it tattooed anywhere on nearby furniture or woodwork. At seven P.M. Marilyn emerged, announcing cheerfully, "Now you can ask me all your questions." Martin is a robust guy, but by now his interviewing inspiration had drained out of his heels. He chatted awhile and made a date to come back, when he had revived, and start anew.

Two question periods, totaling about four hours, were the only interview fests they had—which brings up a tragic thought. Marilyn, as you are aware, is a lass to feast the eyes upon, but Martin was cruelly short-changed in this respect. On that first evening, after the Monroe-less hours, she appeared in a white terry-cloth bathrobe, no hose or slippers, and utterly no make-up from head to toe, a grievously pallid version of the true Monroe in all her colorful glory. Martin consoled himself that all things are relative and that even a blanched Monroe was something to be grateful for; besides she'd probably blossom out the next time around. She sure did. But as she had refused to use a tape recorder, saying that the wheels going around made her fidgety, poor Martin had to spend the precious time with his eyes glued to a homely note pad.

It had been arranged that after the last interview a photographer would make a Martin-Monroe picture for Keeping Posted, but Marilyn had a cold, decided not to pose while looking coldish, and the author and photographer made another date for another trip to New York. Meanwhile, Marilyn had suggested that it would be amusing for the author to pose lying on her bed taking notes while she sat on the floor marilyning up at him. When Martin mentioned this amusing concept to his wife, she was not amused—one of the rare times when this capable and loyal helpmate has not supported her husband a thousandfold. The photo eventually was taken on Marilyn's living-room couch, an intimate tête-à-tête including a dozen miscellaneous other people wandering around the room. Later the couch photo was stolen from Keeping Posted and put on page 154, for crying out loud.

The Monroe story shortly will appear as a profusely illustrated Doubleday book which the author has titled, Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe? Martin's words, Marilyn's pictures—irresistible!

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

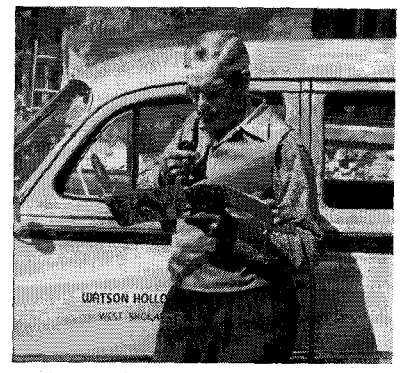
"This is The Dean Speaking!"

Dean Shaffer is Indiana University's trouble shooter in charge of thousands of male and female students. Read about his daily troubles, ranging from the ridiculous to what he describes as the "altogether dreadful."

Weather is Weather

Bill Slocum remarks icily, "It was winter when I went to Dubuque to get the story (page 38), and I confirmed a personal suspicion. I'm a New Yorker who always has heard that winter feels colder in damp New York than in the drier midlands. Nuts. It was zero in Dubuque. Zero is zero."

He Has an Accident-Free Driving Record, But —



Has Paul Kearney ever had an au accident? He has authored several hu dred safe-driving articles, a current boo How to Drive Better and Avoid Acc dents (Crowell), and the remarks on pa 48 about how to survive on a superhig way. "Knock wood!" he exclaims, ar adds that he is mighty lucky, for despi many close shaves, due to his own other people's shortcomings, he h never been hurt or hurt anybody els Examples of his shaves:

Once he had a front wheel come at about fifty mph, and nothing mu happened except that his hair stood u Once a cracked exhaust manifold on new car put Kearney to sleep with ca bon monoxide and, before coming he swooshed across the oncoming di sion of a teeming parkway near N York City without hitting a thing. A other time, a steering knuckle broke a two-months-old car while climbi Mt. Hood, and the vehicle swerved the right and paused suddenly in a r pile. If it had swerved to the left, it wo have departed over a 1000-foot dr which was not guarded by a guardr He reflects, "They would have sa 'Another crazy city driver who did know how to behave in the mountai I wonder how many accident-free dr ing records are based on luck like thi He concludes firmly, "I like driving.'

It may soothe you to know that t safety expert rates the average Americ driver the best on earth. "Consider our unique traffic density, it is rema able that New Zealand is the only coun with a lower death rate per 10,000 than ours." What, then, is to blame the bulk of our highway trouble? "antics of the screwball fringe."

How to be Compatible

Post first-timer Gene Caesar prefe live in the wilderness, as his p bear-hunting story on page 32 intima and his wife, Judy, prefers city life implied by the fact that she has a da studio in Ann Arbor, Michigan. So t live in the woods beside a lake a miles outside the city, and everyb including the hound dog, is happy.

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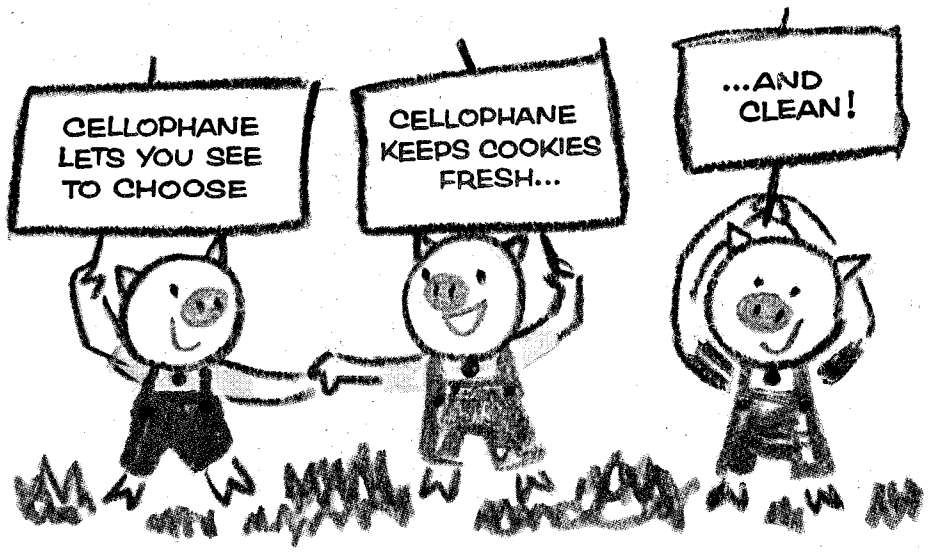

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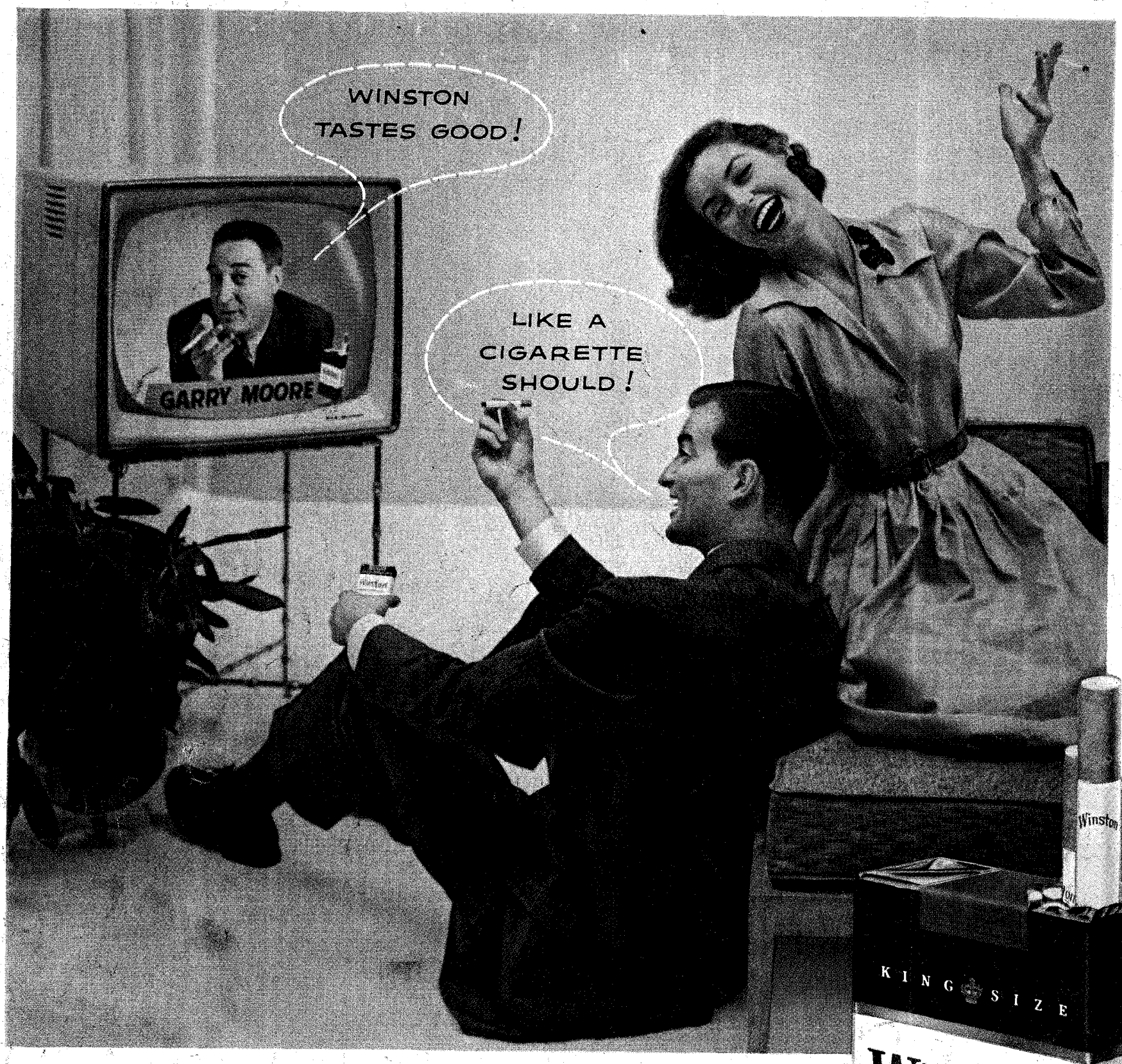

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